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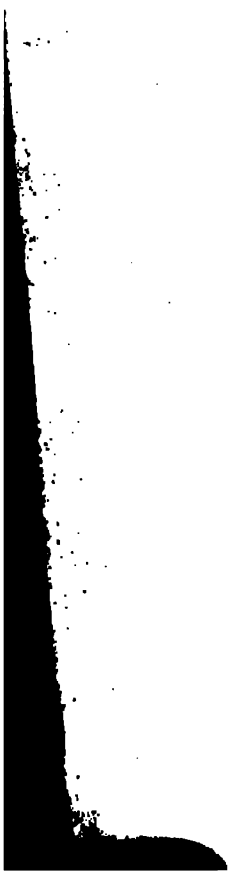
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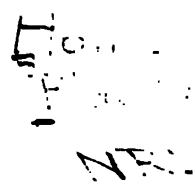
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HOMER AND THE ILIAD

BY

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, F.R.S.E.
PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

VOL II

THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH VERSE
BOOKS I.–XII.

EDINBURGH
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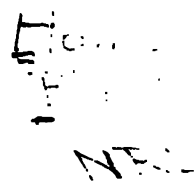
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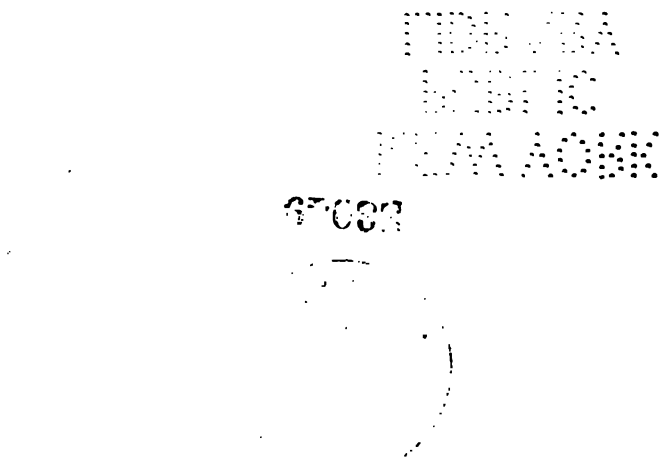
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BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

A god-sent plague invades the tented Greeks,
Which wakes among the chiefs contention dire;
Atrides reaves the maid with lovely cheeks,
And Peleus' son doth from the camp retire;
Thetis in grief the Olympian threshold seeks,
Where Jove's high will doth with her wish conspire.
The gods are soured; but soon with quenchless laughter
The limping grace of Vulcan shakes the rafter.

BOOK I.

THE baneful wrath, O goddess, sing, of Peleus' son, the source
Of sorrows dire, and countless woes to all the Grecian force;
That wrath which many a stout heroic soul from joyful day
To gloomy Hades hurled, and left their mangled limbs a prey
To dogs and vultures: thus the will of mightiest Jove was done;
Since first contention keen arose and sundering strife begun
Between Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.
Which of the gods between them twain the rancorous feud inspired?
Latona's son; for he against the king, with anger fired,
Shot through the camp a sore disease; the people drooped and died;
For that Atrides to his priest the righteous suit denied,
When to the swift sea-ploughing ships came Chryses with a prayer,
And for his daughter's freedom brought the precious ransom rare.
He on a golden sacred staff, with outstretched arm, displayed
The wreath of the far-darting god, and thus to all he prayed,
But chiefly to the kingly pair, whose word the host obeyed:

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks with burnished greaves, give ear;
You may the gods with conquest crown, and grant with mastering spear
To sack old Troy, and sail with joy to friends and country dear;
But me—my daughter dear restore, and let rich ransom follow,
Fearing the dread, far-darting god, the son of Jove, Apollo.
Whereto the Achæan host replied with loud-consenting cheer,
And bade him grant the old man's prayer, and his wreathèd staff revere;
But ill was Agamemnon pleased, and forth his anger brake;
Away he sent the priest, and thus with fell reproof he spake:
Old man, if near the hollow ships I find thee here again,
Or lingering now with laggard foot if thou shalt dare remain,
Thy hand shall show the sacred wreath, and bear the staff in vain.
The maid I 'll not restore; no, not till hoary age shall come
To her at Argos, in my house, far from her father's home:
There shall she tend the loom, and share my royal bed; but thou,
Begone! fret me no more! thy speed shall be thy safety now!
He spake; the old man feared; no word of sharp reply gave he,
But silent went to the billowy beach of the vast and voiceful sea.
There from the ships apart he stood, and poured the pleading prayer
To the son of Jove whom Leto bore of the lovely-flowing hair:

Hear me, O god of the silver bow, who rightly claim'st for thine
Tenedos' isle, and Chrysè's walls, and Cilla's towers divine!
Smintheus, if ere the well-roofed pile to worship thee I raised,
If with fat thighs of bulls and goats thy sacred altar blazed
From me, fulfil, O archer strong, the hope that now I cherish,
And may the Greeks who worked my wrong by thy sharp arrows perish!
He spake, and Phœbus heard the priest, who called upon his name,
And from Olympus' summit down with wrath-stirred heart he came;
His lidded quiver and his bow he on his shoulder bare,
And fearfully his rattling shafts sounded, as through the air
With rapid swoop he travelled; and he came like glooming night.
Then, planted close behind the fleet, he shot the arrowy might,
And terribly through the tainted air far twanged his silver bow.
First fell the mules, eftsoons the nimble dogs lie gasping low,
And then the men with the bitter barb of his immortal ire
He smote; and baleful blazed around the frequent funeral pyre.
Nine days throughout the camp the god showered forth his arrows fleet;
But on the tenth Achilles called the general host to meet.
This thought heaven's white-armed queen inspired, who in her heart was grieved
To see her dear-loved Argive men of strength and life bereaved;

And when the gathering was complete and all were mustered, then
Uprose Achilles, swift of foot, and spake to the king of men :
Atrides ! now both thou and I our weary way must shape
Back o'er the broad and billowy brine, if death we haply 'scape ;
Here with a double foe we strive, grim war and pestilence dire.
Thus I advise : of seer or priest behoves us well inquire,
Or one that readeth dreams—for eke a dream from Jove descendeth—
Why the far-darting Phœbus 'gainst the Achæan army bendeth
His bow,—for lack of hecatombs, or for neglected prayer ?
Belike the savoury smoke from sheep and goats full-grown and fair
May soothe his wrath, and move his heart our dwindled host to spare.
He spake, and 'mid the host sat down. Rose in the assembly then
Calchas the son of Thestor, best of all soothsaying men ;
Things past and present and to come he scanned with faultless ken,
And, a sure guide, to Troy had led the well-greaved Argive nation,—
A seer whose heart the god inspired with truthful divination.
He with a friendly mien uprose, and thus his speech addressed :
O son of Peleus, Jove-beloved, sith thou dost make request
Why the far-darting god thus wings the sharp and arrowy pest,
I 'll tell thee now. But first do thou declare and swear it clearly
That thou with word and work wilt aid the seer, when blamed severely ;
For truly one will fiercely fret, whose high command appalleth
The subject host, and thousands march obedient when he calleth :

Strong is a king, with meaner men when he in wrath contendeth ;
Though he to-day his choler stay, and for the moment bendeth,
Deep in his heart he stores the grudge, till time shall make it clear
To whom he hates. Now swear thou wilt protect the truthful seer.
To whom Achilles swift of foot thus made the prompt reply :
Speak boldly forth the thing thou know'st, the truth, and not a lie ;
For by Apollo, Jove-beloved, whom in thy heart thou feelest,
When to thy prayer he shows the doom that thou to men revealest,
No man, while I beneath the sky shall look on lightsome day,
On thee, beside the billowy tide, a heavy hand shall lay ;
No man of all the Greeks, not even if Calchas' mouth shall blame
The foremost power in all the host, great Agamemnon's name !
Thus bolder made and free to speak, the blameless priest uprose :
Not from neglected hecatomb or stinted prayer, our woes
Have ta'en their spring, but from the priest by Atreus' son abused,
And from his daughter's ransom rare, with haughty scorn refused.
For this the plague sent from the god works, and will work our bane ;
Nor may his righteous wrath be stayed, nor cease his deathful rain,
Till to her sire thou give the maid with quick and glancing eyne,
Unransomed, and to Chrysè's isle across the sounding brine

Thou bring a hecatomb. Thus moved, the god shall grant relief.
He spake, and 'mid the host sat down. Then rose the mightful chief,
King Agamemnon, who beneath his sway wide Argos held.
Sore vexed was he; his mighty heart within his bosom swelled,
Darkling; and from his eye the flame in lightning-flashes brake.
And to the son of Thestor, looking harm, the monarch spake:
Prophet of harm, a blissful bodement ne'er yet came from thee,
But evil things the ill voice brings of Thestor's son to me.
Thy croaking throat still rang the note of doleful consummation
To Argos; now, too, thou dost stir dark-looming divination,
And say'st that the far-darting god doth strew the camp with slaughter,
For this, that I did sheer deny for Chryses' lovely daughter
The costly ransom. Her I long beside my Argive hearth
To keep, and her I prize even more than Clytemnestra's worth,
Wife of my youth, as fair to view, as quick of wit, as wise
To ply the work where all the praise of female fingers lies.
But if need be, for Greece I'll yield the maid I dearly cherish;
I love to see the people live, I loathe to see them perish.
But find for me another prize; for if I empty-handed
Alone am found of all the Greeks, your loyal fame were branded
With foul disgrace. Be witness all, my portion is denied!
To whom the godlike Phthian chief, the swift of foot, replied:

O son of Atreus, first in power, and first in lust of gain,
How should the Argive camp for thee a second prize contain?
No common store the army owns, but, won by sinews' might,
His portion of the plunder holds each high-souled Grecian wight.
To take the booty back once given were most unmeet; restore
The maiden to the god; not long shalt thou such loss deplore;
Three times as rare, four times as fair a prize shalt thou enjoy,
When Jove to the conquering Greeks shall grant to raze the strong walled Troy.
To whom the king of men supreme with wrathful speech replied:
O son of Peleus, brave art thou; to thee the gods denied
No warlike grace; but 'gainst my will thy subtle wit is plied
In vain. Shalt thou reap honour here, while Agamemnon lies
Reft of his portion, and beholds a stranger snatch his prize?
If that the valiant-hearted Greeks, who take my lot away,
Will honour show even as they owe, and fair with fair repay,
So well; if not, then will I seize the prize this very day
Of Ajax or Laertes' son, or what thyself received;
And sorely he to whom I wend shall in his heart be grieved.
But of this more we'll talk anon; meantime, brave comrades mine,
Launch we the dark-hulled ships forthwith into the sea divine,
And call our rowers to the oars, and in the good ship place
A hecatomb, and eke the maid with cheeks of comely grace;

And let some counsellor sail with you, through the broad and billowy brine,
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or Laertes' son divine,
Or thou, Pelides, of all men most hard to handle. Thus
May the far-darting god, appeased, remove the plague from us.
To whom the swift Achilles thus flung back the wrathful phrase:
O thou with impudence clad, and nursed in gainful crafty ways,
Which of the Greeks thy harsh command shall cheerfully obey,
To march on dusty road, or stand in battle's grim array?
Not I by Priam wronged or Troy, far from my country came,
And joined the fleet; no cause had I to blame the Dardan name;
No oxen from my stalls, no steeds from Phthia's fertile loam,
Mother of stalwart men, they drave to their far Phrygian home;
My crops they spoiled not, many a ridge of mountains rocky-breasted,
Divides us; dark woods nod between, and seas roll foamy-crested.
But for thy sake, that thou o'er fallen Troy may'st sing a pæan,
And for thy brother's dainty love, we crossed the broad Ægean,
Thou dog-faced! This thou reck'st not now; thou hast forgotten thee
It suits to seize the hard-won prize the brave Greeks gave to me!
But when the Greeks, with bloody toil, shall sack fair-sited Troy,
No equal portion of the spoil shall we with thee enjoy.

ıese hands—'tis they, as well thou know'st, and only they that guide
he tempest of the war; but when the booty we divide,
eaps upon heaps shall rise to thee of wealth, while I, who bore
he brunt of battle, to the ships bear back my scanted store.
'll hence! The curvèd ships shall swiftly bear me where to live
nharmed is lawful; nor much here shall Agamemnon thrive,
hile I from war repose me, far in Phthia's peaceful glen!
e spake; to him with wrathful words replied the king of men:
o, if thy spirit goads thee! I will never bid thee stay;
riends good and true I'll count not few, when thou art far away,
or least great Jove, whose counsel sways all high and lowly things.
lateful art thou the most to me of all the Jove-bred kings;
ude strife was ever thy delight, grim war and fight thy joy;
ome god more strength thee gave than wit thy valiance to employ.
lence now to Phthia! Steer thy ships beyond the sea, and there
ule o'er thy Myrmidons! For thee and for thy lunes I care
o jot, howe'er thou fret. My will to all I thus declare:
ince bright Apollo takes away my lawful prize from me,
'll send the maid without delay in a ship that ploughs the sea.
ut, mark me! this Briseïs—ay, even her thou callest thine—
to thy tent will go, and take that fair-cheeked maid for mine!

Thus shalt thou know my kingly right, that henceforth none may boast
To plant his might in my despite, through all the Grecian host.
He spake. Achilles heard his word, with yeasty passion tossed;
And in his shaggy breast the heart with doubtful anger swayed
Whether from well-girt thigh to draw the bright and burning blade,
Break through their ranks whoe'er oppose, and lay Atrides low,
Or choke his swelling gall, and smooth his wrath's enchafèd flow.
While thus the racking doubt possessed his darkly-brooding soul,
And grasped his hand the falchion huge, half-drawn — from heaven's high pole
Athenè came; Jove's white-armed spouse had sent her from above,
Herè, who felt for both the chiefs with equal weight of love.
Behind the chief the goddess stood, and seized his yellow hair,
Unseen by all, save only him; the rest saw empty air.
The startled hero at her touch turned round, and instant knew
Pallas, whose powerful eyne flashed forth strange terror to his view;
And from his awe-struck heart straightway the wingèd word out flew:
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, what brings thee now to earth?
To see how Agamemnon's pride has trampled on my worth?
Plainly I speak, and soon my words shall grow to ripe completion.
This haughty hearted king of slaves will work his own perdition!

Whereto Athenè, goddess of the flashing eyne, replied:
Godlike Pelides, I am come to lay the mounting tide
Of thy hot wrath. Me sent from heaven the white-armed spouse of Jove,
Herè, who feels for both the chiefs with equal weight of love.
Cease from this strife; the whetted knife give to its sheath, and fight,
If fight ye must, with words, and wrangle to your heart's delight.
This I declare, and what I say shall find completion: he
Soon, very soon, shall send a prize three times as fair to thee,
To quit this grievous wrong; meanwhile refrain and yield to me.
She spake; and thus the swift of foot gave back the prompt reply:
Goddess, though in my heart the gall flows sharp, I dare deny
No hest from thee and Herè; whoso fears the gods is wise;
To him in need will they give heed, and answer when he cries.
He spake; and on the silver hilt his heavy hand he laid,
And in the scabbard plunged the weighty sword, nor disobeyed
Athenè's word; she fled, and mingled with the gods above,
Throned on Olympus' lofty ridge with ægis-bearing Jove.
Then forth again in fiercer strain the hero's wrath outbrake,
And with fell words of harsh disdain the swift Achilles spake:
Wine-laden king, with the eye of a hound, and the heart of a craven hind!
Never didst thou to the charge advance, but still didst lag behind

The host; and where each bravest Greek against the common foe
Lay ambushed, there thy heart did beat retreat without a blow!
Far easier task from tent to tent to go with harsh command,
And reave his prize who dares defy thy lawless-griping hand;
Thou tyrannous king, who dost consume with crude insatiate maw
Thy crouching vassals, would that Greece now for the last time saw
Thy ramping greed! But, mark me well, a mighty oath I swear;
Even by this baton, which hath ceased or bud or branch to bear
Long time, nor e'er again shall scent the breezy mountain side
With reborn blossoms—for the axe hath lopped its lusty pride,
Both bark and leaf, and in their hands 'tis borne at solemn tide
By sons of the Greeks, who judge the right, and Jove's high will declare
To mortal men; even by this staff a mighty oath I swear:
Truly when Peleus' son is gone, desire shall sting the heart
Of all the host for me, and thou that day shalt sorely smart,
When from the hero-slaughtering Hector's hands, in gory woe,
The Greeks lie gashed, and pricks of sharp remorse thy heart shall know
Vainly; for that the bravest Greek from thee no honour found.
Thus spake Achilles, and down threw the baton on the ground,
Bright bossed with golden knobs; the heart of king Atrides glows
With swelling anger. Then the clear-voiced Pylian speaker rose,
Nestor, from whose wise lips the speech sweeter than honey flows.

He of word-moulding men two generations born and bred
Had known, and seen them gathered to their troops of kindred dead
In sacred Pylos; two were gone, and now he ruled the third.
Rose he, I ween, with friendly mien and spake the wingèd word:
Woe's me! great sorrow comes this day on all the Grecian clan;
Old Priam's heart may blithely beat, and sing each Trojan man,
When he shall learn that ye in brawls do spend your valorous mettle,
Whom first we prize in counsel wise, and first in clash of battle.
Be ruled by me; for ye are both by many summers younger;
And soothly I my strength did try with mightier men and stronger
Than here I see, nor dared the best to slight wise rede from me.
No better man mine eyes yet saw, nor better hope to see,
Than godlike Polyphemus, Caineus, and Pirithous,
Dryas, the shepherd of the folk, and stout Exadius.
Mighty were these, no earth-born brood a mightier front did show
To nurturing earth; and when they fought, how mightful was their blow
The mountain-loving Centaurs knew, who dared so stout a foe.
These men I knew, and with their band I fought to aid them; far,
From Pylos, from a distant land I came and joined the war,
And fought as best I might; but they such vasty strength did spend,
Treads not the earth, as men now are, who durst with them contend.
And yet my counsel when I gave, it did content them well;
They heard: so hear ye too; nor stiffly from your hearts repel

The well-meant word. Brave though thou be, from that fair maid refrain,
O king, thy hand, and let the prize so portioned, so remain;
Nor thou, Jove-born Pelides, seek in fruitless strife to prove
Thy strength against the monarch; kings do hold their right from Jove.
Full strong art thou, and all men know a goddess-mother bore thee;
But he, whose sway more folk obey, takes place and power before thee.
Then rein thy wrath, Atrides, ancient Nestor prays thee so;
Against the stout Pelides let no rancorous passion glow,
Our bulwark and our bastion 'gainst the haughty Dardan foe.
To whom the king of men replied: Old man, thou givest token
Of wisdom's mellow fruit in all the words thy mouth hath spoken;
But this hot thane in high disdain would lord it o'er us all;
All men must stoop that he may mount, all hear when he doth call,
All run when he commands! But soon his pride shall find a fall.
Though by the grace of the deathless gods a weightier spear he flings,
No grace they grant, with bitter taunt, to lash the Jove-born kings.
To whom, with rapid word abrupt, Achilles made reply:
A dastard and a slave, a mean unvalued wight were I,
If I should quake at every breath thy high-blown whim may vent.
Seek other warriors to command: thou shalt not cross my bent

So soon. I was not born to sink that thou mightst learn to float.
But mark me this, and in thy heart what now I tell thee note!
No hand I'll raise in bloody feud to claim the maiden. Ye,
If blushless ye can stretch the arm, to seize my prize are free.
But for all else in the dark-prowed ships, whate'er is counted mine,
This if thy lawless rapine seize, proud king, the risk be thine!
Try if thou wilt, that all may learn a lesson worth the knowing,
When from my spear-point they behold thy purple life-stream flowing.

Thus the two kings with whetted words contended hostile-hearted,
And from beside the hollow ships the great assembly parted.
Then to his tent Achilles hied, his Myrmidons with him,
And dear Patroclus, where beside the salt sea's billowy brim
His well-poised ships were ranked. Not less Atrides, king of men,
Launched his swift bark, and chose a score of rowers good; and then
A hecatomb for the god he placed, and the maid of beauty rare
Aboard, even Chryses' daughter with the blooming cheeks and fair.
The wise Ulysses rules the ship; him all the crew obey;
And marshalled well the seamen sail across the watery way.
Then Agamemnon king enjoined the host to make ablution;
They cleansed the camp, and to the wave outflung the foul pollution.

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The wise Ulysses rules the ship; him all the crew obey;
And marshalled well the seamen sail across the watery way.
Then Agamemnon king enjoined the host to make ablution;
They cleansed the camp, and to the wave outflung the foul pollution.

Next to the god a hecatomb full-grown and fair gave he
Of bulls and goats, beside the shore of the waste unfertile sea.
High rose to heaven the savoury steam, and the curls of wreathèd smoke.
Thus sped the lustral work. But not Atrides might revoke
His wrathful threat; and now to deed was turned the word he spoke.
His heralds twain, the ready pair that ever near him stand,
Talthybius and Eurybates he called, and gave command:
Hie to the tent beside the sea of Peleus' godlike son,
And bring that fair-cheeked maid to me, and let my will be done!
If freely, well; if not, I 'll come with all my men, and take
The maid myself! Then let him fret his proud heart till it break.
Thus he; and sent the twain away, and a strong hest added he:
But they, not gladly, went to the shore of the waste unfertile sea,
To where the Myrmidons were camped; and there upon the ground
Sitting, beside his dark-hulled ship and his own tent, they found
Achilles: them the hero saw in no blithe-hearted mood;
They with a deep and awful fear, and humble worship stood
Before the king. No words they found; but he full clearly then
In his own heart read all their thought, and thus addressed the men:
Hail, messengers of gods and men! ye heralds good, not you
I blame; the king shall reap the crop from my just anger due.

Come now, Jove-born Patroclus, come, lead forth that maid so fair,
And let them take her! But, ye heralds, mark well what I declare:
By all the blissful gods, by all the tribes of mortal men,
And by this harsh unkindly king, the time approacheth, when
Even he shall know how weak his arm, unaided, back to roll
The flooding war, though now such baneful madness lords his soul.
To past and future blind, he strives miscounselled, nor perceives
How he may fight, and spare the lives of the Greeks with burnished greaves.
He spake; and his dear friend's behest Menœtius' son obeyed,
And from the tent forthwith he led Briseïs, fair-checked maid,
And to the heralds gave her. They to the tent of king Atrides
Returned; and with them went ill pleased the maiden. But Pelides
Wept; and from all his comrades dear turned wofully aside,
And sat on a mound by the old grey sea, and looked on its waters wide,
And stretched his hands, and prayerful thus to his mother dear he cried:
Mother, in me a fleet-lived son ill-fated thou didst bear!
Though me the lofty-pealing god, Olympian Jove, some share
Of honour owed, behold me now, the least of all the band!
The mightful king, who o'er the breadth of Argos holds command,
He, even he, doth wrest from me my prize with forceful hand!

He spake, and wept. His mother with quick ear his plaint did gather,
Where in the briny depth she sat beside her ancient father.
Forth from the old grey sea straightway, like a white mist, she rose
And sat beside him; from his eye the tearful sorrow flows.
Softly she touched him with her hand, and thus inquired his woes:
Why weep'st thou, son? What bitter grief doth pierce thy mighty heart?
Freely thy woes to me disclose, that I may share the smart.
To whom Achilles swift of foot with deep-drawn sob replies:
Thou know'st; why tell the tale to thee, a goddess born, and wise?
To sacred Thebes we marched, where dwells Æetion, and wrought
The work of war: we sacked the town, and home the plunder brought,
And portioned out in seemly shares a prize to all the Greeks;
To Atreus' son, Chryseïs fair, with bright and blooming cheeks.
Then came the priest whose potent prayers with the archer-god prevail,
Even to the swift ships of the Greeks well cased in copper mail.
He on a golden sacred staff with outstretched arm displayed
The wreath of the far-darting god, and all the host he prayed,
But chiefly the tway kings, who rule the great Achæan clan;
Through all the host with wide consent the applausive answer ran,
To take the ransom well content and right the much-wronged man

But ill was Agamemnon pleased, and forth his anger brake;
Away he sent the priest, and words of sharp reproof he spake.
The old man went, and to the god forth poured the pleading prayer;
His well-loved priest Apollo heard, and through the tainted air
Shot the dread shaft that worketh woe; in heaps the people died.
Nine days and nights, through all the camp, the wrathful Phœbus plied
The host with death; and why he raged wise Calchas showed, the seer
Who knows the archer's secret mind by divination clear.
Then I the first advised to appease Apollo's wrath severe.
But Agamemnon chafed, and stirred with haughty high ambition,
Uprose, and spake the threatful word, which now hath found completion.
The quick-eyed Greeks in dark-hulled ships have sent that maiden fair
To Chrysè's isle, and offerings to Apollo rich and rare;
But Briseus' daughter, whom the host assigned my special prize,
Her the twain heralds of the king have seized before mine eyes.
Thou to thy son swift aidance bring; in thee my safety lies.
Mount to Olympus, and implore great Jove,—if e'er his heart
By word or deed thou moved before—and plead with gracious art.

Oft from thy mouth the goodly vaunt, in my father's hall, was sounded,
How, when dark-clouded Kronos' son, by danger dire surrounded,
Shook on his throne, thee true alone he found, thee only kind—
What time the Olympians did conspire his puissant force to bind,
Pallas and Herè, and the god who rules the billowy main:
Then thou didst come and save the sire from that despiteful chain.
Thou to his aid the hundred-handed portent brought'st, whom all
The Olympian gods name Briareus, but mortal men do call
Ægæon, of stout-hearted sire the stouter son; he sate
And warded harm from Kronos' son in prideful strength elate.
Him the blest gods beholding quailed, and set the Thunderer free.
These things in Jove's high ear rehearse, and suppliant clasp his knee,
That by his aid the Trojans to the loud-up-surging sea
May drive the Greeks; and by the ships, when life's red tide is flowing,
Death's bloody harvest let them reap of this proud tyrant's sowing,
And he himself his wrong shall know, when, with infatuate bent,
His hand the prowest of the Greeks with lawless rapine shent!

Thus he; and, weeping, from her breast this cry the goddess sent:
Woe's me! my son, my dear-loved son, why did I bear thee? why
Nurse thee in sorrow? Surely here, without one needless sigh,
Thy little hour might pass, thy span of life, till thou shalt die!

Now wretchedest of mortal men, and fleetest-fated, thee
Within my house I bore, beneath a dark-winged destiny.
Even as thou say'st, I 'll wend to high Olympus, snowy-crested,
And spread my prayer to Jove who sits in volumed thunder vested;
Meanwhile do thou beside the swift sea-furrowing ships remain,
Nursing thy wrath against the Greeks, and from the fight refrain.
For Jove, with all the train of gods, but yesterday did go
With blameless Ethiop men to feast, by utmost ocean's flow;
Nor till the twelfth day he returns; then will I go, and fall
Low at his feet, and him entreat in the copper-pavèd hall,
And pour my plaint; and he, I ween, will list to Thetis' call.
She spake, and sought her briny home, and left him chafing there,
That he had seen with sorrow and teen that well-zoned maiden fair
Reft from his arms. Meanwhile Laertes' godlike son had come
To Chrysè with the dark-hulled ships, and sacred hecatomb.
And when they came within the horn of the deep dark-watered bay,
The sails they lower, and let down the mast with slackened stay
Into its crutch full lightly; and, with deftly-sweeping oar,
They bring the bark to a station sure upon the sounding shore,
Fling out their mooring-stones, and make their cables fast, and land
With light-heeled leap where the arching wave breaks on the pebbly strand.

To the far-darting god they bring the hecatomb; the daughter
Of Chryses, following, leaves with them the ship that ploughs the water.
Then to the altar the deep-counselled hero led the maid,
And gave her to her father's arms, and thus devoutly said:
O Chryses, sent by Agamemnon, dread far-ruling king,
Thy child to thee, and to the god this hecatomb we bring,
If that we may the anger lay, by blood of bulls prevailing,
Of sov'reign Phœbus, who hath filled the camp with woe and wailing.
Thus he: and from Ulysses' hand the sire received his child
Joyful. Then round the well-built altar of the god they piled
The hecatomb, and washed their hands, and with religious pains
For use of holy sacrifice uptook the barley grains.
Then thus the hoary priest did pray, with high-uplifted hand:
God of the silver bow, whose sway is strong in Chrysè's land,
Cilla divine, and Tenedos, with sea-encircled strand,
If, when I prayed to thee before, thou wert not slow to follow
My word with deeds, and vengeance rained from thy hot wrath, Apollo,
Upon the Greeks, so hear me now, and crown my wishing heart
With fair fruition; from the host may this dire plague depart!
Thus he: Apollo heard his prayer and bade the plague depart.
They pray, and on the victim's head the barley grains they throw,
Draw back its neck, and smite it to the ground with forceful blow,

ien flay it, and cut out the thighs, and softly them encase
i double coil of fat; thereon raw bits of flesh they place.
ien the priest burns them on cleft wood, and pours the winy flood.
'ith five-pronged fork in hand the ministrant youths beside him stood.
ut when the thighs were burnt, then they assayed the inwards good;
ie rest they sliced in pieces, and with prongs they pierced it through,
oasted it well, and from the fire with dexterous fingers drew.
nd when from toil they ceased, and all the meal was well prepared,
he feast began, and every man the equal banquet shared.
ut when their lust abated both for drink and strengthening food,
he ministrant boys did crown the bowls with wealth of the winy flood;
rom hand to hand, through all the band, travelled the bumper good.
rom morn to night the sons o' the Greeks the sacred strain prolong;
o appease the wrath divine in joyful pæans full and strong,
hey hymn the archer-god. Well pleased, Apollo heard the song.
ut when the sun low-westering dips, and the darkening shadows creep,
eside the stern ropes of the ships they lay them down to sleep.

And when the rosy-fingered morn came forth and led the day,
To sea they hove, and backwards steered and lightly dashed the spray;
For Phœbus blew a favouring breeze, to speed their watery way.
The mast they reared, and fixed it well; the broad white sails they spread;
Full blew the gale in the sounding sail, like a blast in the furnace red.
To right, to left, the strong keel cleft the wave with rushing sound,
And the swift ship ran like a courier man, through the purple deep profound.
But when they reached the wide-spread tents, they leapt upon the strand,
And with strong pull the dark-hulled ships upon the firm dry land,
High on the sand they drew; beneath, strong-holding shores they placed;
And each man to his separate tent his diverse way retraced.
But he, the swift of foot, remained beside the ships sea-faring,
Divine Pelides, in his breast a bitter sorrow bearing.
Not to the assembly now he goes, in prudent counsel sharing,
Nor rides the fight with wild delight, but his dear heart inly pines,
And sighs for the hour when he with power shall breast the bristling lines.

But when the twelfth fair morn with light bestrewed earth's fruitful floor,
Back to Olympus came the gods, who live for evermore,
Led by the Father. Thetis then in faithful memory bore
Her son's request; and from the depths of the dark embillowed tide
She rose; and came with early morn to the vasty welkin wide.
There the far-viewing god she found; apart from all sat he,
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak. There halteth she,
And knelt her down before the god, and suppliant seized his knee,
With her left hand; and with her right she touched the Thunderer's chin;
And thus her suit the silver-footed Thetis doth begin:
Father, from me if e'er to thee came friendly word or deed,
So help me now, thy suppliant low, in mine extremest need!
A son is mine, above all mortal men fleet-fated; him
The mighty Agamemnon hath by passion's lordly whim,
Dishonoured, and with ravenous hand hath seized his portioned prize;
Him thou avenge, great Councillor supreme of earth and skies.
Grant that the Trojans o'er the Greeks prevail in fight so long,
Till they give honour to my son, and quit this grievous wrong!
She spake: the cloud-compelling Jove no word replied, but sate
Silent long time. She closer clung to his knees, nor did abate

Her earnest suit, but with more hot entreaty plied the god.
Promise me truly, sire, and add thy dread all-sanctioning nod,
Or spurn me with unkindly hands, and from thy presence cast,
That all may know how Thetis stands in grace of Jove the last.
To whom, sore-vexed, the cloud-compelling son of Kronos said:
Truly upon my shoulders now no lightsome load is laid,
To brook the fretful Herè's gibes and hear her tongue upbraid.
For evermore she flings her taunt, with wakeful sharp annoy,
And says that I in battle try to ward the fate from Troy.
But hie thee to thy briny home, lest she with jealous eyne
Note thee; to work thy righteous suit henceforth the care be mine.
My sanctioning nod I add, than which no surer pledge is given
Of what I will and what I nill to all the gods in heaven.
Irrevocable stands the word, unchanged the high intent,
Certain the end, to which my all-confirming nod is lent.
Thus he: and with his eyebrow dark the Father bowed assent,
And the ambrosial locks down-flowed profuse, when shook the god
His deathless head; and vast Olympus trembled at his nod.

Thus these together counsel took, and parted diverse, she
From shining-peaked Olympus to her deep home in the sea,
He to his lofty hall. The gods before their Father rose
Each from his seat with reverence meet, where high the Thunderer goes.

Then he upon his throne sat down. But Herè knew that Jove,
With silver-footed Thetis, born of Nereus old, had wove
That morn some private parley; and, with cutting words and keen,
Thus to the king of all the gods spake heaven's reproachful queen:
Tell me, thou crafty-counselled king, this say, who now hath stirred
Parley with thee, and in thine ear poured the clandestine word?
Still was thy wont to plot apart, nor hast thou dared to show
Thy plan to me, that I and all the blissful gods may know.
To whom the almighty sire of gods and mortals answered so:
Herè, deem not that all my heart may open lie to thee;
Albeit my wedded wife thou art, some things belong to me.
But if there be a purpose free to quit my bosom, none
Of gods or men shall sooner ken the mind of Kronos' son
Than Herè. What may not be told with me shall surely rest;
Nor taunts, nor tears, nor threats shall win my counsel from my breast.
To whom the large-eyed queenly Herè answer made: O king
Of dreadful puissance, to thy words why add so sharp a sting?
Not use is mine with curious eyne to scan thy lofty pleasure,
Thy will serene hath ever been thy proper march to measure.
But Nereus' silver-footed daughter hath been here to-day,
And much I fear fair Thetis stole Jove's better mind away.
Early she came, and clasped thy knees, and daintily did pray,

And thou didst speak, and thou didst nod assent to Nereus' daughter,
That thou, to wreak her dear son's wrong, would'st scourge the Greeks with slaughter.
To whom the cloud-compeller thus with sharp and wrathful phrase:
Nay, woman, but with jealous eye thou still dost watch my ways.
Fruitless! The more suspicion grows in thee, in me much more
Aversion; I will hold my counsel closer than before.
I speak my will. But be thou still, and mark well what I say;
Silence beseems thee when I speak; my high behest obey;
Else all the gods in the starry sphere shall vainly join their hands
To shield thee, when in wrath I rear my fell and forceful hands!
He spake: the large-eyed queenly Herè felt the fearful smart;
Silent she sate; and to his will she bent her struggling heart.
Then all the gods were sore displeased, till he whose potent art
Moulds every ore, Hephæstus, first uprose and silence brake;
For his dear mother's love spake he, for white-armed Herè's sake:
Surely this brawl will ruin all, if for the human rabble
The gods shall fight, and fill Olympus with unseemly squabble!
If god may banter god, and taunt for bitter taunt be given,
The ambrosial feast shall lose the sweet, and all be gall in heaven.
Dear mother mine, thou know'st the right full well. Submit thee now
To Jove, and smooth the thunderous frown from his immortal brow.

, if he wills, can hurl us down from this Olympian dwelling
d lightning's flash; for strength is his, above all gods excelling.
ıerefore with gentle words approach, and smooth his anger down;
d heaven shall smile when Jove, far-flashing god, hath ceased to frown.
spake: and rose, and with a tway-cupped beaker coming near,
placed it in her hands, and thus addressed his mother dear:
ar mother mine, in thine own breast seal up thy grudge, lest I,
ıo love thee well, behold the mighty arm that sways the sky
ted to smite thee; then too late my help will come; in heaven
ı god may stand to stay the hand that flings the flaming levin.
ıce, when to aid thee I assayed, and loose from hated thrall,
ɜ by the foot he hent, and hurled from heaven's high-flaming wall.
ɔm morn to noon, from noon to night, I fell with headlong fall,
ıd lighted on the Lemnian isle; small life was in me then;
ıt I was saved, and tended well by the kindly Sintian men.
ɜ spake: and with well-pleasèd heart the white-armed Herè smiled,
ıd took the tway-cupped beaker from the hands of her faithful child.
ıen he from left to right went round, and poured the nectar fine
all the gods: from a deep bowl he drew the draught divine.

With quenchless laughter then the gleeful gods were shaken all,
To see such goodly skinker limping deftly through the hall.
Thus, till the glorious sun went down, around the banquet rare
They sat; nor wanted any god his equal-portioned share.
Nor failed from Phœbus' festive lyre the hymn both sweet and strong,
Nor from clear-throated Muses' choir the rich responsive song.
But when the bright-descending sun had left the heavenly dome,
To taste sweet sleep each blissful god went to his separate home,
That home which lame Hephæstus' art and cunning toil had given,
A mansion for his dwelling meet, to every god in heaven.
Then to his couch too wended he, who wields the flashing levin,
Where still he lay, when sleep into his soul did gently slide;
And golden-thronèd Herè slept at the awful Thunderer's side.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Deep-scheming Jove to Agamemnon's tent
Sends baleful Dream, with message most untrue;
The crafty monarch tries the people's bent,
And to the ships run all the credulous crew;
Railing Thersites spurs their vile intent,
Whom stout Ulysses beats both black and blue;
The wise old minstrel, in four hundred verses,
The mustered force of Greece and Troy rehearses.

BOOK II.

THEN all the gods, and every steed-compelling mortal wight,
Drew out the slumberous hours: but not the high-throned Thunderer's might
Sweet sleep could bind: he brooded how to soothe Achilles' ire,
And through the Argive fleet to send destruction swift and dire.
Then of all thoughts that stirred his soul, this plan the best did seem,
To send to Agamemnon's tent a blinding baneful Dream.
Thus to the Dream he spoke, and launched his wingèd mandate so:
Go, baneful Dream, to the Grecian ships that plough the briny flow,
To the Atridan's tent, and near the sleeping monarch stand,
And speak each word true in his ear, as I now give command.
Tell him to arm the long-haired Greeks: for now is come the hour
When broad-wayed Ilium's pride shall bend beneath the Argive power;

No more the gods who dwell within Olympian halls supreme
Waver with diverse will; but Herè's prayer hath made the beam
Sway to her wish; and Troy shall know sharp sorrow sent from Jove.
He spake: his word Dream heard, and swift the yielding ether clove,
And to the dark-hulled ships he came, where he Atrides found
Stretched in his tent, with soft ambrosial slumbers spread around;
And stood above his head, like Neleus' son in face and size,
Whom of his elders sage and grave the king did chiefly prize;
Like him appeared the god-sent Dream, and through his slumber spake:
Son of the warlike-minded, steed-subduing Atreus, wake!
Shall languid sleep the monarch bind, through all the drowsy night,
Who rules the war with marshalling mind, and reins the stormy fight?
Break slumber's bond, and hark to me! Jove's messenger am I,
Jove, who in ruth regardeth thee from his throne in the starry sky;
Thee now he bids to arm the long-haired Greeks; is come the hour
When broad-wayed Ilium's pride shall bend, beneath the Argive power;
No more the gods who dwell within Olympian halls supreme
Waver with diverse will; but Herè's prayer hath made the beam
Sway to her wish. Now Troy shall know sharp sorrow's bitter stream

From Jove; but thou, hold fast my words, nor let oblivion creep
O'er thy dull sense, when thou art loosed from the honey-hearted sleep.

Spoke thus the Dream, and fled, and left King Agamemnon there,
Brooding on thoughts, that Jove had doomed no timely fruit to bear;
For Priam's town I will cut down, he said, this day. Fond fool!
Nor weeted what great Jove had schemed, who high in heaven doth rule;
For yet much care and teen remained to Greek and Trojan wight,
By Kronos' mighty son ordained, in the tug of the stout-armed fight.
From sleep he woke, and in his ears the god-sent echoes float.
Upright he starts; and first he donned his fine soft-tissued coat,
Beautiful, new; then o'er his coat a mantle broad he threw,
And to his shining feet the sandals bound, right fair to view;
Then o'er his shoulders flung his silver-studded sword, and then
The immortal sceptre seized, with which his sires the Argive men,
Had swayed, and swiftly sought the ships of the brave Greeks copper-mailed.

But now the rosy-fingered morn through all the sky prevailed.
On Jove and all the blissful gods the light free-rushing brake;
Then Agamemnon, king of men, to the clear-voiced heralds spake,
And bade them straight the tented host to general council call.
They called them; and swift-trooping came the long-haired Argives all.

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But first a council he invites of elders mighty-souled,
Close by the beach, beside the ship of Pylian Nestor old.
Even there, before the Jove-bred kings, he poured the weighty word:
Hear me, good friends: to me came Dream divine, and deeply stirred
My soul, through the ambrosial night; in gait, and shape, and size,
And every grace of reverend face, like Pylian Nestor wise;
Beside my head his form was spread, and through my slumber spake:
Son of the warlike-minded, steed-subduing Atreus, wake!
Shall languid sleep the monarch keep, through all the dreamy night,
Whose lofty counsel guides the war, whose will controls the fight?
Let slumber flee, and hark to me! Jove's messenger am I,
Jove, who in ruth regardeth thee, from his throne in the starry sky.
He bids thee arm the long-haired Greeks; for now is come the hour
When Troy's high-towering might shall bend beneath the Argive power;
No more the gods, who dwell within the Olympian halls supreme,
Waver with diverse will; but Herè's suit hath made the beam
Sway to her wish. Now Troy shall know sharp sorrow's bitter stream
From Jove. But thou, not vainly hear my oracle. Thus he,
And clave the air and fled. Eftsoons fled gentle sleep from me.
Come rouse we, then, the Achæan men, and arm them for the fight.
But I with words will prove them first, and urge them, as is right.
In ships to sail with eager strain of the homeward-sweeping oar,
While ye shall rede them to remain on Ilium's deep-bayed shore.

He spake, and on his throne sat down. Then Nestor rose to say
His word; Nestor, who swayed supreme o'er Pylos' sandy bay;
He rose, and spake before the kings his thought, with friendly air:
Ye chiefs, who lend the Argive host your guidance and your care,
Had other Greek addressed the chiefs, as now the king supreme,
I 'd stand aloof and say, beware the false deceitful dream!
But now of Argive men the best hath bared his thought; and we
Are wise to hearken to his hest. Come, rouse the host with me!
He spake; then from the council with no laggard pace went he;
And all the sceptred kings behind the people's shepherd go,
While through the camp with busy tramp the swelling thousands flow.
Even as the tribes of honey-bees in trooping masses flock,
Swarm after swarm, still fresh and strong, forth from the hollow rock,
And hang in clusters round the blooms of flower-abounding spring,
Some here, some there, borne through the air, on light unwearied wing;
Thus from the ships and from the tents the deep-stirred people pour
To the assembly, troop on troop, beside the deep-bayed shore;
And Rumour, messenger of Jove, blazed round their path; and all
Owned her hot spur, with eager stir, and gathered at her call.

Huge turmoil reigned; beneath their feet echoed earth's firm-set
frame;
Far roared the gathered throngs. Then nine shrill-throated heralds
came,
And cried aloud, through all the crowd, their lawless din to stay,
And patient hear with subject ear what Jove-born kings might
say.
They ceased their din, and took their seats in ordered fair array.
Then kingly Agamemnon rose; the sceptre of his might
Was in his hand, which lame Hephæstus made with curious sleight,
And gave to Jove the sire of gods, and he the potent rod
To Hermes gave, the message-speeding, Argus-slaying god.
To the steed-lashing Pelops then the gift from Hermes came,
To Atreus, shepherd of the people, Pelops gave the same;
The dying Atreus left it to Thyestes, rich in sheep;
And from Thyestes Agamemnon now the rod doth keep,
In Argos, and the scattered isles, the lord of many Greeks.
Upon this sceptre leaning, thus the mightful monarch speaks:
Dear friends, and heroes of the Greeks, servants of Mars, I bear
A weight of woe from Jove; my feet he tangled in a snare;
Harsh lord of heaven, who gave his high all-sanctioning nod to me,
That Troy's strong wall should fall, and I my native land should see
Victorious! Now he hath beguiled my soul, and bids me oar
Inglorious home, when I have heaped with dead the Trojan shore.

Such the dread pleasure of the god, whose high decree brought down
To earth the toppling battlements of many a high-towered town,
And more shall bring; for strong in heaven above all gods is he.
Truly a shameful tale to us, and to our sons shall be,
That all the marshalled host of Greece around Troy's walls did spend
Long years of fruitless toil, nor caused the haughty strength to bend
Of these few-numbered foes, nor found war's weary-waited end.
For, mark me this: if both the camps should swear a sacred oath,
Trojans and Greeks, to count the men, and tell the tale of both;
If singly then the Trojans came and numbered every man,
While into bands of ten were marched the whole Achæan clan,
And to each band, to pour the wine, a Trojan were assigned,
Full many a ten, believe me then, no cupbearer would find;
So far beyond their scanty host our Argive numbers rise.
But they from many a town can boast spear-brandishing allies;
These make me stray from victory's way, that I must miss my joy
To cast sheer down the lofty crown of strong fair-sited Troy.
Nine years of mighty Jove have rolled, since first we knew this spot,
Our twisted cables loose their bands, our jointed timbers rot;
Far, far beyond the salt sea-sweep our wives and children dear
From their lone halls look out, and pine for us; while vainly here
Our hopes attend the weary end, and drag blank hours away.
Come, list me then, brave Argives, and your king's command obey,

Flee we this day, o'er the broad sea's back, to our country dear!
The joy
May ne'er be ours with might to sack the strength of the broad-wayed Troy!
He spake; and in the people's heart the mighty love he stirred
For home; the many were not ware of the monarch's private word,
Spoke to the chiefs. Wide swayed the mass like the Icarian sea,
When wave on wave, with enchafèd roar, comes swelling wild and free,
And East and South strong-pinioned rush, dark-clouded Jove, from thee!
As when the west wind's fervent blast o'er ripening fields is borne
Rapid, and with a wavy sweep far floats the yielding corn;
Thus all the multitude was swayed, and forthwith to the fleet,
With ringing cheers they rushed; the dust stirred by their hurrying feet
Rolled lofty; in one mighty cry the assembled thousands join,
To seize the ships, and hale them down to the surge of the sea divine.
And with homeward hearts they cleared the grooves where the black ships bedded lay,
Deep in the sand, and with hasty hand they knocked the shores away.

Then had the Greeks to Greece returned, and Heaven's high fate been broken,
Had Herè not to Pallas thus, with word indignant, spoken:
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, unvanquished maid, shall we
Unmoved behold the Greeks return o'er the broad back of the sea?
Shall Troy rejoice, and aged Priam's face grow bright with glee,
When Argive Helen shall remain in Paris' hands a prize,
For whom so many a Greek on plain of Ilium breathless lies?
Come, rouse thee, rouse thee! hie thee hence to the brave Greeks copper-mailed,
Be every wavering wight by thee with wise reproof assailed,
Nor let the swift ships, equal oared, touch with their keels the brine!
Thus she; with deed, not word, replied the maid of the flashing eyne,
And from Olympus' lofty crown with airy swoop came she,
And soon she reached the light-hulled ships beside the sounding sea;
Ulysses there, wise chief, in counsel like to Jove, she found;
But still he stood; no hand lent he to shove from Trojan ground
The Grecian ships; grief pricked his heart, vexation bound his breast.
Him, standing near, the flashing-eyed Athenè thus addressed:
Jove-born Laertes' son, wise many-scheming chief, wilt thou
Thus calmly see the Argives flee to their dear country now,

In the well-oared ships of many men across the sounding sea!
Shall Troy reproach and aged Priam have grown knight with glee,
When Argive Helen shall remain in Priam's hands a prize,
For whom so many a Greek in Troy hath breathless lies?
Go, thine, thine, thine, thine the blame to the brave Greeks copper-mailed
Be every warning weight by thee with wise reproof assailed.
Nor let the swift ships, oar-adorned, wend with their keels the brine!
He spake: the chief with open ear indicted the voice divine.
And swiftly went and bilged his bark which now the herald took,
Eurybates of Ithaca who watched his master's look.
To Agamemnon then he went and from the monarch's hand
The immortal sceptre took, with which his sires the Argive land
Had ruled: with this he went to the ships of the brave Greeks copper-mailed
And where he found a king, whose might amid the host prevailed,
Him, standing near, with words of wise reproof he thus assailed:
O shame that a king should droop his wing, like a craven loon!
come, stand
Thyself, and bid thy people hear their valiant chief's command.
Thou hast not known the monarch's heart: his outward word but seeks
To sound our worth; full soon his ire will sorely press the Greeks:
Not all were present, when he spake his private thought; in vain
The Greek will flee, when largely he shall give his wrath the rein.

A fearful thing is a Jove-born king, when wrath his breast may move;
The counsellor Jove the king doth love; his honour comes from Jove.
But where he found a low-born loon with loudly-clamouring throat,
Him thus with angry word he chid, and with the sceptre smote:
O shame to see a loon, unnamed in counsel or in war,
Oppose the chiefs! come, sit thee down! men who are better far
Shall speak, and thou shalt hear; from thee what wisdom shall we gain?
Not all are kings, within the camp who tread the Trojan plain.
Ill fares the state where numbers rule; to one the sway be given,
Who holds the sceptre and the right from the high-throned lord of heaven.
Thus he with power the people chid, and swayed the host; but they
Back to the camp tumultuous hied from the ships and the billowy bay;
And loud they clamoured like the sea, when it swells with hollow roar,
And wave on wave comes hissing on, and smites the broad-faced shore.

Now, all the rest in order formed, in subject silence sate;
Only Thersites dinsome stormed with never-ending prate,

Words, words he knew; wild lawless words about him now he flings,
Nor aught abates, but fiercely rates the Jove-descended kings;
Content if he might laughter move with reckless jest: the most
Ill-favoured wight was he, I ween, of all the Grecian host.
With hideous squint the railer leered: on one foot he was lame;
Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came;
Slanting and sharp his forehead rose, with shreds of meagre hair;
He to Laertes' godlike son a deadly hatred bare,
And to Achilles: Agamemnon now this railer seeks,
And brays his shrill reproaches out; but not the well-greaved Greeks
Might love the man, whose tongue defied the Jove-born king of men;
Thus clamouring loud Thersites cried to Agamemnon then:
O son of Atreus! what new greed doth now thy rage inspire?
Thy tents are full of copper bright: to glut thy heart's desire,
The fairest fair are still thy share; and when our valour brings
A strong fort down, the prime of all the prizes is the king's.
Or lusts thy heart for yellow gold, which, to redeem his boy,
Some horse-subduing father, brings to thee from breezy Troy,
Whose son by me was captive led, or by some other hand
Of valiant Greek? Or doth thy lust some damsel fair demand

In love with her to mingle? O 'tis passing proper so,
That their own king to the Greeks should bring more harm than to the foe!
Soft-hearted Greeks! women, not men! if truth may pierce your ear,
Come sail with me across the sea, and leave this monarch here,
Alone in Troy to glean his joy, and to digest his prey,
When we who fight, to swell his might, are gone and far away!
The godlike son of Peleus' line, a better man by far,
He now defies, and takes the prize his brave hands won in war.
Soothly Achilles lacketh gall, and droops his princely wing,
Or this were the last of insults, cast from the lips of this faithless king!
Such reckless words Thersites dared with bitter spite to fling
Against the monarch: but Ulysses darkly scowling came,
And swift pursued the railer rude, with words of bitter blame:
Thersites, sense-confounding fool, thy mouth of fluent prate
Learn now to gag: against the kings this ribald talk abate!
I tell thee true, of all the crew from Greece to Troy that came,
Vilest are thou! there breathes not one, who owns a fouler fame!
Such a base mouth it well beseems with bitter froth to foam,
To point sharp stings against the kings, and talk of sailing home!

Fool! the deep sea more danger keeps than the shallow-sounding
shore.
Thou dost not know what weal or woe the Olympians have in store
For the returning Greeks; but here thou sittest, and dost pour
Against Atrides floods of bile, because we honour most
Him, who is shepherd of the folk, and first of all the host.
But mark me this; and the sure deed shall follow what I say!
If I shall find thee fooling here, as thou hast fooled to-day,
Another time, let not my head upon my shoulders stand,
Nor I, Telemachus' father, rule the rocky Ithacan land,
If I shall fail to strip the robes from thy ill-favoured frame,
Cloak, coat, and vest, and to the gazing crowds make bare thy
shame;
Then send thee hence mid shouts immense, and many a sturdy blow,
To vent thy wail without avail, where the salt sea waters flow!
He spoke; and o'er the craven's back with sharp and well-aimed blow
His sceptre came; Thersites winced; the bitter tears did flow
Out from his eyes; a bloody bruise did on his back appear,
Beneath the golden mace: he sat astonied with blank fear,
And with a stupid gaze looked round, and wiped the bitter tear.
His plight the folk with pity saw, yet laughed with laughter loud.
Then one to his neighbour turned, and thus outspoke amid the crowd:
O bravely! bravely! many a deed Laertes' godlike son
In council and in battle-field, of rare repute hath done!

But now the chief his praise hath topped with the bravest deed of all,
When he this eager babbler stopt, that did so rudely brawl!
I vouch my word not soon again his tongue will dare encroach
On the high worship of the kings, with words of foul reproach.
He spake; but wise Ulysses, with the sceptre in his hand,
The city-razing chief up stood before the Argive band;
In herald's guise beside him stood Athenè flashing-eyed;
And to the Greeks, both high and low, with loud clear voice he cried,
And bade them hear, and from his words the well-weighed counsel take.
Then he with friendly mien began, and 'mid the people spake:
O son of Atreus! truly now thine old high-worshipped name,
The Greeks will make a taunt to men, and an inglorious shame.
From the horse-rearing Argos far, to Ilium when they came,
They swore to raze the well-walled Troy—I heard the public vow,—
And, victors, then replough the main. Where is that promise now?
Like fitful babes they pule, like wives reft of their lords they wail,
And bid thee ship their worthless lives, and hoist the hasty sail,
Nor think what shame for who survives to tell so blank a tale.
One month I know is hard to bear from wife and home away,
Pent in a ship of many tiers, amid the dashing spray
Of billows, and rude blore of winds; but we nine summers pine
Beside the ships, nor reap the fruit of one year from the nine.

Hard fate! but harder still to sail with brave men many-ban
And from nine years of war return to Argos empty-handed.
Hold yet awhile with patient toil; learn from one other year
If Calchas read the omen true, or was a lying seer.
This well we know, and ye can vouch my truthful word
one,
Whom Death's grim ministers have spared to greet the gladd
sun.
Nine years ago—but yesterday—in Aulis' rocky bay,
When fraught with harm to broad-wayed Troy our well-oared
lay,
We by the sacred altar stood, beside the guggling well,
And perfect hecatombs did pay to the gods in heaven that dw
Beneath the plane-tree beautiful, where the clear fount was flo
Then came a wondrous sign; a snake, whose shining back
glowing
With bloody spots, a terrible snake, whom mighty Jove
send,
Forth from beneath the altar glides with many a supple bend,
And to the plane-tree makes apace, where nestled high in air
Eight sparrow-chicks upon the bough that topmost swayed
there,
Beneath the thick leaves cowered; with them the mother that
bare

Made nine; these eight the snake devoured, with ruthless twine prevailing;
Their shrill death-cry the mother heard, and clapped her wing with wailing.
Her too by the wing the serpent seized, with deathful fang assailing.
When thus the vermeil-spotted worm devoured the sparrows nine,
The god that rules Olympus showed that he had sent the sign,—
Changing the snake into a stone, and we with wondering awe
From cunning-counselled Kronos' son the fateful portent saw.
Then Calchas rose prophetic, and forth voiced the heavenly law:
Why stand ye here in voiceless fear, ye long-haired Greeks? from heaven
A fateful sign, your hearts to cheer, the councillor Jove hath given.
Though late the fruit, by Jove's high hand the thing foredoomed shall be,
Far-bruited o'er the Trojan strand, and all the Argive sea.
Even as the snake the sparrow-brood devoured—mark well the sign
Eight sparrow-chicks, and she that bare the brood was counted nine;
So we, for summers eight and one, in that far strife shall pine;
But in the tenth year shall be won the broad-wayed Ilium. Thus
The prophet spake; and now his doom's fulfilment waits on us.
Hold on till twelve short moons are fled; another year's annoy,
And we shall tread on Priam's head, lords of the strong-walled Troy.

Flee we this day, o'er the broad sea's back, to our country dear!
The joy
May ne'er be ours with might to sack the strength of the broad-wayed Troy!
He spake; and in the people's heart the mighty love he stirred
For home; the many were not ware of the monarch's private word,
Spoke to the chiefs. Wide swayed the mass like the Icarian sea,
When wave on wave, with enchafèd roar, comes swelling wild and free,
And East and South strong-pinioned rush, dark-clouded Jove, from thee!
As when the west wind's fervent blast o'er ripening fields is borne
Rapid, and with a wavy sweep far floats the yielding corn;
Thus all the multitude was swayed, and forthwith to the fleet,
With ringing cheers they rushed; the dust stirred by their hurrying feet
Rolled lofty; in one mighty cry the assembled thousands join,
To seize the ships, and hale them down to the surge of the sea divine.
And with homeward hearts they cleared the grooves where the black ships bedded lay,
Deep in the sand, and with hasty hand they knocked the shores away.

Then had the Greeks to Greece returned, and Heaven's high fate been broken,
Had Herè not to Pallas thus, with word indignant, spoken:
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, unvanquished maid, shall we
Unmoved behold the Greeks return o'er the broad back of the sea?
Shall Troy rejoice, and aged Priam's face grow bright with glee,
When Argive Helen shall remain in Paris' hands a prize,
For whom so many a Greek on plain of Ilium breathless lies?
Come, rouse thee, rouse thee! hie thee hence to the brave Greeks copper-mailed,
Be every wavering wight by thee with wise reproof assailed,
Nor let the swift ships, equal oared, touch with their keels the brine!
Thus she; with deed, not word, replied the maid of the flashing eyne,
And from Olympus' lofty crown with airy swoop came she,
And soon she reached the light-hulled ships beside the sounding sea;
Ulysses there, wise chief, in counsel like to Jove, she found;
But still he stood; no hand lent he to shove from Trojan ground
The Grecian ships; grief pricked his heart, vexation bound his breast.
Him, standing near, the flashing-eyed Athenè thus addressed:
Jove-born Laertes' son, wise many-scheming chief, wilt thou
Thus calmly see the Argives flee to their dear country now,

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Nor let the swift ships, equal-oared, touch with their keels the brine !
She spake ; the chief with open ear imbibed the voice divine,
And swiftly went, and doffed his cloak, which now the herald took,
Eurybates, of Ithaca, who watched his master's look.
To Agamemnon then he went, and from the monarch's hand
The immortal sceptre took, with which his sires the Argive land
Had ruled ; with this he went to the ships o' the brave Greeks copper-mailed.
And where he found a king, whose might amid the host prevailed,
Him, standing near, with words of wise reproof he thus assailed :
O shame that a king should droop his wing, like a craven loon ! come, stand
Thyself, and bid thy people hear their valiant chief's command.
Thou hast not known the monarch's heart ; his outward word but seeks
To sound our worth ; full soon his ire will sorely press the Greeks :
Not all were present, when he spake his private thought ; in vain
The Greek will flee, when largely he shall give his wrath the rein.

A fearful thing is a Jove-born king, when wrath his breast may move;
The counsellor Jove the king doth love; his honour comes from Jove.
But where he found a low-born loon with loudly-clamouring throat,
Him thus with angry word he chid, and with the sceptre smote:
O shame to see a loon, unnamed in counsel or in war,
Oppose the chiefs! come, sit thee down! men who are better far
Shall speak, and thou shalt hear; from thee what wisdom shall we gain?
Not all are kings, within the camp who tread the Trojan plain.
Ill fares the state where numbers rule; to one the sway be given,
Who holds the sceptre and the right from the high-throned lord of heaven.
Thus he with power the people chid, and swayed the host; but they
Back to the camp tumultuous hied from the ships and the billowy bay;
And loud they clamoured like the sea, when it swells with hollow roar,
And wave on wave comes hissing on, and smites the broad-faced shore.

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Nor aught abates, but fiercely rates the Jove-descended kings;
Content if he might laughter move with reckless jest: the most
Ill-favoured wight was he, I ween, of all the Grecian host.
With hideous squint the railer leered: on one foot he was lame;
Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came;
Slanting and sharp his forehead rose, with shreds of meagre hair;
He to Laertes' godlike son a deadly hatred bare,
And to Achilles: Agamemnon now this railer seeks,
And brays his shrill reproaches out; but not the well-greaved Greeks
Might love the man, whose tongue defied the Jove-born king of men;
Thus clamouring loud Thersites cried to Agamemnon then:
O son of Atreus! what new greed doth now thy rage inspire?
Thy tents are full of copper bright: to glut thy heart's desire,
The fairest fair are still thy share; and when our valour brings
A strong fort down, the prime of all the prizes is the king's.
Or lusts thy heart for yellow gold, which, to redeem his boy,
Some horse-subduing father, brings to thee from breezy Troy,
Whose son by me was captive led, or by some other hand
Of valiant Greek? Or doth thy lust some damsel fair demand

In love with her to mingle? O 'tis passing proper so,
That their own king to the Greeks should bring more harm than to the foe!
Soft-hearted Greeks! women, not men! if truth may pierce your ear,
Come sail with me across the sea, and leave this monarch here,
Alone in Troy to glean his joy, and to digest his prey,
When we who fight, to swell his might, are gone and far away!
The godlike son of Peleus' line, a better man by far,
He now defies, and takes the prize his brave hands won in war.
Soothly Achilles lacketh gall, and droops his princely wing,
Or this were the last of insults, cast from the lips of this faithless king!
Such reckless words Thersites dared with bitter spite to fling
Against the monarch: but Ulysses darkly scowling came,
And swift pursued the railer rude, with words of bitter blame:
Thersites, sense-confounding fool, thy mouth of fluent prate
Learn now to gag: against the kings this ribald talk abate!
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Vilest are thou! there breathes not one, who owns a fouler fame!
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Fool! the deep sea more danger keeps than the shallow-sounding
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For the returning Greeks; but here thou sittest, and dost pour
Against Atrides floods of bile, because we honour most
Him, who is shepherd of the folk, and first of all the host.
But mark me this; and the sure deed shall follow what I say!
If I shall find thee fooling here, as thou hast fooled to-day,
Another time, let not my head upon my shoulders stand,
Nor I, Telemachus' father, rule the rocky Ithacan land,
If I shall fail to strip the robes from thy ill-favoured frame,
Cloak, coat, and vest, and to the gazing crowds make bare thy
shame;
Then send thee hence mid shouts immense, and many a sturdy blow,
To vent thy wail without avail, where the salt sea waters flow!
He spoke; and o'er the craven's back with sharp and well-aimed blow
His sceptre came; Thersites winced; the bitter tears did flow
Out from his eyes; a bloody bruise did on his back appear,
Beneath the golden mace: he sat astonied with blank fear,
And with a stupid gaze looked round, and wiped the bitter tear.
His plight the folk with pity saw, yet laughed with laughter loud.
Then one to his neighbour turned, and thus outspoke amid the crowd:
O bravely! bravely! many a deed Laertes' godlike son
In council and in battle-field, of rare repute hath done!

But now the chief his praise hath topped with the bravest deed of all,
When he this eager babbler stopt, that did so rudely brawl!
I vouch my word not soon again his tongue will dare encroach
On the high worship of the kings, with words of foul reproach.
He spake; but wise Ulysses, with the sceptre in his hand,
The city-razing chief up stood before the Argive band;
In herald's guise beside him stood Athenè flashing-eyed;
And to the Greeks, both high and low, with loud clear voice he cried,
And bade them hear, and from his words the well-weighed counsel take.
Then he with friendly mien began, and 'mid the people spake:
O son of Atreus! truly now thine old high-worshipped name,
The Greeks will make a taunt to men, and an inglorious shame.
From the horse-rearing Argos far, to Ilium when they came,
They swore to raze the well-walled Troy—I heard the public vow,—
And, victors, then replough the main. Where is that promise now?
Like fitful babes they pule, like wives reft of their lords they wail,
And bid thee ship their worthless lives, and hoist the hasty sail,
Nor think what shame for who survives to tell so blank a tale.
One month I know is hard to bear from wife and home away,
Pent in a ship of many tiers, amid the dashing spray
Of billows, and rude blore of winds; but we nine summers pine
Beside the ships, nor reap the fruit of one year from the nine.

Hard fate! but harder still to sail with brave men many-banded,
And from nine years of war return to Argos empty-handed.
Hold yet awhile with patient toil; learn from one other year
If Calchas read the omen true, or was a lying seer.
This well we know, and ye can vouch my truthful word each one,
Whom Death's grim ministers have spared to greet the gladdening sun.
Nine years ago--but yesterday—in Aulis' rocky bay,
When fraught with harm to broad-wayed Troy our well-oared navy lay,
We by the sacred altar stood, beside the guggling well,
And perfect hecatombs did pay to the gods in heaven that dwell,
Beneath the plane-tree beautiful, where the clear fount was flowing.
Then came a wondrous sign; a snake, whose shining back was glowing
With bloody spots, a terrible snake, whom mighty Jove did send,
Forth from beneath the altar glides with many a supple bend,
And to the plane-tree makes apace, where nestled high in air
Eight sparrow-chicks upon the bough that topmost swayed, and there,
Beneath the thick leaves cowered; with them the mother that them bare

Made nine; these eight the snake devoured, with ruthless twine prevailing;
Their shrill death-cry the mother heard, and clapped her wing with wailing.
Her too by the wing the serpent seized, with deathful fang assailing.
When thus the vermeil-spotted worm devoured the sparrows nine,
The god that rules Olympus showed that he had sent the sign,—
Changing the snake into a stone, and we with wondering awe
From cunning-counselled Kronos' son the fateful portent saw.
Then Calchas rose prophetic, and forth voiced the heavenly law:
Why stand ye here in voiceless fear, ye long-haired Greeks? from heaven
A fateful sign, your hearts to cheer, the councillor Jove hath given.
Though late the fruit, by Jove's high hand the thing foredoomed shall be,
Far-bruited o'er the Trojan strand, and all the Argive sea.
Even as the snake the sparrow-brood devoured—mark well the sign—
Eight sparrow-chicks, and she that bare the brood was counted nine;
So we, for summers eight and one, in that far strife shall pine;
But in the tenth year shall be won the broad-wayed Ilium. Thus
The prophet spake; and now his doom's fulfilment waits on us.
Hold on till twelve short moons are fled; another year's annoy,
And we shall tread on Priam's head, lords of the strong-walled Troy.

He spake; and loud applausive shouts the Argive thousands raise,
The well-oared navy echoes back divine Ulysses' praise.
Then rises Nestor, Pylian knight, and thus the old man says:
O shame! like boys, a babbling crew, like very babes ye prattle,
Like tender babes, that never knew the tug o' the stout-armed battle;
Where now are fled the word and vow, and the strong will united?
Where now the oath, the pure wine poured, and the right hand bravely plighted?
Fling them away, and let the power of fire consume them all!
Year after year we tent us here; but, though no fruit, or small,
Hath blessed our arms, 'mid war's alarms we still have time to brawl!
Thou king of Atreus' godlike line, sway still with kingly might
The Argive host; still firmly lead the man-ennobling fight.
And if there be who heed not thee, in all the Grecian host,
Some one or two, a separate few, their counsel shall be lost;
Even let them flee across the sea, before the time shall prove
Him true, who voiced the high decree of ægis-bearing Jove.
Believe me, comrades, Jove, who reigns with all-prevailing hand,
Ev'n when in galleys limber-oared we left our Argive land,
And, fraught with doom to Troy, our march upon the wave we made,
Even then Jove's might, upon the right, the favouring flash displayed.

Therefore be wise: let none be keen to cleave the briny billow,
Till with some noble Trojan's mate he share the bridal pillow,
Wreaking fair Helen's rape and wrong, for which we crossed the deep.
But if there be who needs must flee, this man we will not keep;
His well-oared galley let him trim, and leave this Trojan strand;
He'll find black death where fishes swim, as well as on dry land.
But thou, Atrides, use thy wit, and hear a word from me;
Not worthless is the well-weighed word that Nestor speaks to thee.
Marshal the host in tribes and brotherhoods; let every man,
Counted in tribe and brotherhood, give help—what help he can.
Then thou shalt know the craven, and the man who loves the battle;
For in his clan each clansman proves his brother clansman's mettle.
Then thou shalt see if Jove's decree thy lofty purpose mar,
Or thou art baffled by faint hearts, and hands that shrink from war.
He spoke; and thus with answering word King Agamemnon speaks:
Truly, old man, in counsel thou outshinest all the Greeks.
O Jove, Athenè, and Apollo! give me only ten
Such counsellors as Nestor old, such wise and valiant men;
Then shall our hands from labour cease, and our eyes behold with joy,
When from its crown comes toppling down the pride of broad-wayed Troy.

But ægis-bearing Jove hath fated thus my fretful life,
That I on barren brawls should spend my strength, and deedless strife.
Myself and Peleus' godlike son for that fair maiden strove
With wrath of words; and I, the king, was first the strife to move.
If in our breasts one will did dwell, if people, chiefs, and king
Stood firm, not long would Troy repel the crushing force we bring.
Come, then, with food your strength enhance, for the sweatful battle-field,
Let each man point his ponderous lance, and trim his rounded shield;
Eke let the fleet high-mettled steeds have ample corn; provide
With gear for war each well-wheeled car, where noble warriors ride.
For this I say, we will not slacken breath or blows, till night
Come down, and cloudy darkness veil the foe, whom we would smite;
From off the thong of each man-sheltering shield the sweat shall pour
Adown the warrior's breast; the falchioned hand shall labour sore;
And sweat shall flow from the strong-hoofed steed, that draws the armèd car.
But the dastard loon, whom I shall see back-shrinking from the war,
And skulking near the ships, trust me, no bulwark shall defend him,
But the dogs shall tear him limb by limb, and the strong-beaked birds shall rend him.

Thus he: the Argives shouted loud, as when a bristling wave
Upon a sheer-uprising coast, where the strong-winged blast doth rave,
Breaks 'gainst a jutting rock—a rock that gives the sea no rest,
But every wind brings waves, that lash his grim-indented crest;
Uprose the crowds in haste dis-spread, and to the ships repair,
And kindle fires in every tent, and strengthening food prepare.
Then to their several gods they pray, the gods that live for ever,
From scath to save the host alway, and from black death deliver;
But to great Jove that reigns above with all-embracing sway,
A five-years' ox, a goodly beast, the king of men did slay.
Then to his tent he called his best advisers; and there came,
First, Nestor, then Idomeneus, that chief of Cretan fame,
Then either Ajax, and the brave Tydides, and the wise
Ulysses—wise as mighty Jove who rules the starry skies;
The strong-voiced Menelaus too, nor needed special hest,
For well the weighty cares he knew, that bound his brother's breast.
Then round the victim-ox they stand, the barley grains they take,
And 'fore the chiefs the monarch stood, and with these words he spake:
Most glorious Jove, dark-clouded king, who dost in ether sway,
May this strong sun not droop his wing, nor darkness dim the day,
Till the tower that bears proud Priam's name in crashing ruin fall,
And I shall see the dusk red flame wreathe through each gilded hall,

And Hector's vest with many a rent be pierced; and, him around,
His brave men all, with prostrate fall, shall bite the gory ground!
Thus he: but to his prayer no favouring ear the Thunderer lent;
The steaming sacrifice he took, but woes on woes he sent.
They prayed, and on the victim's head the barley grains they throw,
Draw back its neck, and smite it to the ground with forceful blow;
Then flay it, and cut out the thighs, and softly them encase
In double coil of fat; thereon raw bits of flesh they place;
Then burn them on the old dry logs, where the flame was freely spread;
But the entrails good on spits they held, above the embers red.
And when the thighs were burned, and the good entrails tasted too,
The rest they cut in pieces small, and with prongs they pierced them through,
And to themselves the roasted flesh with willing fingers drew.
Then, when from busy toil they ceased, and all was now prepared,
The feast began, and every man the equal banquet shared.
But when their souls with strengthening meat and drink were sated, then
Uprose Gerenian Nestor old, and spake to the king of men:
Most glorious king of Atreus' line, ruler of Argive men,

Rest we no more, stir every wight his strength; delay be none!
While the gods invite to prosperous fight, let timely deeds be done!
Straight hie the heralds to the ships, and let them loud and clear
Ring out their summons to the Greeks, to muster with us here!
While I and every kingly wight from tent to tent will go,
And stir the keen-souled Mars, in fight against the Dardan foe.
Thus Nestor; him the monarch heard, and bade without delay
Each clear-voiced herald call the folk to join the purple fray.
The heralds call them; and the troops of long-haired Greeks obey.
The Jove-born kings the host reviewed; from rank to rank they went,
With ordering word; with them Athenè of the flashing eyne,
Holding the ægis priceless, deathless, of her sire divine;
A hundred tassels round its border shook, all golden fair,
Well plaited; worth a hundred beeves was every tassel there.
This ægis wide she spreads, and looks around with gleaming eyes,
And sweeps apace from rank to rank, and kindles, as she flies,
The lust of fight in every wight, and warlike strength supplies.
And now the war was sweeter far to each well-greaved Achæan,
Than to seek his home, across the foam of the billowy broad Ægean.
As when destroying fire hath caught a stretch of dry old pines,
High on a hill-top, and afar the blazing forest shines:

And Hector's vest with many a rent be pierced; and, him around,
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Than to seek his home, across the foam of the billowy broad Ægean.
As when destroying fire hath caught a stretch of dry old pines,
High on a hill-top, and afar the blazing forest shines;

So shone the copper-coated host, as rank on rank advances,
While flash quick brands in a thousand hands, and gleam the eager lances.
And as the uncounted tribes, that scour the sky with mighty vans,
Of geese, or vagrant-banded cranes, or the long-necked race of swans,
Where far the Asian lowland spreads, and by Cäyster's flow,
Freely on joyful pinions sail, and wander to and fro,
And with their clanging wings loud rings the mead, where they alight;
Thus swarmed the Greeks from ship and tent, to find the fateful fight
Far o'er Scamander's plain: and earth rebellowed to the sound,
As the mail-clad men, and the four-hoofed horse tramped o'er the hollow ground,
Till on the broad grass mead they stood, a marshalled multitude,
Countless as flowers in flowery spring, or leaves in a leafy wood.
And even as swarms of busy flies on buzzing wing are spread,
Drifting in clusters through the air, close by some shepherd's shed,
In the spring-time, when in the pail the creaming milk doth flow;
Not fewer then the Argive men in many a glittering row
Stood; while each long-haired warrior pants to pierce some Trojan foe.

And as goatherds with swift sure glance their shaggy troops survey,
And sort them lightly, as across the pasture-ground they stray,
So for the fray the chiefs that day did range the multitude,
With wise-disposing ken; 'mongst whom King Agamemnon stood,
With eyes and head like mighty Jove's, the thunder-loving God,
With loins of Mars, and Neptune's breast, who wields the trident-rod.
And as among the hornèd herd, above the rest the bull
Stands high, and his huge bulk declares that he must bear the rule,
So high amid the host that day did Agamemnon show,
Such kingly grace on Atreus' son did mighty Jove bestow.
Say now, ye Muses, that sublime in halls Olympian dwell—
For ye are goddesses, and ken all things, as each befell,
We but the faint far echoes hear, and nothing truly know—
Tell me what chiefs then led the Greeks against the Trojan foe.
Not I of mighty names may tell the long resounding line,
Though ten my tongues, and ten my mouths, and a voice of strength divine,
And in my breast a heart of brass, if not the tuneful Nine
Olympian maids, the daughters of high-thundering Jove, declare
What ships for Ilium sailed, and who were proudly numbered there;
By grace of these, I sound the roll of that brave muster rare.
Arcesilaus and Peneleus led the brave Bœotian band,
Prothenor, Clonius, Leitus shared with him the high command;

The men that dwelt in Hyria and Aulis' rocky bay,
And Eteonos' hilly slopes, Scolus and Thespiæ,
Schœnus and Graia, and broad-fielded Mycalessus, and
Eilesium and Harma, and the Erythræan land,
And they who dwelt in Eleon, Hylè, and Peteon,
Ocalea, and thy castled steep, thou well-built Medeon,
Copæ, Eutresis, Thisbe, where the frequent turtle breeds,
And Coronea, and green Haliartus' grassy meads,
And who in Glisas, and in fair Platæa's champaign dwell,
And where Ismenus flows beneath Thebes' well-built citadel,
Sacred Onchestus, and the strong Poseidon's leafy shrine,
Medea, and rich Arne, where thick hangs the clustered vine,
Anthedon in the land's far end, and Nysa's seat divine;
Five times ten ships these cities sent to Ilium; and from each
An hundred men and twenty leapt upon the Trojan beach.

Then those who in Aspledon dwelt, and old Orchomenus,
The Minyan force Ascalaphus led, and brave Ialmenus;
These valiant wights a maiden rare, that paced an upper floor,
Astyoche, Actor's daughter fair, divinely pregnant bore
To strong-armed Mars; he privily that maiden did enjoy;
These sailed, with thrice ten hollow-bottomed ships, well manned, for Troy.

Next the Phoceans came; their troops, in rank and file well banded,
Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, sons of Iphitus, commanded.

All who in Cyparissus dwelt, and Pytho's rocky shrine,
The Daulian steeps and Panopeus, and Crissa's fort divine.
Hyampolis and Anemoreia sent their men of mail;
Others divine Cephissus gave from his well-watered vale;
Some from Cephissus' fountains came and the Lilæan glen.
All these with famous Phocis ranked; their ships were four times ten,
Them their twain captains marshalled well, a seemly multitude;
And leftward of Bœotia's power their goodly phalanx stood.
The Locrians next Oilean Ajax led; swift-footed he,
But most unlike, thou large-limbed Telamonian, to thee.
A hempen coat for mail he wore; but, though of stature small,
At spear-cast topt the Achæan men and Panhellenians all.
The Opuntians, and the Cynians too, obeyed their leader's call,
Bessa, and Scarphe, and the fair Augeiæ sent their tale,
Tarphe and Thronium, where thy flood, Boagrios, ploughs the vale.
Him all obey; with forty ships the Locrians left the strand,
Which looks upon Eubœa's sacred water-girded land.
Next the Abantes, from Eubœa, breathing strength divine,
Eretria and Chalcis' sons, and they who train the vine
In Histiæa, and who hold steep Dion's citadel,
And who in Styra, and Cerinthus, and Carystus dwell.
Them Elephenor, shoot of Mars, with high command controlled;
Chalcodon's son, chief thane of the Abantians mighty-souled,

Him followed the fleet Abantians, with floating hair behind;
Practised to fling the ashen spear, they came right well inclined
Deep in the Trojans' breasts to drive the lance's pointed head:
These men to Troy with forty dark-hulled ships their captain led.

Then came who in Erechtheus' hold, in high-rock'd Athens dwell,
Erechtheus, whom Athenè nursed in her well-built citadel,
High-hearted king, to whom, sprung from the corn-producing ground,
Athenè favoured lodgment gave, in her temple's holy bound,
Where all the Attic tribes convene, Jove's daughter to revere,
With the atoning bulls and lambs, from circling year to year;
Them Mnestheus led, like whom of strong earth-treading mortals then
Was none to marshal harness'd steeds, or buckler-bearing men,
Save only Nestor, who with use of years was wise. This man
In fifty dark-hulled ships to Troy led all the Attic clan.

Next Ajax came from Salamis, with twice ten ships and tway.
Then who from Argos came, and well built Tiryns' walled array,
Hermione and Asinè, in the broad deep-bosomed bay,
Troezenè, Epidaurus, where the viny clusters smile,
Eïones, and Mases, and Ægina's sea-girt isle;
All these the strong-voiced Diomede with Sthenelus led on,
Brave Sthenelus, of Capaneus the well belovèd son:
With them Euryalus was join'd, a man of strength divine,
Son of Mecisteus, goodly shoot of Talaon's princely line;

And eighty dark-hulled ships obey their doughty leader's call.

Then they who hold the strong Mycenæ's well-built citadel,
In Corinth rich, and in Cleonæ's castled keep who dwell;
The dwellers in Ornéiæ and in Aræthurea fair,
And Sicyon, where Adrastus erst the kingly sceptre bare,
And who from Hyperesia came, and Gonoessa steep,
Who Ægium and Pallenè held, beside the sounding deep,
And all the sweeping coast, and Helicè broad-fielded. These
King Agamemnon swayed; an hundred ships across the seas
Atrides brought; none of the chiefs captained a larger crew,
None braver men; upon his breast the burnished mail he drew
With gallant pride; among the chiefs first of the first he stood,
And with commanding glance surveyed the goodliest multitude.

Who hollow Lacedæmon held, with many a hill surrounding,
From Pharis and from Sparta came, and Messè dove-abounding,
Who in Briseiæ boast their home, who in Ægeiæ dwell,
Who hold Amyclæ and strong Elos' sea-built citadel,
And who of Laas, and of steep-faced Œtylus love to tell;
The strong-voiced Menelaus led these men of valiant heart
In sixty ships; and from his Jove-born brother camped apart.
In his brave heart he trusts; behind no foremost man he tarries;
But chiefly in his soul the strong hot-spurred resolve he carries,
For lovely Helen's rape and wrong, to work revenge on Paris.

Then came the Pylian men, and fair Arenè's sons, and those
Who Thrium held, steep Æpy's fort, and where Alpheüs flows;
Amphigeneia sent her sons; and Cyparissus' bay,
Pteleos, Helos, Dorium, their warlike strength display,
That Dorium where the Muses met the insolent bard of Thrace,
Thamyris from Œchalia's land, who southward bent his face;
They his lyre lamed, and caused his song to creep with halting pace,
For he had vaunted that his lay high-resonant would prove
Victor against the Muses, daughters of loud-thundering Jove;
They maimed his hand, and dimmed his eye, and marred his song divine;
He sought, but found no words to sway the lyre-commanding line;
All these that horseman good Gerenian Nestor led; his men
From sandy Pylos sailed to Troy, in fourscore ships and ten.

Followed Arcadia's sons; from steep Cyllenè's brow, and from
The tomb of Æpytus the stiff close-handed fighters come,
From Pheneos and Orchomenos, where the sheep are fleecy-fair;
From Ripa, Stratia, and Enispa, with fresh breezy air;
Who dwelt in Tegea, and in Mantinea's lovely land;
Who held Stymphalus, and where high Parrhasia's mountains stand;
These kingly Agapenor led in fifty ships and ten,
Well furnished every ship with many stout Arcadian men,
Cunning to fight; Mycenæ's king to them the tale supplied
Of well-oared ships, that they might cross the deep and purple tide;

For they were mountain-men, nor knew the ways of the waters wide.

Then in Buprasium who dwelt, and in sacred Elis found
Their home; what lands the Olenian rock, and Alisium girdeth round,
Hyrminè's distant cape, and Myrsinus' remotest bound;
All these four admirals lorded; and each admiral counted ten
Swift-sailing vessels, featly manned with brave Epean men.
Amphimachus, son of Cteatus, the first ten vessels led;
Of Actor's line brave Thalpius of the second ten was head;
The third the stout Diores led across the billowy brine;
Lord of the fourth to Ilium sailed Polyxenus divine,
Son of Agasthenes, of great Augeas' kingly line.

Then they who in Dulichium dwell, amid the salt sea's roar,
And in the Echinades, sacred isles, that look on Elis' shore;
Them Meges led, a warrior bold, a match for Mars in fight,
The son was he of noble Phyleus, Jove-belovèd knight,
But from his father's wrathful face fled to Dulichium; he
With forty dark-hulled ships to Troy crossed the far-sounding sea.

Next they who dwelt in Ithaca, and the leaf-shaking wood
Of Neritus, and Cephalonia's warriors stout and good;
The men from craggy Ægilips and Crocyleia sent,
Brave seamen, who from Samos and from woody Zante went,
And who the wave-lashed shore possessed of the adverse continent:

[illegible] over the
[illegible]

[illegible] from the more Dorian land
[illegible] from Pamphylia, and
[illegible] on the sounding shore.
[illegible]—were no more;
[illegible] was dead, the last leader he was gone;
[illegible] Thessalus' warlike son.
And in forty ships they sailed with him to Trojan land.

[illegible] Gortynian hold,
[illegible] warriors bold;
[illegible] and seamen many a score,
[illegible] from her wide-peopled
[illegible]

All these Idomeneus led, and joined with him in high command.
Brave Merion stood, a match for Mars, with hero-slaughtering hand
To mow the field; with eighty ships these leapt on Trojan strand.

Tlepolemus, Heraclidan brave, of goodly stature tall,
Led forth the Rhodians; and nine ships obeyed their leader's call.
The noble Rhodians in three clans came marshalled for the fight,
From Lindus, Ialyssus, and Cameirus glancing white.

ll these by brave Tlepolemus upon the Trojan shore
'ere landed, whom to Hercules Astyocheia bore.
iis maid he brought from Ephyrè, where Sellis' waters flow,
iere many a Jove-bred youth he slew, and many a town laid low.
ut while Tlepolemus in his sire's well-masoned house did stay,
im chanced Alcides' uncle dear by hapless stroke to slay,
icymnius, shoot of Mars, but waning now with life's decay.
orthwith well timbered ships he manned, and with a goodly crew
led o'er the sea; for with keen cry for bloody vengeance due
he banded Heraclidan kin did hotly him pursue.
e, buffeted by adverse seas, to Rhodes his course achieved,
nd in three tribes his Doric men he planted, and received
uch grace from Jove, of men and gods the all-dispensing lord;
pon the isle rich rains of gold the son of Kronos poured.

Nereus from sea-girt Symè sailed, and ships he numbered three,
he son of Charopus sovran chief, and fair Aglaia; he
f all the Achæan men, I wis, was the most fair to see;
nly one man in all the camp, Pelides, him excelled
ı manly grace; but few the folk his feeble sway compelled.

The men who strong Nisyrus held, Casus, and Crapathus
alydna's isles, and Cos, the town of brave Eurypylus;
hidippus these and Antiphus led forth in brave array;
way sons of Thessalus, that Heraclidan chief, were they,
nd with thrice ten strong-timbered ships they crossed the watery way.

The dwellers in Pelasgic Argos next well-marshalled stand,
The men of Alos, Alopè, and the Trachinian land,
Who Phthia held and Hellas, famed for maids of beauty bright,
With diverse names, Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans hight;
All these Achilles o'er the sea in fifty galleys brought.
But not to dismal-sounding war these turned their moody thought:
A headless troop they stand and wait; no leader they obey.
For near the fleet the swift of foot, divine Pelides, lay,
Chafing his heart, for love of that fair maid with flowing hair,
Briseïs, whom he chose, a prize from all the booty rare,
Then when Lyrnessus fell, and all the fence of Thebes was bare,
And when he slew the spearmen Mynes and Epistrophus,
Sons of Evenus, kingly seed of king Selepius;
For this fair maid sore-vexed he lay, but soon should rise again.
The men of fertile Phylacè, and Pyrasus' flowery plain,
Demeter's shrine, and Iton, where white-fleecèd sheep are fed;
Antron sea-lashed, and Pteleum, richly green with grassy bed.
All these the brave Protesilaus led, while lightsome day
His eyes beheld; but now beneath the cold black earth he lay.
His spouse in Phylacè remained; thy lovely cheeks were torn,
Laodamia, with sharp grief; thy house was left forlorn.
Him with a spear of fatal force a Dardan man down bore,
When first of all the Greeks he leapt upon the Trojan shore;

Nor they without a head remained, when their brave leader fell;
By stout Podarces, shoot of Mars, their ranks were marshalled well.
Protesilaus' brother he, of the same blood and bone,
His sire was Iphiclus; his grandsire, Phylacus, did own
Rich flocks of sheep; Podarces was the younger son; the other
In warrior's worth, as in the tale of years, outstript his brother.
Full many a rolling tear they shed for him who bravely fell,
And forty dark-hulled ships had led across the salt sea swell.
Next who by Bœbe's reedy lake in Pheræ's town did dwell,
In Bœbe, and in well-built Iolcus, and in Glaphyræ;
Ten ships and one Admetus' son to cross the watery way
Had manned with these, Eumelus hight, whom Pelias' daughter bare,
Divine of women, and of all his offspring fair most fair.
The men who held Methonè, and Thaumacia, and the land
Of Melibœa, and Olizon's rough and rocky strand;
These Philoctetes led, a chief well-skilled to draw the bow,
In seven ships; and each good ship had fifty men to row;
Brave boatmen all, and bowmen wise to shoot the mortal arrow;
But he—their captain—in an island lay, and chewed his sorrow,
Ev'n Lemnos, where the Argives left him on a lonely shore,
Bit by a venomous snake, and groaning with an ulcered sore.

There in much grief he lay; but soon the Greeks were forced to borrow
Aid for the capture of strong Troy from Philoctetes' arrow.
Him much his men bewailed; but found, to soothe their grievous sorrow,
Medon, Oïleus' bastard son, a stalwart captain rare,
Whom Renè to that strong town-capturing wight Oïleus bare.
From Tricca and Œchalia, where brave Eurytus held sway,
And from Ithomè's stony home who came did next display,
Their battailous might; them Podalirios and Machaon led,
Twain sons of Æsculapius, to famous leechcraft bred;
And thirty hollow ships by them to Troy were bravely sped.
Who held Ormenium's fort and Hypereia's fountain bright,
Asterium and Titanos, with cliffs all glancing white,
These brave Euæmon's noble son, Eurypylus commanded;
With forty dark-hulled ships upon the Ilian beach he landed.
The brave sons of Argissa, and the warriors of Gyrtonè,
Who from white Oloösson came, and Orthe and Elonè;
Them Polypœtes led, in fight who never flinched a jot,
Son of Pirithoüs, whom the deathless lord of heaven begot;
Him to Pirithoüs bore the fair Hippodamia then
When the fierce Pheres knew his wrath, wild hairy-fronted men,
And eastward to the Æthices with fearful feet they ran—
Nor he alone; with him Leonteus led the marshalled van,

Son of Coronus, haughty-hearted son of Cœneus. These
Led forty dark-hulled ships to breezy Troy across the seas.
Gouneus from Cyphus came, and led twice ten good ships and two,
With him the Enienes and the stout Perræbian crew,
And they who held high wintry seats amid Dodona's snows,
And whoso tilled the ground, where lovely Titaresius flows,
And with full stream doth into broad Peneius bravely ride,
But with Peneius mingles not his silver-swirling tide;
Sundered like oil his floating stream the deep low floods upbear,
For that from awful Styx he flows by which the gods do swear.
Tenthredon's son, brave Prothoüs, led the stout Magnesian men;
Who in leafy quivering Pelion dwelt, and in the shady glen
Of slow Peneius; these fleet footed Prothoüs did command;
With forty dark-hulled ships he sailed to the far Ilian strand.
These were the leaders of the Greeks. Now, heavenly Muse, declare
Their names to me, who were the best of all these captains rare,
And which was fleetest of the steeds, that snuffed the Trojan air.
Fleetest of all the steeds, as fleet as very birds, were thine,
Eumelus, matched in age and matched in mane of dainty shine,
And nicely even were their backs, as measured by a line.
Them in Perea silver-bowed Apollo bred, both mares,
And terror marched with them, where Mars his bloody game prepares.

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Aid for the capture of strong Troy from Philoctetes' arrow.
Him much his men bewailed; but found, to soothe their grievous sorrow,
Medon, Oïleus' bastard son, a stalwart captain rare,
Whom Renè to that strong town-capturing wight Oïleus bare.
From Tricca and Œchalia, where brave Eurytus held sway,
And from Ithomè's stony home who came did next display,
Their battailous might; them Podalirios and Machaon led,
Twain sons of Æsculapius, to famous leechcraft bred;
And thirty hollow ships by them to Troy were bravely sped.
Who held Ormenium's fort and Hypereia's fountain bright,
Asterium and Titanos, with cliffs all glancing white,
These brave Euæmon's noble son, Eurypylus commanded;
With forty dark-hulled ships upon the Ilian beach he landed.
The brave sons of Argissa, and the warriors of Gyrtonè,
Who from white Oloösson came, and Orthe and Elonè;
Them Polypœtes led, in fight who never flinched a jot,
Son of Pirithoüs, whom the deathless lord of heaven begot;
Him to Pirithoüs bore the fair Hippodamia then
When the fierce Pheres knew his wrath, wild hairy-fronted men,
And eastward to the Æthices with fearful feet they ran—
Nor he alone; with him Leonteus led the marshalled van.

Led forty dark-hulled ships to breezy Troy across the seas.

Gouneus from Cyphus came, and led twice ten good ships and two,
With him the Enienes and the stout Perræbian crew,
And they who held high wintry seats amid Dodona's snows,
And whoso tilled the ground, where lovely Titaresius flows,
And with full stream doth into broad Peneius bravely ride,
But with Peneius mingles not his silver-swirling tide;
Sundered like oil his floating stream the deep low floods upbear,
For that from awful Styx he flows by which the gods do swear.

Tenthredon's son, brave Prothoüs, led the stout Magnesian men;
Who in leafy quivering Pelion dwelt, and in the shady glen
Of slow Peneius; these fleet footed Prothoüs did command;
With forty dark-hulled ships he sailed to the far Ilian strand.

These were the leaders of the Greeks. Now, heavenly Muse, declare
Their names to me, who were the best of all these captains rare,
And which was fleetest of the steeds, that snuffed the Trojan air.
Fleetest of all the steeds, as fleet as very birds, were thine,
Eumelus, matched in age and matched in mane of dainty shine,
And nicely even were their backs, as measured by a line.
Them in Perea silver-bowed Apollo bred, both mares,
And terror marched with them, where Mars his bloody game prepares.

Bravest of all the chiefs was Ajax, son of Telamon,
While hot Achilles hugged his ire; for he in worth outshone
All else, and wind-swift steeds like his no Jove-born king did own.
But he beside the curvèd ships that line the sounding shore
Lay, and within his moody breast a festering humour bore
'Gainst Agamemnon, mightful king, whiles on the glancing sand
His men or poise the quoit, or fling the dart with rival hand,
Or wing the arrow; and their steeds, each near his chariot, feed
On lotus and on parsley green that loves the marshy mead.
Within the tents o' the godlike chiefs the cars all trimly dight
Were placed; themselves, sore vexed for their great leader's slight,
With idle foot paced to and fro, and shunned the glorious fight.
And now, like raging fire that feeds upon a parchèd heath,
So marched the host across the plain. The firm earth groans beneath.
As when the thunder-loving god, whose anger frets the skies,
Lashes the earth with many a stripe, where prone Typhœos lies
In Arimi--for there they tell his vexèd lair is found—
So groaned the hollow earth beneath the many-tramping sound
Of the vast host; with rapid sweep they marched along the ground.
Then to the Trojan men, their ranks for instant war to move,
The swift wind-footed Iris came from ægis-bearing Jove.
They at the gates of Priam, lusty youths and elders gray,
In full assembly met, with grave debate consume the day;

To them the goddess came, and, standing near the elders, spake;
But first the voice of Priam's son, Polites, she did take;
He, a fleet-footed scout, was posted on the lofty mound
Where old Æsetes buried lay, to view the field around,
And send quick note of every move, made by the Argive clan;
His form the swift wind-footed Iris took, and thus began:
Old man, much talk is dear to thee; like water thou art pouring
Thy peaceful prate, the while loud blast of bloody war is roaring.
Truly full many a field I saw, where host was host defying,
But never yet such troops I viewed with threatful muster nighing;
Like sand upon the sandy shore, like leaves in the leafy wood,
Rolls o'er the plain, with ominous roar, the uncounted multitude.
Hector, to thee I chiefly speak; my wise commandment hear;
Many the trusty brave allies that wield for Troy the spear,
Diverse the tongues of mortals spread in dwellings far and near;
To his own nation let each chief give note of coming fray,
And forth to battle lead his folk in orderly array.
Thus Iris: and her voice divine crest-flickering Hector knew;
Loosed the assembly; and to arms the willing people flew.
Wide fly the gates; the bustling thousands rush to find their foes,
Footmen and riders; and to heaven huge din and clamour rose.
Before the city, from the plain doth rise a little mound
With steep ascent, apart and free, that one may walk it round,

By mortals Batiea hight; but gods in upper air
Call it Myrina's sepulchre, the nimble-bounding fair;
There, with their stout allies, the Trojan men were mustered all.

Chief of the host the Trojan band, crest-flickering Hector tall,
The son of Priam led; he numbered most and eke the best
Of mail-clad warriors, burning for the fight with eager zest.

The brave and good Æneas led the ranks of Dardan men,
Whom to Anchises Venus in a green-enfolden glen
Of Ida bare; the goddess there knew gentle love's delight
With a mortal man. Archilochus and Acamas unite
Their strength with him, Antenor's sons, well-versed in various fight.

Who in Zeleia dwelt, where many-fountained Ida sank
Into the plain, and of Æsepus' darkling water drank;
A wealthy Trojan tribe; all these the noble Pandarus follow,
Who bent a bow, thy very gift, thou silver-bowed Apollo.

The men who held Apæsus, and who dwelt in Adrasteia,
In Petyeia, and the steepy mountain of Tereia,
Adrastus and Amphios led, whose breast in flaxen coat
For mail was cased; their father was a seer of mighty note,
Percosian Merops, who with timely warning did essay
Far from the hero-slaughtering strife to hold his sons; but they
Spurned him. The Fates of darksome death had marked them for a prey.

From Practium, and Percotè, and divine Arisbè's land;
From Sestos and Abydos came a well-appointed band;
Them Asius, son of Hyrtacus, leads, a knight of doughty deeds,
He to the battle rides with large-limbed fiery-mettled steeds,
Bred where Selleïs pours his flood through the Arisban meads.
The tribes of brave Pelasgic men that wield the mortal lance,
From fair Larissa's loamy fields, in bristling lines advance.
Them did Pylæus, shoot of Mars, and fleet Hippothoüs sway;
Both sons of Lethus, son of brave Teutamias, were they.
Brave Acamas and Peiroüs bring up the Thracian lines,
Warriors whose land the rapid flow of Hellespont confines.
Euphemus leads to battle the Ciconian spearmen good,
Son of Trœzenus, son of Keas, of celestial brood.
Pyræchmes the Pæonians led with hugely-curvèd bows,
From distant Amydon they came, where Axius broadly streameth,
Axius, fairest flood whereon the sun's bright radiance beameth.
Pylæmenes, a shaggy-hearted Paphlagonian, led
His stout men from the Heneti, where sturdy mules are bred.
Who in Cytorus, Cromne, and strong Sesamus did dwell,
Who held Ægialus and the Erythinian citadel,
He leads, and all around whose fields Parthenius' waters swell.
Next Odius and Epistrophus the Alizonians lead,
From Alyba far, whose soil doth nurse fair silver's costly seed

The Mysian men brave Chromis led, and Eunomus who knew
The flight of birds; but not all fateful birds 'neath heaven that flew
Could from black Fate the seer redeem, when with the Dardan dead
Achilles heaped the plain, and gorged the river's struggling bed.
Godlike Ascanius from Ascania brought the Phrygian band
Burning for battle; with him Phorcys shared the high command.
The brave Mæonians Antiphus and martial Mesthles rule,
Sons of Talæmenes, whose dam was the Gygæan pool;
These the Mæonians led beneath the slopes of Tmolus bred.
The Carians next, of speech uncouth, the noble Nastes led,
Men from Miletus and the Phtheirian mount, with tree on tree
Far-waving, and from Mycalè's steep that juts into the sea,
And from Mæander's banks; all these the captainship obey
Of Nastes and Amphimachus; Nomion's sons were they:
The witless Nastes, who, with gold prankt o'er and glistering gay,
Like to a dainty girl forth yode into the tearful stour.
But vain was gold, to break the Fate, in the darksome deadly hour;
Even by Achilles, swift of foot, where red the river rolled,
His life was reft; and Peleus' warrior son usurped the gold.
Sarpedon last and Glaucus led their men to the field of slaughter,
From Lycia far, where yellow Xanthus pours his swirling water.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Roused by stout Hector, Paris calls to fight
The son of Atreus with the yellow hair.
Each nation swears to deem the issue right,
Proved by the prowess of that knightly pair.
Fierce Menelaus drags the Trojan wight;
But Venus wafts her darling through thin air,
And bids fair Helen do her dainty duty,
Healing the hero's bruises by her beauty.

BOOK III.

Now when the captains and the men for fight well-marshalled stood,
With clang and din, like trooping birds, the Trojan multitude
Rushed to the fray; with clangour loud, even as the banded cranes,
That shun the wintry tempest, and the black down-sweeping rains,
And fly to ocean's distant flood, on swift air-cleaving wing,
And to the small Pigmean men death and destruction bring,
And wake the fight with grim delight, when the morning mist is gray;
But breathing silent strength the Greeks their steady lines display;
Brother for brother sworn to die, they march to the crimson fray.
As when the south wind a thick mist on the hill-tops hath thrown,
Which shepherds hate, and only midnight thieves delight to own,
When sharpest eye no farther sees than one may cast a stone;
So from their feet in whirls the darkening dust-cloud rose, while they
Marched o'er the plain; in sweeping lines advanced their vast array.

But when the hostile ranks were near, and small the middle space,
In front of all the Trojans godlike Paris reared his face.
A panther's hide, across his shoulders slung, the hero bore,
Likewise a sword and bow; a brace of spears, with copper ore
Pointed, he brandished in his hand, and braved the Greeks each one
To prove their might in the stout-armed fight with Priam's princely son.
But him when fair haired Menelaus, dear to Mars, espied,
Before the host advancing with a stout and lordly stride,
Even as a hungry lion's heart is glad, when he hath found
A horned stag, or a wild goat stretched huge on grassy ground,
And with an eager jaw devours, though well he snuffs the track
Of fleetest hounds, and hears the whoop of hunters at his back;
Thus Menelaus joyful viewed his proud and princely foe,
And said that false offender soon my sharp revenge shall know;
And from his car, well armed, straightway upon the ground he leapt.
But when the godlike Paris saw how manfully he stept
Before the host, his heart within his breast was smote with fear,
And with sudden start he drew him back; for he felt that death was near.
Like as a traveller who hath seen a quick and lively snake
In the lush mountain grass; he starts; his limbs beneath him quake;

And back he goes, while all the fearful paleness clothes his cheeks.
Thus 'mid the troops of noble Trojans godlike Paris seeks
Fleet-footed safety, by the brave Atrides closely pressed.
Him Hector then, with high-reproachful bitter words addressed:
Ill-omened Paris, woman-mad, with that fair form and face,
Would thou hadst wiveless lived, and childless died, nor brought disgrace,
Thou glozing prater, on thyself and all the Trojan race!
'Twere better thus—far better! now the long-haired Greeks at thee
The finger point, and laugh with loud insulting scorn to see
The proudest knight whom Ilium owns, so fair and smooth of skin,
But with no marrow in his bones, nor pith of soul within.
A dainty hero, who in ships that plough the briny wave,
Embarked a crew of comrades true, and trusty seamen brave,
And sailed to a far land, and found a lady fine and fair,
And brought her home, with spearmen bold both name and blood to share.
Harm thou hast brought to breezy Troy, much woe to Priam bred,
A deed to fill our foes with joy, and make thee hang thy head;
And now against Atrides' sword thou wilt not stake thy life,
Nor know of what a valiant lord thou filched the blooming wife.
Wisely! Smooth cheeks and shining locks, sweet lyre and warbled lay,
And Aphroditè's gifts are vain, when thou shalt kiss the clay.

Truly a pitiful-hearted race are we, or thou hadst worn
A coat of stone long since, for all the sorrows we have borne.
He spoke; to him the godlike Alexander thus replies:
Hector, most just is thy reproach; thy words, though harsh, are wise;
Truly thy heart is sharp and strong, as any axe may be
In woodman's hand, for navy's need who fells the gnarlèd tree;
Swooping the cunning stroke comes down, when the stout axe swingeth he.
So sharp art thou, fell-purposed Mars within thy breast so mighty.
But, brother mine, blame not the gifts of golden Aphroditè;
Let none the glorious gifts despise, by gods to mortals given;
From Heaven's free will they fall; no man can claim a grace from Heaven.
But if thou will that I should fight, and chance of war abide,
Bid every Greek and Trojan wight stand orderly aside.
Then Atreus' son with yellow hair, and I, the ranks before,
Will stand, and fight for Helen fair, and all her wealthy store;
Then he in fight who shows more might, the Spartan king or I,
Shall take both fair and treasure rare, and none his right deny.
But thou and all the Trojan men a sanctioned peace shall swear,
And dwell in gleby Troy, while they to Argos shall repair,
Renowned for steeds, and to Achaia, rich in maidens fair.

Thus Paris spoke; and Hector brave rejoiced in heart to hear,
And forth he stood, and with his hand he grasped his middle spear,
And drove the banded Trojans back; they sat in order due.
But the keen Argives, when they saw crest-flickering Hector, drew
Their bows at him with many a shaft, and many a stone they threw.
But Agamemnon, king of men, with loud command out speaks:
Hold, Argives! fling nor shaft nor stone, ye valiant-hearted Greeks!
Some peaceful parley Hector brings, no warlike harm he seeks.
He spake; and all the Achæan men with willing speed obeyed
The monarch's word; then Hector thus to Greeks and Trojans said:
Ye Trojans brave, and well-greaved Greeks, hear me! I bring a word
From godlike Alexander's mouth, by whom this strife was stirred:
The Trojan and the Achæan men in orderly array
Upon the many-nurturing ground their shining arms shall lay;
Then Atreus' son with yellow hair, and he, the ranks before,
Shall stand, and fight for Helen fair, and all her wealthy store;
And of the two whose hand shall dare the most in equal fight,
Shall take both fair and treasure rare, and none dispute his right,
While all the rest with solemn oath a peace shall surely plight.
Thus he; but silence held the host, which none were bold to break,
Till strong-voiced Menelaus rose, and thus approving spake:

Hear also me; for more than all the rest my inmost marrow
This matter moves; 'tis season ripe to put an end to sorrow
'Twixt Greeks and Trojans; truly we with woe have drugged your life.
Since Alexander's might with me began the evil strife,
Seems well that I, or he should die. As fate shall rule the chance,
So be it. All the rest may cease to fling the deathful lance.
Ye to the Sun a white ram bring for holy sacrifice,
To Earth a black ewe; we a ram to Jove that rules the skies.
And bring the might of Priam; he shall make our treaty sure;
His faithless sons we may not trust, their oath may not endure.
Not light his sin who by avenging Jove doth lightly swear.
A young man's wits in fluttering fits are swayed, like tides of air;
But a wise old man with steady plan looks forward and behind,
And notes his path; for every chance he wears an equal mind.
He spake. The hearts of all the Greeks and Trojans swelled with joy,
As they thought of peace and swift release from toilsome war's annoy.
Back to the ranks their steeds they drew, and with a nimble bound
Sprang from their cars, their armour doffed, and on the grassy ground
Piled it hard by; small space between was left upon the plain.
Then Hector to the city sent clear-throated heralds twain,

To call old Priam, and the sheep for sacrifice to bring,
While to the ships with hollow hulls the great wide-ruling king
Talthybius sent, to bring the ram for Jove who rules the skies,
And sans delay his ordered way the faithful herald hies.
Then Iris sweeping from the sky to white-armed Helen came,
Like to thy wife, Antenor's son, in look and lovely frame,
Even mighty Helicaon's wife, a maid of beauty rare,
Laodicè whom all confessed the fairest past compare
Of Priam's daughters. Her she found within the lofty room,
Weaving a broad and tway-plied purple tissue in a loom;
Full many a fight she broidered there, and valiant feats well-noted,
Of horse-subduing Trojan men, and brave Greeks copper-coated,
That in crimson war took many a scar for her dear beauty's sake.
Her, standing near, the zephyr-footed Iris thus bespake:
Come hither, lady fair, and well by thy bright eyne be noted,
These horse-subduing Trojans, and the brave Greeks copper-coated.
Warriors that o'er the gory ground the tearful battle woke,
And dealt around with heavy sound the dire death-bringing stroke,
Now sit upon the grass—all hushed the battle's dismal bray—
Upon their shields reclined, their long spears fixed into the clay.
But the strong-voiced Atrides, and brave Alexander's might,
With lances long for thee shall fight, and for their wedded right;
Then of the conqueror shalt thou the yokefellow be hight.

She spoke; and in that fair one's heart the dear desire she poured
For home and parents, and for him whom once she called her lord.
Eftsoons her face the lady hid in linen veil, and so
Went from the room, while down her cheeks the tender tear-drops flow.
Nor went alone; but with her maidens twain, right fair to see,
Even Pitheus' daughter, Æthra, and the full-eyed Clymenè;
These followed her; and swiftly to the Scæan gates came she.
There Priam sat, Thymœtes old, and noble Panthoüs,
And Hiketaon, shoot of Mars, Lampus, and Clotius,
Antenor and Ucalegon, a prudent-minded pair;
These elders sate beside the gate, where passed that wondrous fair.
Them hoary eld had loosed from fight, but their voice was clear and strong,
With mellow wisdom's word of might to sway the Trojan throng:
Like the blithe cricket on the tree, that stirs the leafy bower
With tremulous floods of whirring glee, in the bright and sunny hour.
Close by the gate these elders sate, and looked down from the tower.
And when they saw the lovely Helen tread the path below,
They from their breast forth sent the wingèd words, and whispered so:
Soothly nor Trojan men nor Greeks should reap great crop of blame,
That they did suffer sorrow and teen so long for such a dame,
Who like a goddess walks – not one from mortal womb who came.

Nathless we wish her gentle speed, across the briny waters,
That she no more may mischief breed, to our blameless sons and daughters.
Thus they; then Priam rose, and thus to Helen fair spake he:
Come hither, daughter; sit thee down beside me; thou shalt see
Thy former spouse, and all that blood and love made dear to thee.
Think not that I with evil eyne behold thee, Helen; not
Thou, but the immortal powers divine have marred my mortal lot,
With tearful war! But who is he of goodly stature tall?
An Argive? Come, tell me his name, for well thou know'st them all.
If some there be that lift a loftier head, a goodlier man
These aged eyne have failed to note, in all the Argive clan;
He bears much worship in his port; most like a king he shows.
To whom from Helen, godlike fair, the grateful answer flows:
Dear father mine, thy face to me brings reverence and deep awe;
Would I had wedded dark-destroying death, when first I saw
Thy gallant son, nor sailed with him across the salt sea swell,
Leaving my lord, my child, and all the friends I loved so well.
But so 'twas not to be; and I with tearful grief must pine.
The thing thou askest well I know, and what I know be thine:
Atrides Agamemnon is the man thine eye doth see,
A praiseful king of mickle sway, and a spearman strong is he.

My husband's brother once, if e'er such name from blushless me
He knew. She said; and thus the aged king admiring speaks:
O blest Atrides, happy leader of uncounted Greeks,
A fate more proud by gods bestowed on men my memory seeks
In vain. Once in the wine-abounding Phrygia I beheld
Brave riders who with dexterous hand their mettlesome steeds compelled;
Otreus and Mygdon mustered then their far-careering ranks
Of horse-subduing Trojans, on deep-swirling Sangarus' banks.
These goodly kings I went to join, a chosen champion, when
They fought with Amazonian dames, a match for harnessed men;
But they were few; these quick-eyed Greeks, in vain I count their crew.

Thus he; and lifting up his eyes beheld Ulysses. Who
Is this brave chief, whom now I see, dear daughter, tell me true?
A loftier head Atrides rears, where in his pride he goes;
But broader shoulders, and a broader breast this hero shows.
His brazen arms lie glittering on the many-nurturing ground,
While, like a ram, from rank to rank himself goes mustering round,
Even like a ram with weighty fell, that doth well-noted go
On grassy mead, amid the ewes with fleeces white as snow.
To whom the Jove-born fair replied: The man who meets thy sight,
Laertes' godlike son is he, a many-counselled wight,

His name Ulysses, hither sent from Ithaca's rocky isle.
A subtle wit he boasts, well versed in every various wile.
To whom Antenor, prudent-minded hero, answer made:
O woman, true, and very true, is each word thou hast said.
I well remember when to thee that chief of subtle fame
Brought special word; and with him Mars-loved Menelaus came.
Them Troy received; and I gave well-beseeming cheer to both,
And wondering knew their subtle wit, and eke their goodly growth.
And when they mingled with the assembled Trojan multitude,
Above them all Atrides tall by head and shoulders stood.
But, when he sat, more awe flowed from Ulysses calm and shrewd.
And when in grave debate they wove the weighty-wise discourse,
The Spartan king his thought did wing, with short well-pointed force,
Few words but clearly-voiced; not his the loose and rambling tongue
Of praters; or, belike, he spake more scantly, being young.
But when the Ithacan king uprose before the company,
He stood and looked, and on the ground he fixed his steady eye,
Nor to the left nor to the right he swayed his sceptre good,
But, like some dull half-witted wight, he calmly stared and stood,
Or like a man that chews his thought in spleeny sullen mood.
But when from out his ample breast the deep strong voice he drew,
And thick as flakes of drifted snow the wingèd words out flew,

No greatest then of mortal men with him might be compared,
Nor then for how he stood, I ween, or how he looked, we cared.
Again the old man looked abroad, and Ajax met his view:
What brave high-statured chief is this, dear daughter? tell me true:
With head and shoulders broad he stands 'bove all the Argive crew.
To whom the long-stoled Helen fair, divine of women, says:
The large-limbed Ajax here, of Greece the bulwark, meets thy gaze;
And fronting him, the Cretan chief, the brave Idomeneus stands,
Like to a god; with him the Gnossian leaders and their bands.
Him Menelaus, dear to Mars, in our palatial home
Ofttime received, when far from Crete he crossed the briny foam.
These I can tell, and many more among the quick-eyed Greeks;
But tway brave marshallers of the host mine eye far-straining seeks
In vain; steed-taming Castor's might, and Pollux, strong in fist,
Born of one womb with me, I find not in the harnessed list.
Kept they their lovely Spartan home, from war's wild tumult free?
Or sailed they o'er the salt sea foam, in ships that plough the sea,
But shun perchance the great highways of battle, smit with shame
To hear the frequent foul reproach mar their dear sister's name?
Thus Helen spake; but them the life-sustaining earth doth keep;
Lodged 'neath their dear-loved Spartan sod the godlike brothers sleep.
But now the heralds in the town 'gan ply their sacred task;
Two sheep they brought for sacrifice, and in a goat-skin flask,

Great glory of the glebe, bright wine that maketh glad the soul.
Herald Idæus eke did bear a broad and burnished bowl,
And golden cups; and, standing near, the old king thus addressed:
Son of Laomedon, arise! thy Trojan men, the best
Steed-taming warriors, and the Greeks with copper mail bedight,
A faithful truce with them to swear, thee to the plain invite.
The godlike Alexander and strong Sparta's king before
The ranks shall stand, for Helen fight, and for her wealthy store;
Then of the two whose hand shall dare the most, and win the fight
Shall take both fair and treasure rare, and none dispute his right.
But thou and all the Trojan folk a sacred peace shall swear,
And dwell in loamy Troy, while they to Argos shall repair,
Nurse of good steeds, and to Achaia, rich in maidens fair.
Thus he; but chilly fear ran through the aged monarch's breast;
Nathless he bade them yoke the steeds; the youths obeyed his hest.
Then mounted he the car, and held the reins with his old hands;
And on the shining car with him the wise Antenor stands.
And now the strong-hoofed steeds they drive right through the Scæan gates.
But when they came to where the host of Greeks and Trojans waits,
Down from the shining car they leapt on the many-nurturing ground,
And stood in midst the ring of Greeks and Trojans gathered round.

Then to the centre space advanced Atrides, king of men,
With him Laertes' son divine. The noble heralds then
Led forth the victims, poured the wine, and mixed the lustral wave
Of water in the bowl, and gave the kings, their hands to lave,
The same pure fountain. Agamemnon then drew forth the knife
Which hung beside his sword's huge sheath, that rules the tearful strife,
And from the victim's head he cut the topmost hairs, which then
The heralds dealt out to the best of Greek and Trojan men.
Then with loud voice Atrides prayed, while high his hands he hove:
Father, in Ida throned supreme, most great and glorious Jove,
And thou, bright Sun, who seest all, and every word dost hear,
Rivers, and Earth, and Powers beneath, that with your lash severe
Chastise the perjured souls that break the strong religious vow,
Be witness ye, while here with blood we swear this paction now!
If Alexander stain his sword with Menelaus' gore,
Then he shall claim the Spartan dame, and all her wealthy store;
While we in swift sea-furrowing ships seek the Achæan shore.
But if the Spartan king lay valiant Alexander low,
Then Helen fair, with all her wealth, the Trojan shall forego
To us; and eke a forfeit pay to Greece, a seemly sum,
That men may praise the deed in generations yet to come;

And if, when Paris low shall lie upon the ensanguined clay,
Priam, and Priam's sons, deny the seemly fine to pay,
Myself will fight for injured right, till Troy her wrong amend,
And here will stand, with spear in hand, and wait war's fated end.
He spake; and pierced the victims' throats with the unsparing knife,
And laid them quivering on the ground, and reft their limbs of life.
Then from the bowl into the cups they poured the wine, and made
Libation due, and to the deathless gods devoutly prayed;
And one in either host in face of all the people said:
O Jove, most glorious and great, and other gods undying,
Whoso he be, whom thou shalt see these sacred vows denying,
So be his brains dashed on the ground, as now this wine we spill,
He and his sons!—his wife obey some lustful captor's will!
Thus they: but not the cloud-compeller's will their wish allowed.
Then aged Priam thus bespake the listening Dardan crowd:
Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks with burnished greaves; I go
To Troy, around whose lofty towers the winds wide-sweeping blow.
These eyes are old, nor dare behold my son's imperilled life,
Where Menelaus dear to Mars upstirs the tearful strife;
Jove only, and the immortal band who hold the starry sky,
Know which shall live, and of the two whose doom is sealed to die.
Thus spoke old Priam; and the lambs within the car he laid,
Then mounted, and the shining reins with aged hand he swayed.

Beside his lord Antenor stands within the chariot splendid,
And straight to Ilium's wind-swept towers their backward way they wended.
Then Hector and Laertes' son—most like a god was he—
Advanced and measured all the space where the fight should foughten be,
And in a brazen helmet shook the lots of sacred chance,
To know which of the champions first should hurl the weighty lance.
And all the people prayed, and high their suppliant hands they hove;
Then one in either host devoutly spake these words to Jove:
O Jove, most great and glorious king, who dost from Ida sway,
He of these twain, from whom did spring this long-drawn tearful fray,
Here let him die, and joyless dwell in Pluto's gloomy hall,
While true-sworn friendship bindeth well the Greeks and Trojans all.
Thus they; crest-flickering Hector tall then shook the helm, with sight
Averted; and the lot of Paris straightway leapt to light.
Then all the men of either host sat down in fair array,
Where stood their foot-uplifting steeds, and their sun-bright armour lay.

Then Paris, spouse of Helen with the lovely-flowing hair,
Upon his stout frame buckled well his gleaming armour fair.
And first upon his nimble shins he fitted featly round
His burnished greaves, with silver ankle-pieces nicely bound;
Then on his breast his brother's vest he drew, and buckled tight,
That vest which brave Lycaon wore, in the tug of the stout-armed fight.
Then o'er his shoulders slung the prince his silver-studded blade,
Brazen; and eke his buckler round, with broad bright face displayed;
Then on his head the horse-hair-crested helm he gaily placed;
And terror nodded from his plume, where Alexander paced.
Then in his brawny hand he firmly grasped the ponderous spear.
Thus he. Nor less the brave Atrides donned his fighting gear.
Now all was ready; harnessed well, the adverse hosts between,
The chosen champions stand forth into the middle green,
And fate flashed from their eyne: and wonder seized each gazing wight,
When they beheld these mailèd kings for battle grimly dight.
Nearer the warriors came, and in the measured lists they stood,
And shook their spears, while in their hearts they nursed the spleenful mood.
First Paris flings his strong long-shadowed lance across the field,
And drave it right on Menelaus' nicely rounded shield,

But might not pierce its plies; with point bent back the ponderous lance
Was by the strong brass stayed. Then Menelaus did advance
With spear in hand; and thus to father Jove aloud did pray:
Great Jove, on Alexander's head thy hand of vengeance lay,
And grant that he who shamed my hearth may feel my spear, this day,
That when they hear of wrong redressed, all men with holy fear
May shun to sin like him; and every guest his host revere.
He spoke; and hurled his strong long-shadowed spear across the field,
And pierced the godlike Paris' broad and equal-rounded shield.
Right through the shining buckler drave the lance with brazen head,
Right through his hauberk, made with mickle curious sleight, it sped,
Even to his vest it pierced, and grazed his flank; but godlike Paris
Stept with quick jerk aside; and thus the deadly shaft miscarries.
Then from its sheath Atrides drew his silver-studded brand,
And waved it high, and smote his helmet's knob; but in his hand
The good sword brake in pieces four, and started far aside.
Then deep he groaned, and loud he cried, and looked to the welkin wide:
O father Jove, above all gods thou dost rejoice in harm!
To thee I prayed in faith to see him fall by my strong arm,

But now my sword in sunder leaps, and from the fangs of death
He slips secure, and I have flung my spear like wandering breath.
He spoke; and sprang, and seized him by the horse-hair plume; and then
Back dragged him with remorseless gripe to the well-greaved Argive men;
And the thong, with curious needle's craft well-wrought, his chin beneath,
That braced his helm, marred his smooth neck, and almost choked his breath.
And now Atrides' might wellnigh great glory had achieved,
Had not fair Venus with quick eye his hopeless plight perceived,
And brake the thong, hide of an ox, which a stout man did slay.
With brawny hand Atrides bare the empty casque away,
Then tossed it far, with whirling speed, to his trusty comrades, who
The glittering prize within the ranks of well-greaved Argives drew.
Then to his foeman back he sprang, with copper headed spear,
Eager to rob his life; but Aphroditè, hovering near,
Snatched him (as only gods can snatch), and drew a mist before him,
And to a perfume-breathing room in his own palace bore him.
Then went to call fair Helen; nor long sought; but straightway found her,
On the high tower, with many a lovely Dardan maiden round her;

And seized her by the robe, and shook its light ambrosial f
Masking her godhead in the guise of a Spartan woman old,
That trimmed her wool, when by Eurotas' flood she l
dwelling,
And wove her delicate robes, and chiefly loved the lovely H
In such a guise to Helen spake the Olympian queen of bea
Come hither! Paris calls thee; go, attend thy wifely duty;
On a well-carvèd couch he sits, and waits thee, fair as day,
And bravely clad in shining vest; soothly no knight would
That from the dusty fight he came, but to the dance was go
Or from the dance returned, to calm his blood too wildly fl
She spake; and in fair Helen's heart high-throbbing tum
But when that fairest neck she sees, and the true goddess k
And that desireful breast, and those bright beauty-beaming
Stounded she stood; and thus replied to that fair queen di
O goddess dire, dost thou desire again to cheat my heart?
And must I go, to reap new woe from thy sweet luring art,
In Phrygia or Mæonia fair, where peopled cities be,
And some word-moulding man hath sued the trick of love fr
Because Atrides with his spear pierced Paris in the fray,
And now would lead unblissful me home o'er the billowy
For this, with soul-deceiving smiles, my path dost thou be
Go, sit thyself beside him, and to nurse a mortal's love,
Let thine ambrosial feet forget to tread the halls of Jove.

Watch thou his comforts; weep the griefs of thy Dardan hero brave,
Till thee his wedded wife he make, his fair and favoured slave!
For me, I will not go; a curse from Troy were on my head,
If I for Alexander's joy the couch of dalliance spread;
The Trojan maids would jeer me; griefs more than enough I bear.
To whom, with wrathful accent, thus spake Aphroditè fair:
Nay, dare not thou, stiff-necked, to thwart my will, lest I remove thee
Far from my grace, as now above all women fair I love thee;
Lest, while my anger burns, I bring new fuel to the strife
Of Greeks and Trojans, and thou end in grief thy wretched life.
Thus she; but fear held Alexander's Jove-begotten wife;
She went, and held her robe before her, white as argent day,
Silent; no Trojan dame beheld; the goddess led the way.
Eftsoons to Alexander's fairly garnished house came they.
Her maidens then, each to her task, them turned with lively bent,
While to the high-roofed chamber she, divine of women, went.
Then beauty's smile-diffusing queen brought in her hand a chair,
Where right in Alexander's view might sit that fairest fair;
There Helen, daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove, did take
Her seat, but turned her eyes away, and chiding thus she spake:
Thou 'rt come, a hero from the fight! would thou hadst died by sword
Of him, that Spartan man of might, who once was Helen's lord!

O bravely, bravely didst thou boast that thou with cast of spear
Wert better than that fair-haired king, whom Ares holdeth dear.
Go, then, my very galliard knight, and try another bout
Of blows with him, if thou must fight! but, to speak plainly out,
I think that thou wert wiser now to nurse thy dainty life
At home, nor with that fair-haired king renew the unequal strife,
And for thy folly with thy head pay folly's worthy fine.

To whom, with gentle speech, replied great Priam's son divine:
Nay, woman, chide me not with keenly-pointed taunts; not he
By his own might, but by Athenè's aid hath worsted me.
We too have gods; another day another chance will see.
But come and lay thee on this couch, and taste sweet bliss of love;
For ne'er before did dear desire my soul so strongly move;
Not even when first from lovely Lacedæmon o'er the sea
Of women fair the fairest in my ship I bore with me,
And mingled first in love with thee, 'neath craggy Cranäe's brow;
Strong love me held transported then, but stronger holds me now.

Thus Paris spake; and to the couch he lightly led the way.
She followed; in the carvèd couch these twain together lay.
But fierce Atrides ranged the field—like a wild beast was he—
If far or near the godlike Alexander he might see;
But none of all the Trojans, or their brave allies could show,
The godlike Alexander to his vengeance-breathing foe.

Truly if they his place had known, they had not gagged their
breath;
Him and his evil love they loathed no less than dismal death.
Then Agamemnon rose i' the midst, and thus to all he cries:
Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and ye valiant-thewed allies!
With Menelaus, dear to Mars, remains the victory; now
To us both fair and treasure rare restore; for so the vow
We swore to Jove; and pay what fine shall just and right appear,
That far posterities may praise your haviour when they hear.
Thus he; and all the Greeks replied with loud-consenting cheer.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Pandarus, at Athenè's instigation,
Breaks the sworn truce with his perfidious bow;
To him Apollo grants an ill ovation,
And guides his shaft to no unvalued foe.
The king of men reviews the Argive nation,
And makes each heart with martial ardour glow;
Now man with man in desperate strife engages,
And o'er the field the fervid battle rages.

BOOK IV.

MEANWHILE the gods in heaven's high banquet-hall, bright, golden floored,
Sat with far-thundering Jove; to them the blooming Hebè poured
Sweet nectar; they, from golden cups draining the draught divine,
Pledged each the other, while on Troy they fixed regardful eyne.
First 'mid the gleeful company the son of Kronos stirred
The pointed jest, and thus to Herè spoke the bantering word:
Two brave allies in heaven, I ween, Atrides vaunts to-day,
My Argive spouse, and Pallas, queen of Alalcomenæ;
Ye twain sit here, and with good cheer delight your souls, while mighty
As Mars in battle-field, the smile-diffusing Aphroditè
Her Alexander saves; and, while his life was drooping low,
She, standing near, deceived the gripe of his ruthless-dragging foe.
Now Menelaus, dear to Mars, the victory claims; 'tis ours
To counsel how the fight shall go between the battling powers,
Whether more fierce to fan the strife, and louder swell the roar
Of deathful dire encounter, or the dear loved peace restore.

If this may be, and all agree to a sure peace ordered well,
Then Priam still may hold in pride his high-built citadel,
And Helen o'er the sounding tide her homeward path may measure.
Thus he; but Herè and Athenè muttered deep displeasure.
Together seated, in their hearts much harm to Troy they brewed;
All mute Athenè sat, and nursed a spleenful sullen mood
Against the Father; in her breast the swelling bile she pent.
But not could Herè gag her ire, and thus she gave it vent:
O son of Kronos, dreadful Jove, what harsh word hast thou spoken?
Shall all the toilsome chain I wove in every link be broken?
Vainly be sweated all my sweat? And did I yoke my car
To rouse all Greece against false Troy, that thou mightst lame the war?
Do—but from thee and from thy deeds the other gods be far!
To whom with wrathful word thus spake the dark cloud-gathering king:
Harsh-hearted woman, tell me now what harm did Priam bring,
Or Priam's sons, to thee, that thou with eager wrath dost swell,
Clean to destroy of lofty Troy the high-towered citadel?
If thou within the walls of Troy might go, with purpose fell,
And seize on Priam and his sons, and sheer devour them raw,
With all his folk—this feast, I ween, would glut thy ravenous maw!
But have thy way; it suits not well that thou and I should brawl.
That peace in heaven may surely dwell, let fated Ilium fall!

But, mark me this; and what I say is sooth; some future day,
When I incline some town of thine in ruin low to lay,
Some town where tribes of faithful men on Argive Herè call,
Not thou my sharp wrath shalt disedge, but let my vengeance fall
Far-sweeping! I, against my will, to soothe thy fretful gall,
Do harm to Priam. 'Neath the sun and the welkin's starry portals,
Full many towns are dear to me of stout earth-treading mortals;
But of all peopled cities none was to my heart more dear
Than Troy, the pride of Priam with the ashen-shafted spear.
Never from him mine altar lacked or freely-poured libation,
Or the fat savoury steam, the due of the celestial nation.

To whom the large-eyed gracious Herè made the mild reply:
Three famous towns are dear to me beneath the starry sky,
Argos and Sparta and broad-wayed Mycenæ; one, or all
Of these, when lists thy heart to smite, to sate thy wrath, may fall;
Not I for them will woo thine ire, when Jove's decree is rife;
Vain were my fretful heart's desire, and weak as breath the strife
With thy strong will; for surely sovereign strength with thee remains.
But I, too, claim to reap the crop that ripens by my pains;
I too was born a goddess; share with thee both race and right,
Of Kronos, cunning-thoughted king, the eldest daughter hight.
If on Olympus is thy throne, and all gods yield to thee,
The sister and the spouse of Jove supreme they own in me.

Yield thou to me, and I to thee, by turns; when we are one
In supreme council, our decree may thwarted be by none
Of all the gods. Give order that thy strong spear-shaking daught
Descend where now the peace-sworn lines divide the field
slaughter,
And tempt some Dardan wight to break his plighted oath, that fir
From Troy fresh cloud of war on the high-hearted Greeks may burs
Thus she; nor her desire denied the sire of gods and men,
But to his daughter flashing-eyed gave high commandment then:
Come, daughter, speed thee to the camp of Greek and Troja
men,
And tempt some Dardan wight to break his plighted oath, tha
first
From Troy fresh cloud of war on the high hearted Greeks may burs
Thus he; and spurred with needless words Athenè's eager bent
Down from Olympus' lofty brow with rapid swoop she went:
As when the Thunderer from the sky hath shot a meteor-star
To sailors toiling through the seas, and soldiers camped in war,
A flaring sign; and thick the trailing sparks are scattered far;
So in a trail of light to earth down shoots the maid divine,
And leaps between the hosts; while strange amazement held th
eyne
Of horse subduing Trojans, and the stout well-greavèd Greeks.
Then one, who saw the blazing sign, thus to his neighbour speak

Truly no more shall misty doubt the clear decision mar;
For Jove supreme, who holds the fateful keys of peace and war,
Or seals the truce, or lets Mars loose, by this portentous star!
Thus through the Greek and Trojan host the wondering murmur ran.
Meanwhile the goddess stood in midst the harnessed Trojan clan;
The form of brave Laodocus, Antenor's son, she took,
And sought for godlike Pandarus with eager-searching look,
Lycaon's son; and soon she found that blameless hero stout,
Standing where strong well-marshalled lines did compass him about,
Of brave broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' swirling water.
Him, flashing-eyed Athenè thus bespoke on the field of slaughter:
Son of Lycaon, wilt thou dare, hast strength within thy marrow,
At Menelaus through the air to wing the deathful arrow?
This bold emprise if thou achieve, great honour shall be thine,
From all the Dardan men, and most from Priam's son divine.
Full many a goodly gift, I ween, he for thy meed will bring,
When on the bloody field is seen the fair-haired Spartan king,
Pierced by thy shaft, and to the flaming pyre's funereal glow
Stout arms upbear his corpse. Aim well; and pierce thy people's foe.
But first to Phœbus, lord of light, god of the silver bow,

Vow from the firstlings of the flock a hecatomb to slay,
In strong Zeleia's sacred rock, when Troy hath won the day.
Thus spake Athenè; and the unweeting silly chief obeyed.
Then in his hand the bow he took, all smoothly polished, made
From horn of mountain goat, which he with mortal shaft laid low
As from a rock it sprang, nor knew of him who lurked below,
And smote it on the breast; supine the breathless leaper lay.
Tway goodly horns of sixteen palms its forehead did display;
These a wise bowyer joined and smoothed, and carved full fair and fine,
And clasped the tip, to crown the work, with a ring of golden shine.
This bow he took, and bent it well, and planted on the ground
His firm right knee; his comrades held their bucklers huge and round
Before him, lest the Achæan men should rise, and rouse the fight,
Before the sure-winged arrow pierced the fair-haired kingly wight;
Then from his quiver raised the lid, and forth he fetched an arrow,
With virgin shaft, and feathered clean, and barbed with bitter sorrow;
Then nicely to the string he laid the arrow, winged with woe,
And vowed to Phœbus, lord of light, god of the silver bow,
From firstlings of the fleecy flock a hecatomb to pay,
In strong Zeleia's sacred rock, when Troy had won the day;
Then seized the nock, and the neat-leather string; and, aiming true,
Close to his breast the string, close to the bow the barb he drew.

And when the full-strained horn in shape most like a circle grew,
Loud twanged the bow, the string resounded, and the arrow flew,
Eager to drink the Argive blood, and clave the whistling air.
But not for Menelaus less the blest Celestials care;
Jove's booty-bearing daughter stood the princely chief beside,
And from his life she turned the bitter-piercing barb aside;
Even so the brass aslant she turned, as when a mother mild
Brushes the wanton fly, that frets her softly slumbering child,
And led the shaft to where the belt with golden clasps ybound,
And the strong corselet's double ply fenced his dear life around.
Into the belt's close-girdling zone the shaft sure-feathered flew,
With pointed force it pierced the richly-broidered belt right through;
And through the corselet bravely wrought travelled the deadly arrow;
The band that next his skin he bound, to ward his life from sorrow,
Even this the ruthless iron found, and shore it sharply thorough.
Nor there was stayed; but tore the skin of that most kingly man,
That from the fretted vein beneath the purple current ran.
As when a Carian or Mæonian maid distains the fair
White ivory with crimson dye, for steeds a cheek-piece rare;
In the rich store to view it lies; and many a noble knight
Lusts to possess it; but the king alone shall drink delight,
He and his steed alone, saith she, with this rare bravery dight;

Even so adown Atrides' thigh the crimson current flows
From the red wound: the sanguine dye down to his ankles goes.
But Agamemnon, king of men, was chilled with sudden dread,
When from his brother's wound he saw life's fountain streaming red.
Nor Menelaus, dear to Mars, himself not fearful bled:
But when he saw both cord and barb by belt and band repelled,
Back to his breast the ebbing soul with quick revival welled.
But heavily Agamemnon sobbed, and by the hand he took
His brother: and, while his comrades sobbed around him, thus he spoke:
Dear brother mine, I sware the truce, and to thy death did swear,
When singly thee I set the brunt of faithless fight to bear.
Now thou art smitten; holiest oaths are trampled by the foe
With perjured foot; but not in vain the blood of lambs did flow,
Not vain the pledged right hand, nor bootless the pure wine's libation.
The righteous god, by whom we sware, reserves the consummation
Of his just wrath; who now escape, when comes the avenging day,
With sons and wives, their dear life-blood a heavy fine shall pay.
For this I say, this in my heart's presaging pulse I know,
The day draws nigh when sacred Troy from its top shall tumble low,
And Priam old, that spearman bold, and all his folk shall die.
For Kronos' son, that sits high-throned, lord of the upper sky,

Himself his dark storm-shield shall shake, and from his lucid seat
Hurl ruin on their perjured heads, who worked this foul deceit;
But grief, sharp grief, O brother dear, shall pierce thy brother's soul,
If, thou now dying, thy dear life this faithless arrow stole.
Then I to Argos' thirsty soil must plough the briny foam
Inglorious. All the Greeks will raise the impatient cry for home;
Paris and Priam will rejoice, and Helen live the prey
Of lordly rape; and thy dear bones beneath the Trojan clay
Shall rot; and all our nine years' sweat and toil be cast away.
Then on thy tomb some Trojan man shall leap with insolent glee,
And fling this keen reproachful word of haughty scorn at me:
So may King Agamemnon's bile on every foe be spent,
As back to Argos now he steers this deedless armament!
Borne hence, in ships that bear no spoil, to his own Achæan ground,
Breathless he leaves, on Trojan soil, his brother spear-renowned.
This should I hear, yawn earth for me, and with her widest grave!

To whom the king with yellow hair this heartening answer gave:
Fear not, dear brother, nor with fear infect the people. Lo!
Not to a mortal depth hath pierced the arrow winged with woe,

A triple guard hath fenced my life—the belt above, the band
Beneath, and eke the plate, which smiths did work with cunning hand.

To whom from Agamemnon thus the wingèd word outflew:
So be it, brother; grant the gods that what thou sayest be true!
A wise physician, strong to heal, upon the wound shall pour
The soothing balm, and thou shalt feel the barbèd bite no more.

He spoke; and straight Talthybius, godlike herald, thus addressed:
Haste thee, Talthybius; to Machaon bear this urgent hest,
Son of Asclepius, blameless leech, that he may come and see
Brave Menelaus, dear to Mars, and brother dear to me!
For him some foeman, wise to wing the swift air-cleaving arrow,
Hath smote—great joy to faithless Troy, to us much teen and sorrow.

Thus he; and him with willing ear the herald good obeyed,
And to the copper-coated host he sped, nor aught delayed,
And wistful looked for wise Machaon; him at length he found
Standing where strong shield-bearing men did compass him around,
Who followed him from Tricca, where rich-blooded steeds are bred.
Him he approached; and from his mouth the wingèd accents sped:
Son of Asclepius, hear the hest of Agamemnon king;
Haste thee, and to his brother dear thy healing aidance bring!

For him some foeman, wise to wing the swift air-cleaving arrow,
Hath pierced—great joy to faithless Troy, to us much teen and sorrow.
Thus he; and stirred the pitiful will in wise Machaon's breast;
And through the long lines of the camp with loyal speed they pressed.
And when they came to where the yellow-haired Atrides lay
Wounded, and round him all the chiefest kings in sad array,
Not then, I wis, the cunning-handed leech made long delay,
But from the well-wrought belt forthwith he drew the bitter arrow,
And, as he drew, were backward bent the stiff barbs tipped with sorrow.
Full gently then his hand unbound the belt above, the band
Beneath, and eke the plate which smiths did work with cunning hand,
And saw the red and wounded flesh, which the harsh iron tore,
And sucked the blood, and on the wound the soothing juice did pour,
Which to his father Chiron gave, the Centaur friendly-hearted.
Thus to the wounded king the leech his healing aid imparted.
Meanwhile the Trojans, with their long shield-bearing lines, advance,
And eke the Greeks their harness don, and their hands burn for the

Not then, I ween, thine eye had seen King Agamemnon slow,
Or nodding with unwakeful eyne, or shrinking from the foe;
But boldly, boldly marches he to the man-ennobling fight.
His steeds he left, and chariot with brass all burnished bright,
And gave it to Eurymedon, and bade him guide the car,
And rein the steeds that snorted high, and snuffed the swelling war.
With strict command to be at hand, and yield the ready aid,
If weariness his limbs might seize, while he the muster made
Of all the host. Himself on foot from file to file proceeds;
And whomsoe'er of all the Greeks that ride fleet-footed steeds
Alert he found, to them with cheering word the monarch cries:
Slack not your sinews, lusty Greeks, but to more manhood rise,
Them Father Jove will never help, who help themselves with lies!
Who broke the sacred truce the first, and who did falsely swear,
Them Jove disowns; their tender flesh shall greedy vultures tear;
Our wives above their crumbling towers shall lift a joyful pæan,
Their wives and children, captive led, shall cross the broad Ægean.
But whomsoe'er of Argive name remiss he found, and slow,
With words of bitter-biting blame, the king bespake them so:
Brave Greeks, that fight with flying darts, where danger bides afar,
Who now, like hinds, with quailing hearts, behold the coming war!
Like hinds by hunter chased that flee o'er weary-stretching plains,
And stand and pant with breathing scant when little pith remains,
Even so ye gaze in blank amaze, with no Mars in your veins.

Wait ye till with all-conquering charge the swarming foe shall reach
Our high pooped ships, whose long black line now guards the mounded beach?
And deem ye then that Jove's strong arm your craven lives shall shield?
Thus he from file to file did go, and mustered all the field.
First to the Cretan men he came, whose bands in fair array,
Led by the brave Idomeneus, their burnished arms display.
Strong as a mountain boar their chief amid the foremost stood,
The rearward ranks Meriones led of that brave multitude;
Whom when he saw, the king of men did in his heart rejoice,
And the brave Cretan leader thus bespake with friendly voice:
Idomeneus, best of the Greeks, who ride fleet-footed steeds,
Art thou, to dare stout feats of war, and work all worthy deeds;
And well beseems, when all the chiefs carouse with festive glee,
Of choicest wine a draught divine from cup well-brimmed for thee.
When all the other long-haired Greeks the festive bowl did drain,
The goodly beaker at thy hand was flowing full again,
As soon as quaffed; for thee and me the wine was sparkling ever;
Come, stir the fray the first to-day, as thou wert hindmost never!
To whom the Cretan warrior keen thus promptly made reply:
Thy trusty comrade I have been, and shall be till I die,

Atrides; me thou shalt not see false to my oath; but thou,
View all the camp, and stir the other long-haired Argives now
To gird them for the fight; for Troy hath scattered holy breath
Of oaths like wind; and they shall find sad dreariment and death
For that they falsely sware to Jove, and broke the word the plighted.
Thus he; and Agamemnon passed, with such brave speec delighted.
Then to the Ajax pair he came, whom, 'mid the warlike crowd
Donning their arms he found, with stout foot-soldiers, like a clou
Begirt all round. As when a swain hath from a tower espied
A cloud by whistling zephyr borne across the roughening tide;
Black and more black athwart the wave it spreads its bul enorm,
As black as pitch it flings abroad its store of growling storm;
The shepherd fears, and drives his huddled flocks into a cave:
Close-massed like such a cloud around these Jove-bred hero brave
The people trooped; their dark-blue mail glooms terribly, a far
Bristles with lance and sword and shield the front of deadly war:
Whom when he saw, the Achæan king did in his heart rejoice,
And to the twain the wingèd word forth gave with cheerfu voice:

Ye valiant twain that lead the troops of Greeks with copper mail,
Not needs that I with words of hot admonishment assail
Your forward wills; yourselves, to catch the breeze, have spread the sail.
Oh, Father Jove, Athenè, and Apollo! if, like you,
With patriot fire and high desire, burned all the Argive crew,
A speedy end we then should lend to toilsome war's annoy,
And from its crown bring toppling down the pride of broad-wayed Troy.

Thus he, and went from rank to rank of that vast multitude,
Until he came where Nestor camped, that Pylian speaker good,
Clear-voiced, who then with ordering eye his marshalled men reviewed.
Tall Pelagon, and Cromius, and Alastor swell his band,
Hæmon, and Bias, people's shepherd, both of wide command.
The knights of war, with horse and car he posted in the van,
While in the rear the foot he placed, the bravest of his clan,
Pith of the war; the middle place to each faint-hearted one
He gave, that he might stand and fight, where was no room to run.
First to the charioteers he spoke, and bade them wisely rein
Their steeds, nor let them loosely drive across the sounding plain;
Let no keen charioteer, he saith, with rash assurance vain,

Ramp o'er the field; none leave the ranks with forward-lashing course,
Or lag behind; but with firm front, and even steady force,
Assail the foe; when ye advance close to the foeman's car,
Then hurl, with certain aim, the lance; for thus 'tis better far.
Such skill the knights of old renown, such Mars discreet displayed,
When many a fort and well-walled town low in the dust they laid.
Thus Nestor spoke, well skilled in war: the king of men was stirred
With joy to hear; and blithely thus he voiced the wingèd word:
O brave old man, with manfulness as thy breast overbrims,
Would that thy knees were stout no less, and firm thy manly limbs!
But fretful eld that comes to all hath come likewise to thee;
Would thou wert young, and only worthless louts might aged be!
To whom the brave Gerenian horseman prompt replied: I too,
Atrides, wish such rare exploits with sinewy arm to do
This day, as then when godlike Ereuthalion I slew.
But not all gifts at once to hold the blissful gods bestow.
Then I was young, now I am old, and what age brings I know;
But still in horsemen I delight, and horses; I with wise
Counsel will help, and use the old man's virtue, to advise.

The rapid spear in hot career to whirl I leave to younger
And lustier chiefs, whose tide of life is full, whose brawn is stronger.

Thus he; and Agamemnon passed along with gladsome mood,
And came to where the brave steed-lashing son of Peteus stood,
Menestheus; round him the Athenian spears were brightly gleaming,
And near him stood a helper good, Ulysses many-scheming;
With him stout warriors in long lines, the Cephalonian crew
Were marshalled; they not yet the fresh-roused cry of battle knew,
Nor moved 'twixt Greeks, and horse-subduing Trojans, to renew
The hurtling strife, but waiting stood in deedless guise, till first
Some other troop with deadly swoop upon the foe should burst.
Them when he saw, the monarch felt his breast with anger stirred,
Cast in their teeth the keen reproach, and spoke the winged word:
O son of Peteus, Jove-bred king, and thou, the subtle-minded
Chief of the isles so wary-wise, how is thy counsel blinded!
Why stand ye here and crouch with fear, amid the loudest rattle
Of war, who should be first! Arise! where fiercest burns the battle,
In the hot van, let every man give proof of Argive mettle!
Not slow were ye to feast with me, when the bright wine was pouring,
And all the elders tasted free of the good meat strength-restoring!

How pleasant then for valiant men well-roasted flesh to eat!
To sit and laugh and merrily quaff the wine so honey-sweet!
But now ye stand, a deedless band, in empty gazing lost,
To seize the keen unsparing brand the last of all the host!
To whom the many-scheming chief: O king, what word hath broken
The strong fence of thy teeth!—with causeless banter hast thou spoken;
Not slack are we to fight for thee; soon as the Argive men
In horrid war shall clash with horse-subduing Trojans, then
Thou shalt behold—if thou hast eyes that in the truth delight—
The father of Telemachus still foremost in the fight.
But now thy words are light as wind, and causeless is the blame.
Whom when the king beheld enchafed, and stirred with noble shame,
He smiled, and with full kindly words thus made the quick reply:
Jove-born Laertes, subtle-thoughted, many-scheming chief,
I chide thee not—for thou art wise—and spare to work thy grief:
For well I know how in thy breast both manful ardour glows
And mellow counsel dwells; thou hat'st, even as I hate, my foes.
If I to-day spoke words that jar, be Agamemnon kind
To morrow; and the gods fling far all vain words to the wind!
Thus he; and to the other bands passed on with eager speed.
And found brave Tydeus' son, the valiant-hearted Diomede,

Standing beside his steeds and car well-built for warlike use,
And near him Sthenelus skilled in war, the son of Capaneus;
Whom when he saw, the king of men with blameful tone addressed,
And thus in wingèd words he voiced the thought that stirred his breast:
O son of warlike horse-subduing Tydeus, why dost thou
Muster the bridges of the war with deedless gazing now?
Not thus, I ween, thy sire was seen to crouch or skulk; but far
Before the rest he led abreast the marshalled ranks of war.
Thus all declared who knew him; I myself did never see
Tydeus in fight; but praised above all warrior-kings was he.
Once with an army peacefully he to Mycenæ came,
With Polynices, his ally, a prince of godlike fame;
Against the sacred walls of Thebes their hostile march they made,
And with much hot entreaty sought our high-accounted aid.
Mycenæ heard; free help was given against the Theban foeman;
But Jove forbade, and high in heaven outhung the fateful omen.
The heroes marched, and when they came to where meandering slow
Through wavy reeds and grassy meads Asopus' flood doth flow,
The Achæans then sent Tydeus with a message to the foe.
He went, and found a goodly crew of brave Cadmean men,
Who in the house of stout Eteocles were feasting then.
There without fear the noble horse-careering Tydeus stood,
A stranger and alone, amid that Theban multitude,

And challenged all to arms, and all he conquered in the fight,
Lightly; such potent aid Athenè lent her valiant knight.
Whereat the strong steed-pricking Thebans, wroth exceedingly,
Against the home-returning chief in secret ambush lie
With fifty youths; two leaders led the lurking band,— the one,
Like to immortal gods, was Mæon, noble Hæmon's son;
The other, sturdy field-maintaining Polyphontes: these
To dark unsightly death thy sire gave with light-handed ease;
That banded crew to death he gave, and spared one only foeman,
For that the gods would Mæon save, and showed a warning omen.
Such was Etolian Tydeus: not like to thy sire in might
Art thou his son, whose words are strong, whose blows are weak in fight!

Thus he: but not one answering word from stout Tydides came:
Silent, with loyal heart he heard the monarch's bitter blame.
But Sthenelus, the noble son of Capaneus, then replies:
Atrides, speak the truth; let not the king's mouth publish lies!
Not weaker than our sires we twain in knightly deeds are rated.
Who took Bœotian Thebes by force, firm-founded, seven-gated.
Though fewer troops we led, the massive fort of Mars we razed.
For from the skies on our emprise Jove's favouring omen blazed.
They by infatuate folly fell: a full-eared crop of sorrow
They richly reaped: not we from them a wise repute may borrow.

To whom with dark reproving eye stout Diomede replied :
Dear comrade mine, thy tongue refrain, and follow me, your guide.
If Agamemnon spurs the well-greaved Argives to the fight,
He is the shepherd of the folk ; his care and his delight
Are they ; he in his heart shall prove the king's peculiar joy,
When from its crown the Greeks cast down the pride of sacred Troy ;
And he, if Troy unshaken stand, in blame shall most abound.
Come, then, and fight, where war's fierce-drifting current swells around.
Thus he ; and from his chariot leapt, well harnessed, to the ground ;
And terribly round the hero's breast rattled the brazen mail,
As down he sprang ; the stoutest heart to hear that sound would quail.
As on the hoarse-resounding shore, when the west wind shrilly blows,
The billowy tide comes surging wide, where darkling ocean flows ;
First in mid sea 'tis born, and swells and rages more and more,
And rolls with roughening breast, and roars as it comes nigh the shore ;
Then rears its climbing crest on high, and with tumultuous bray
Smites the stern front o' the rugged rock, and spits the briny spray :
So surging o'er the widespread plain the Greek host many-banded
Rolls to the fight ; each captain brave his own brave men

Firm-voiced; the others silent went; thou hadst not deemed that men
With live breath in their breasts, so vast a host, were marching then.
With voiceless awe their leader's law they own; while shield and lance,
And various-burnished mail, far-gleaming, mark their sure advance.
Not so the Trojans; but as some rich farmer's fleecy sheep
At milking-hour within the crowded pen their station keep,
Countless, and to the bleating lambs with baa and baa reply:
So through the Trojan camp uprose the war-shout to the sky,
With various accent blent; for not one voice doth rend the air,
But diverse cries of strange allies a motley witness bear.
These Mars doth rouse; those Pallas with the flashing eyne; and there
Were Terror grim, and ghastly Fear, and Strife insatiate,
Fell Strife, of hero-slaughtering Mars the sister and the mate;
Small she at first, but swells apace, and with firm-footed tread
Walks the broad earth, and with the sky confounds her lofty head.
She to the men of either host the seeds of wrath supplied,
And, where she came, were dreariment and dolour multiplied.
But now the hosts together rushed, and each did each assail,
And buckler upon buckler rang, and hurtled mail on mail;

And might of man did might oppose, flashed spear to spear, and rang
The war-cry loud and shrill, and shield met shield with brassy clang;
And many a shout and many a yell to heaven commingled goeth,
From men who struck and men who fell; the field with crimson floweth.
As when fierce wintry torrents down some grey hill's deep-scarred side
Pour to the glen the headlong force of their foamy-hissing tide
Sheer through the black ravine, with fountains ever fresh supplied;
While perched on some high crag the swain hears the shrill tempest's rattle;
So swelled from host to host the din, and rang the yell of battle!
And first the brave Antilochus a Trojan warrior slew,
The gallant Echepolus, 'mid the foremost-fighting crew;
Him on his horse-hair-crested helmet's knob the chieftain shattered quite,
And through the forehead quivering sent the brazen spear-head right
Into his brain with deadly power; thick darkness veiled his sight;
And prone, as falls a tower, he fell, in the thick of the stout-armed fight.
Him fallen Elephenor seized, and by the feet did hold,
Son of Chalcodon, chief of the Abantians mighty-souled,

And haled the body o'er the field with eager haste to spoil
The armour from his back; but soon he slacked the greedy toil.
For where he dragged the corpse, high-souled Agenor quickly spied,
As down he bent, bared to the foe, his undefended side,
And lanced him with his polished spear, and loosed his bonds of life.
Thus Elephenor died; and then began the sanguine strife
Around his corpse; like ravening wolves with pinch of hunger surly,
Man sprang on man, and wildly raged the murtherous hurly-burly.
Then Telamonian Ajax brave Anthemion's son did smite,
Clept Simoisius, young and lusty-blooded; from the height
Of Ida with her parents dear his mountain-mother came,
To tend the sheep where Simoïs flows; and here both life and name
Her son received, but never lived to pay his mother dear
The nursing-fee—curtailed of breath by high-souled Ajax' spear.
He on the right breast smote him, as he raised his goodly frame
Amid the first; and 'neath the shoulder forth the spear-head came
Behind. He fell; and on the ground his breathless length he shows.
Even as some poplar tall, which from a marshy meadow rose
With smooth round trunk, but tufted high with leafy branches green;
This tree a waggon-maker's hand with iron gleaming keen,

Hath felled, to warp it round the wheel of dainty chariot rare;
Now prone it lies beside the stream to dry i' the breezy air.
Even thus the Jove-bred Ajax felled the Simoïsian wight.
Then Priam's son, brave Antiphus, with hauberk glittering bright,
Against the Telamonian hurled his brazen-pointed spear;
But, missing him, the weapon struck Ulysses' comrade dear,
Brave Leucus piercing through his groin, just as he dragged away
The Trojan's corpse, which soon he dropped, and kissed himself the clay.
This when Laertes' son beheld, his heart was wondrous sad;
Forth to the foremost ranks came he, in burnished mail yclad,
And standing nigh with rapid eye glanced round, and poised his spear.
Which when the high-souled Trojans saw, they shrank away with fear;
And when the weapon left his hand, it whizzing sped right on,
And pierced, well-aimed, old Priam's bastard son, Democoön,
Who from Abydos came, where men do noble horses breed.
Him, wrathful for his comrade slain, with keen avenging speed
Ulysses slew; right through the temple passed the brazen head
Of the strong hero's shaft, and darkness o'er his eyes was spread;
With heavy sound he smote the ground, and his armour rattled o'er him.
Shouted the Greeks; the Trojans flee, and fleeing drive before them

Even Hector's might; the Greeks drew back the dead, and onward hied
With eager victor's yell. But from the town Apollo spied
The Trojan rout; his heart was wroth, and thus aloud he cried:
Ye horse subduing Trojans, rise! let not the Argives win
The glorious fight! not made of rock or iron is their skin;
Through mortal flesh the forceful lance will bravely enter in.
Fear not; the son of the silver-footed goddess of the sea
Now sits apart with sullen heart, and on his wrong broods he.
Thus spake the god; but the Tritonian maid, Jove's glorious daughter,
Came from her heavenly seat, and marched through all the field of slaughter,
And where she found them slack, inspired each Greek with lust of fight.
Then brave Diores yielded first to the battle's deadly might:
A huge sharp stone from a Thracian hand did smite that goodly wight
On his right shin; the smiter's name was Peiroös, who far
From sea-washed Ænos came, to swell the ranks of Trojan war.
Sinew and bone the shameless stone broke through, and crushed; and low
Stretched in the dust supine he fell, and, writhing with sharp woe

Lay panting; and with outstretched arms he sought his comrades dear
To help his need; but lo! the son of Imbrasus was near.
And through his navel drave his lance, that on the gory ground
His bowels gushed out; his eyes were dimmed, and darkness veiled him round.
But Thoas the Ætolian saw the victor as he sprung,
And smote his breast above the pap, and pierced him through the lung;
Then forward the Ætolian came, and from his breast the strong
Well-pointed lance forth drew, then took the sharp sword from his side,
And ripped the belly of his foe; and thus the Thracian died.
But not his armour he despoiled; for with long-shafted lances
The Thracian troop, with tufted crowns, to shield his corpse, advances;
And, though he was of stature tall, and of mickle pith and pride,
He might not stand, but backward stept with quick unequal stride.
Thus in the dust lay stiff and stark the Thracian chief well noted,
And he that led the Epean men, in copper harness coated;
And round these twain were many slain, with breathless limbs dispread.
O then, if Pallas by the hand some charmèd man had led,
Safe by her grace from cleaving brand, and piercing arrow-head,

Right through the lances' hurtling shower, and the sharp sword's fateful sway,
Not he had blamed in that hot hour the slackness of the fray.
Hundreds of Trojans then were slain, and brave Greeks many a score
Stretched flat upon the dusty plain lay weltering in their gore.

BOOK V.

—◆—

ARGUMENT.

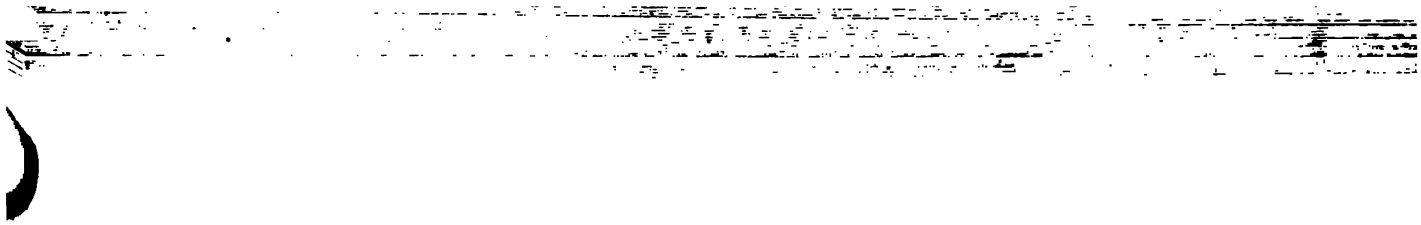
By grace of Pallas, Jove's spear-shaking daughter,
The battle burns in breast of Diomede;
With conquering lance he sweeps the field of slaughter,
Lays Pandarus low, makes Prince Æneas bleed,
And floods the plain with Trojan blood, like water,
While Pallas guides the rein, and spurs his speed.
Venus is pricked upon the wrist, and carries
Her plaint to Jove, along with wounded Ares.

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BOOK V.

THEN Pallas filled with puïssance, and valorous virtue rare,
The son of Tydeus, Diomede, that he past all compare
Might shine among the Greeks, and for himself win worthy name.
High from his helmet rayed red fire, his shield unwearied flame
Shot round; like to the sultry star that blazes from the sky,
Strong from old ocean's billowy bath, when summer heat is high.
Thus from his head and shoulders broad blazed the celestial light,
When, by Athenè led, the chief searched out the thickest fight.

Among the Trojans was a priest of Vulcan, Dares hight,
A rich and blameless man; two sons had he on battle field,
Brave Phegeus and Idæus, both in craft of combat skilled.
These twain stept from the glistening lines, and fronted Diomede.
On foot was he, car mounted they, lords of the prancing steed.
And when each foeman viewed his foe, and when they came full near,
First Phegeus launched at Diomede his dread far-shadowing spear.
O'er the left shoulder of the chief the huge spear's brazen head
Went glancing scathless; Diomede with well-poised weapon dread

Upstood; nor vainly flew, I ween, the well-directed spear,
But pierced his breast the paps between, that down he tumbl
sheer.
Idæus from his glittering car, to shield his fallen brother,
Leapt to the ground, but not prevailed the blazing might to smoth
Of stout Tydides; but himself black death had surely known,
Had not Hephæstus round his life a mirksome mist ythrown,
That the old priest might not be left all childless and alone.
His steeds the son of mighty-hearted Tydeus seized, and he
Bade his brave comrades lead them to the ships beside the sea.
But when the mighty-hearted Trojans saw by stress of war
One brother fled, the other dead, beside the lordless car,
Fear held their hearts; meanwhile the flashing-eyed Athenè press
The hand of Mars, and thus the furious-hearted god addressed:
O Mars, fierce Mars, man-slaughtering god, wall-scaling, bloc
delighting,
Leave either host, both you and I, to sate themselves with fightin
Let Jove with victory crown the war to Greek or Trojan clan,
But keep we far from fight, nor mar his lofty-counselled plan!
She spoke, and led the impetuous god from the fierce bristl
ranks,
And placed him far from dusty war by Xanthus' grassy banks.
Then onward pressed the Danaan host; a ruthless strife began,
And every captain marked his foe, and slew the adverse man.

First Agamemnon, king of men, killed Odius strong and tall,
The Halizonian chief, and hurled him with a mortal fall
Down from his chariot; in the back he pierced his sturdy frame,
Between the shoulders; through the breast the brazen spear-head came.
With hollow sound he smote the ground, and his armour rattled o'er him.
Then bold Idomeneus beheld brave Borus' son before him,
Mæonian Phæstus, whom the fruitful Tarnè's glebe did rear;
Him the bold Cretan chief empierced with his far-shadowing spear
On the right shoulder, while his shining car he mounted. Sheer
Down from the seat he fell; and hateful darkness veiled his eyes;
The Cretan claimed his glittering arms; his comrades seize the prize.
Then Menelaus on the ground, with bitter-pointed spear
Stretched Strophius' son, Scamandrius, a hunter without fear:
All beasts that roam through forest glade, or lurk in rocky dell,
His arrow reached; for dart-rejoicing Dian loved him well.
But now nor Dian's favouring grace could ward the fatal blow,
Nor all his science of the chase disarm that kingly foe.
For Menelaus on his track came instant, where he fled,
And 'twixt the shoulders in his back infixed the strong spear-head,

And drove it right through to the breast, and proudly overbore him
Prone on the ground the hero fell, and his armour rattled o'er him
Then Merion slew brave Phereclus, son of Armonides,
A carpenter, whose hands could work all cunning work with ease;
For much to him, above all men, Athenè's grace abounded.
His hands for Alexander shaped the ships all nicely rounded,
Black ships, whence woes uncounted rose to all the Trojan clan,
And to himself; but he knew not Jove's secret-counselled plan.
His son brave Merion chased in fight, and with a steady aim,
Pierced his right hip; the brazen spear-head through the bladder
came,
Beneath the bone; the Trojan wight fell forwards on the ground;
Groaning he lay with doubled knee, and darkness veiled him
round.
Then Meges slew Antenor's son, Pedæus—bastard he,
But with a mother's pious care, Theano, raised by thee,
For his dear father's sake, and loved as her own children dear;
Him the spear-famous Meges marked for death, and, coming near,
Into his head, above the nape o' the neck, he drave the spear;
In shore the pitiless-pointed head, the hero's tongue beneath;
Forward he fell; and champed the cold sharp brass with clenching
teeth.
Eurypylus then divine Hypsenor's generous soul released,
The high souled Dolopíon's son, Scamander's holy priest,

Thom like a god the people honoured; him Eurypylus slew,
s from the chase of death in vain with quick retreat he flew.
lose on his heels he came, and with the keen-dividing brand
ightly with one clean stroke he lopped the soldier's heavy hand.
he bleeding hand fell on the ground; himself now breathless lies;
trong Fate the sturdy warrior binds, and dark Death veils his eyes.
Thus raged the fight where man with man his martial vigour plies.
ut Tydeus' son with such wild speed traversed the hot pell-mell,
' he to Greece or Troy belonged thou couldst not lightly tell:
o through the field his way he tore, as some black mountain-torrent,
hat bears both boat and bridge before its wintry-swelling current;
'ainly or dams its force abide, or bridges break the roar;
he shepherd's shed floats on the tide, the farmer's sheafy store
weeps seaward, when great Jove down rains his weighty floods from high,
.nd well piled works of lusty swains in drifted ruin lie:
o through the fight stout Tydeus' son with unresisted speed
weeps; and a hundred Trojans run from single Diomede.
hen looked Lycaon's noble son, and saw the Trojans run
.1 huddled flight before the might of that unconquered one;
lis curvèd bow he seized, and shot the shaft that bringeth sorrow,
nd the right shoulder of the chief transfixed with that sad arrow;

And clave his hauberk's hollow; the sharp point resistless sped[108]
To the other side, and where it passed, the blood came trickling red.
Then through the host the archer cried, and thus high vaunting said:
Come, rouse ye, rouse ye, horse-subduing Trojans, mighty-hearted!
The best of all the Greeks is down, his pith is clean departed!
Not he will brook a second look of the shaft that bringeth sorrow,
If me indeed Apollo nerved to shoot the Lycian arrow!
Thus he; but not the archer's craft had pierced that hero's marrow.
Backward he went, and stood before the horses and the car,
And thus addressed brave Sthenelus, his comrade in the war:
Ho! son of Capaneus, hear me; from thy good car descend,
And draw this bitter copper barb from the shoulder of thy friend.[110]
Thus he; and from his car brave Sthenelus leapt upon the earth.
And from the shoulder of his friend he drew the arrow forth;
Thorough his ringèd mail the red blood spirted; undismayed
The hero saw, and thus to flashing-eyed Athenè prayed:
Daughter of ægis bearing Jove, unvanquished maid divine,
If ere my pious sire did prove thy present aid benign
In wasteful war, to Tydeus' son thy willing ear incline;
Grant me a fatal lance to whirl, and that proud man to slay,
Who pierced me with his arrow first, amid the sanguine fray,
And boasts that I no more shall look on the sun's delightsome ray.[115]

He spake; and Pallas with the deed answered his word discreet,
And made him light in all his limbs, strong both in hands and feet;
Then, standing near, with words of might addressed strong Diomede:
Now cheerly, cheerly stir the fight, and ply the martial deed,
Thou son of Tydeus; in thy breast, behold, I fan the fire,
That erst the dauntless soul possessed of thy shield-shaking sire!
Lo! from thy vision I remove the mist, that with clear ken
Thou in the heat of fight mayst know immortal gods from men;
And, whomsoe'er of all the gods thou viewest in the battle,
Dare not against immortal strength to stir thy mortal mettle;
Only, if Aphroditè dare to tread the field of slaughter,
Poise well thy lance; thou needst not spare Jove's smile-diffusing daughter.
Thus flashing-eyed Athenè spake, and instant fled; but he
Into the foremost battle plunged with wild exultant glee;
And, if before with martial rage he burned in every limb,
Threefold such rage possessed him now; even as a lion grim
Whom with his spear a shepherd grazed, but had not pith to quell,
Leaps o'er the fencèd fold, where all the fleecy people dwell:
Fiercer the fretted beast doth rage; the shepherd fears to stay;
Flies to his shed, and leaves his flock an undefended prey:
Huddled in hasty heaps now lies that bleating multitude;
And at his will the prowler ramps, and feasts on gory food,

Then clears the fence with haughty leap, and runs with strength renewed.
Thus with wild speed strong Diomede the glorious fight pursued.
Astynoüs and Hypeiron first his fiercer onset knew.
The one with brazen pointed spear pierced in the breast he slew;
The other with strong-bladed sword athwart the clavicle
He smote; and from his neck engored the severed shoulder fell.
Abas and Polyidos next he breathless laid and gory,
Sons of Eurydamas were they, a dream-diviner hoary;
But the old man of that dark day had seen no vision clear.
When both his sons fell in the fray by strong Tydides' spear.
Xanthus and Thoön then he slew, the sons of Phænops, dear
As life to him; the father pined, with sorrow-stricken frame,
For other sons were none behind, to own his wealth and name.
That goodly pair strong Diomede of lusty life bereaved,
Nor cared to know, when he dealt the blow, how the old father grieved:
In vain for glancing helm he looked, and proudly-waving crest;
They came not; and a stranger heir his hoarded wealth possessed.
Two sons of Priam then he sent to gloomy death's abode,
Echemon and brave Chromius, while in one car they rode:
Even as a lion sudden springs on heifer or on fawn,
And gripes their necks, as they heedless graze on the broad and bosky lawn;

Thus from their car these men of war the strong Tydides drave
With woful plunge, and spoiled their arms, and bade his comrades brave
Their steeds lead to the ships beside the deep sea's briny swell.
But now Æneas looked, and saw how troops of Trojans fell
Before that crushing foe; and through the stour of spears with speed
He sought for godlike Pandarus to haste and help their need.
Lycaon's noble son he found, that brave and blameless man,
And right before him stood; and thus with wingèd words began:
Brave Lycian chief, where now thy bow, and where thy arrow? where
Thy fame—that fame which none with thee in Trojan land may share,
In Lycia none? Lift up thy hands to Jove, if he shall please
To quell that sturdy foeman 'neath thy wingèd shaft with ease.
Surely of many Trojan men this man hath loosed the knees;
If man he be, and not some god, for scanted vow, or prayer,
Or sacrifice incensed. The wrath of gods is hard to bear.
To whom Lycaon's noble son: O chief, for wisdom noted,
In counsel ripe above all other Trojans copper-coated.
'Tis Tydeus' son that rages so, if my good eyes may guide
My judgment; well his shield I know, his visor hollow-eyed,
And his good steeds; and yet this mask some hostile god may hide.

But if that human wight it be, without some god, I trow,
Not through the battle rages he, careering madly so.
Some high immortal, wrapt in cloud, walks with him through the strife,
And turns my well-aimed shaft aside, that should have sucked his life.
On the right shoulder him I pierced, and through the breastplate hollow,
And deemed my arrow had been winged by Lycia's god, Apollo.
And said that I had hurled him hence, to find the dead man's judge:
But lo! he lives. Some puissant god doth bear us bitter grudge.
Nor car is mine, nor prancing steed to help my need to-day.
Ten cars and one my father counts within his halls; and they,
Screened from the sun 'neath awnings white in beautiful array.
Fair and fresh-timbered stand; two steeds beside each polished wain
Wait, and from high-heaped mangers champ spelt and white barley grain.
Full many a warning word my aged father gave me, when
With warlike bent my feet I turned to the camp of the Trojan men.
And thus he said: On battle car high mounted lead the van
Of horse-subduing Trojans 'gainst the well-greaved Argive clan.
But I not heard; to have obeyed had been the wiser plan.

For of my steeds I thought, lest they, well fed on pastures rare,
Within beleaguered Troy should pine for lack of sapful fare.
So they at home remained, and all on foot I came to Troy,
With archer's craft; but here my bow hath wrought me scanty joy.
At tway of their most noble kings I shot my sure-winged arrow,
Atrides and Tydides; and I fetched the bleeding sorrow
From veins of both; but wounds in sooth but fret their bile; and lo!
They fight again. Truly with luckless hand my curvèd bow
I from the peg took down, what time to pleasant Troy I came,
Leading the Trojans, for the love of godlike Hector's name.
If my good feet shall bear me home, and if these eyes shall see
My fatherland, the high-roofed dome, and the wife that's dear to me;
Then let a strong man from the shoulders carve my head, if I
Spare with these hands to split this bow, and, where the flame mounts high,
Cast it to burn; in ashes there the worthless wood may lie!

To whom Æneas, leader of the Trojans, answering, spake:

Nay, speak not so, brave Lycian! thou his force shalt surely break,
When thou and I together, mounted on this well-made car,
With clattering speed of harnessed steed confront this man of war.

Climb thou the car, and ride with me, and thou shalt surely know
How Trojan horses dash with might against the Argive foe,
Now here now there careering light, as the tide of war may flow.
They back to Troy shall bear us both, with flickering-footed speed,
If mighty Jove shall glory grant to strong-voiced Diomede.
Take thou the lash, if thou wilt drive, and the reins so smooth and bright,
And I with thee will mount, and face this foeman in the fight;
Or thou take sword and spear, and I the stormy steeds will guide.
To whom Lycaon's noble son with ready word replied:
Seize thou the reins; thy steeds beneath thy well-known hand will run
With surer speed, should fate constrain to flee from Tydeus' son,
Lest scared amid the battle's din they seek thy voice in vain,
Disown the stranger's hand, and beat with random hoof the plain.
Then Tydeus' son will rush, and slay remorseless thee and me,
And drive the hoofed steeds away to the ships beside the sea.
Thou, therefore, thine own steeds command, and drive the rounded car,
While I will stand with spear in hand, and prove that man of war.
Thus they: and mounted on the glittering car with forward speed
And drove their snorting coursers full in face of Diomede.

Then Sthenelus, of Capaneus the noble-minded son,
Beheld, and feared for Diomede, and thus to speak begun :
O son of Tydeus, dearer to my soul than life, I see
A warrior pair, with threatful air, drive o'er the plain to thee,
Both men of might ; the one, who draws the bow with practised hand,
Is Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son, from Lycian land ;
The other is Æneas, whose high well of life [illegible]arted
From Aphroditè, queen of love, and Anchise[illegible]nty-hearted ;
Move we apart a little space, this furious ardour cease,
Nor rashly fling in danger's face thy life so dear to Greece ! 250
To whom, with dark disproving glance, the hero answer made :
Speak not of base unmanly flight ; me thou shalt not persuade ;
I was not born with the dull blood, that creeps through cowards' veins.
My foot the backward step disowns ; while firm my strength remains,
Not I will mount the rapid car, but with my foot free-planted
I 'll fight ; nor Pallas shall be far, when heavenly aid is wanted.
But for those chiefs with threatful air that scour the sounding plain,
Their nimble-footed steeds shall bear not both to Troy again.
But mark me this ; and in thy breast with will submiss obey ;
If many counselled Pallas give the glory of the day 260

To us, for my sure-footed steeds have thou no careful fear,
But fix the rein on the chariot rim, and leave the horses here.
Then seize Æneas' horses fleet, without one moment lost,
And drive them straight into the camp of the well-greaved Argive host.
No better steeds beneath the sun now breathe; sprung from the breed
Jove gave to Tros, a costly fine for the rape of Ganymede.
Anchises knew [illegible] privily to them he sent his mares,
And with Laome[illegible]e breed of heavenly coursers shares.
Six foals of this celestial blood in his own stalls were bred,
Four for himself he kept, and with his own good clover fed;
Two to his son he gave, fleet counsellors of fear; the same
If we shall take, our hand hath wrought a deed of mighty name.
Thus they together spake; the while across the sounding plain
Lashing their nimble steeds the Trojan heroes drove amain.
Then first Lycaon's noble son brave Diomede addressed:
Thou son of Tydeus, of brave heart, and strong-enduring breast,
Thou didst not fall, when I did wing my well-aimed Lycian arrow,
But this strong lance which now I fling will work thee lasting sorrow.
Thus he: and hurled his weighty lance, and through the air it flew,
And struck the shield of Tydeus' son, and rove it through and through,

And reached his hollow hauberk, with the brazen-pointed head.

Then with loud voice Lycaon's son outcried, and thus he said:

Thou hast it now; deep in thy maw lies my well-missioned lance;

Small life in thee remains; thy wounds my glory shall advance.

To whom strong-hearted Diomede, no jot abashed, replied:

Nay, thou hast missed; but now give heed, so bravely as ye ride,

Or one or both shall fall with speed from that well-rounded car,

And with your red heart's blood shall feed the strong-mawed god of war.

Thus he; and flung the well-poised spear; and Pallas drove it right

Thorough his nostril, 'neath the eye, behind the teeth so white;

To his tongue's root, the mouth within, the cold brass sharply sped,

Till in the neck, beneath the chin, forth peeped the brazen head.

Headlong he fell, and massy spear and mail and buckler round

Fell rattling o'er him; back in fear the startled steeds rebound;

Outflew his life; and in his limbs no bond of strength was found.

Then from the rounded chariot sprang Æneas, to defend

With spear and shield from spoiling Greeks the body of his friend;

And stood before him like a lion trusting in his strength,

And bravely showed his buckler broad, and his strong spear's threatful length

Brandished, with strong desire to slay, and a voice of dread command,

Shouting defiance. But the son of Tydeus in his hand

[illegible] with [illegible] hoofs alike [illegible] to unfruitful fear.
[illegible] in the midst of the battle cry, and leave the horses here.
[illegible] these [illegible] with all the [illegible] fast.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the well-greaved Argive
[illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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Up took a stone, a mighty block, which two strong men in vain
Would strive to lift—as men now are—but he with little strain
Alone uphove it; and he struck Æneas with the stone
In the hip-joint, where in the socket turns the strong thigh-bone,
And both the tendons tore, and with sharp force the socket broke,
And rudely rove his skin. The godlike hero with the stroke
Fell on his knee, and clutched the clay, and in a swimming swound
Sank down. His eyes were closed on day, and darkness veiled him round.

And now Æneas, lord of men, had perished in the fight,
Had not his mother Aphroditè known his piteous plight,
Who to divine Anchises, herding kine in Ida, bore him;
She to her dear son came, and threw her white arms fondly o'er him,
And for a screen the fulgent folds of her peplos spread before him,
That no fleet-steeded Argive man might mark him for a prey,
And cast a dart into his heart, and filch his life away.

Thus did she bear with kindly care her dear son from the fray.
Nor did the son of Capaneus forget, with faithless heed,
The strict behest which bound him, from the strong-voiced Diomede;
But took the car of Tydeus' son, and the steeds with sounding hoof,
And to the rim he fixed the rein, from battle's din aloof;

Then mounted on Æneas' car, and seized the supple reins,
And to the Greek camp drave the steeds with richly flowing manes,
And gave them to Deïpylus—the youth whom most he loved
Of all his mates, in every jarless humour well approved—
To lead them to the dark-hulled ships, beside the sounding sea;
Then on his own car mounted, and the shining reins took he,
And sought Tydides in the fight, with fiery-footed pace.
But he with the dispiteous brass the queen of love did chase,
For well he knew least strength had she of all the Olympian race,
And claimed no kinship with the powers, who rule in fields of slaughter,
Enyo, town-destroyer, and great Jove's spear-shaking daughter.
Thorough the battle's deadly stour, with unrelenting pace,
The son of mighty-hearted Tydeus gives the goddess chase;
And, coming near, with his keen spear her hand so white and fine
He pierced. Right through the dainty skin of the Cyprian queen divine
Shore its sharp way the pitiless brass, close by the wrist, and tore,
Wove by the Graces' hand, the ambrosial peplos which she wore.
Out flowed the immortal blood—not blood, but ichor, the pure river
Which runs in veins of blissful gods, who live at ease for ever:
For gods nor eat of human food, nor drink the vine-juice glowing;
Immortal they; no mortal blood in their pure veins is flowing.

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Would strive to lift—as men now are—but he with little strain
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For gods nor eat of human food, nor drink the vine-juice glowing;
Immortal they; no mortal blood in their pure veins is flowing.

Then clears the fence with haughty leap, and runs with strength renewed.
Thus with wild speed strong Diomede the glorious fight pursued.
Astynoüs and Hypeiron first his fiercer onset knew.
The one with brazen-pointed spear pierced in the breast he slew;
The other with strong-bladed sword athwart the clavicle
He smote; and from his neck engored the severed shoulder fell.
Abas and Polyidos next he breathless laid and gory,
Sons of Eurydamas were they, a dream-diviner hoary;
But the old man of that dark day had seen no vision clear,
When both his sons fell in the fray by strong Tydides' spear.
Xanthus and Thoön then he slew, the sons of Phænops, dear
As life to him; the father pined, with sorrow-stricken frame,
For other sons were none behind, to own his wealth and name.
That goodly pair strong Diomede of lusty life bereaved,
Nor cared to know, when he dealt the blow, how the old father grieved:
In vain for glancing helm he looked, and proudly-waving crest;
They came not; and a stranger heir his hoarded wealth possessed.
Two sons of Priam then he sent to gloomy death's abode,
Echemon and brave Chromius, while in one car they rode:
Even as a lion sudden springs on heifer or on fawn,
And gripes their necks, as they heedless graze on the broad and bosky lawn;

Thus from their car these men of war the strong Tydides drave
With woful plunge, and spoiled their arms, and bade his comrades brave
Their steeds lead to the ships beside the deep sea's briny swell.
But now Æneas looked, and saw how troops of Trojans fell
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In Lycia none? Lift up thy hands to Jove, if he shall please
To quell that sturdy foeman 'neath thy wingèd shaft with ease.
Surely of many Trojan men this man hath loosed the knees;
If man he be, and not some god, for scanted vow, or prayer,
Or sacrifice incensed. The wrath of gods is hard to bear.
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On the right shoulder him I pierced, and through the breastplate hollow,
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But lo! he lives. Some puissant god doth bear us bitter grudge.
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Fair and fresh-timbered stand; two steeds beside each polished wain
Wait, and from high-heaped mangers champ spelt and white barley grain.
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With warlike bent my feet I turned to the camp of the Trojan men.
And thus he said: On battle-car high mounted lead the van
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But I not heard; to have obeyed had been the wiser plan.

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Climb thou the car, and ride with me, and thou shalt surely know
How Trojan horses dash with might against the Argive foe,
Now here now there careering light, as the tide of war may flow.
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Is Pandarus, Lycaon's noble son, from Lycian land;
The other is Æneas, whose high well of life hath started
From Aphroditè, queen of love, and Anchises mighty-hearted;
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Nor rashly fling in danger's face thy life so dear to Greece!
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But for those chiefs with threatful air that scour the sounding plain,
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Thou didst not fall, when I did wing my well-aimed Lycian arrow,
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And sought Tydides in the fight, with fiery-footed pace.
But he with the dispiteous brass the queen of love did chase,
For well he knew least strength had she of all the Olympian race,
And claimed no kinship with the powers, who rule in fields of slaughter,
Enyo, town-destroyer, and great Jove's spear-shaking daughter.
Thorough the battle's deadly stour, with unrelenting pace,
The son of mighty-hearted Tydeus gives the goddess chase;
And, coming near, with his keen spear her hand so white and fine
He pierced. Right through the dainty skin of the Cyprian queen divine
Shore its sharp way the pitiless brass, close by the wrist, and tore,
Wove by the Graces' hand, the ambrosial peplos which she wore.
Out flowed the immortal blood—not blood, but ichor, the pure river
Which runs in veins of blissful gods, who live at ease for ever:
For gods nor eat of human food, nor drink the vine-juice glowing;
Immortal they; no mortal blood in their pure veins is flowing.

Shrill shrieked the goddess, and down threw her dear son on the ground;
Him in his hand Apollo seized, and wrapt him densely round
With a dark cloud, lest some fierce Greek should mark him for a prey,
And cast a dart into his heart, and filch his life away.
Then through the battle loud outspake the strong-voiced Tydeus' son:
Daughter of Jove, not war, but love beseems thee; hence, begone!
Women be thine with witching wiles to wheedle and deceive,
But on the field of spears to glean if thou shalt dare, believe,
The battle's roar, with miles between, thine ear shall sorely grieve.
Thus he. Her heart was grievèd sore, and from the field she fled.
Her the wind-footed Iris took, stung with sharp pangs, and sped
Through viewless air; from her wan cheek was chased the lovely red.
Beyond the battle on the left the wounded goddess found
Dire-drifting Mars; him and his steeds a thick mist compassed round.
Low on her knee she bends, and thus with piteous-pleading prayer,
Entreats him for his steeds, ydight with golden frontlets rare:
Dear brother mine, lend me thy steeds to bear me to the portals,
Of high Olympus in the sky, where dwell the blest Immortals;

A wound doth fret my hand, a wound by a stout mortal given,
A man whose overvaulting might would war with Jove in heaven.
Thus she: and Mars gave her the steeds with golden frontlets rare.
She mounts; while many a painful pang shoots through her bosom fair.
Beside her Iris sits, assumes the ready rein, and wields
The lash, and guides the willing steeds, that paw the airy fields.
Quickly Olympus' lofty seat, the home of gods, they gained;
And there wind-footed Iris her celestial coursers reined,
The traces loosed, and to them brought ambrosian food to eat.
Then Aphroditè suppliant sought Dionè's sacred feet,
Her mother; she with claspèd arms her lovely daughter pressed,
And gently touched her with her hands, and with these words addressed:
Which of the gods, dear daughter, now hath marred thy fairest form?
No doer of ill works art thou—what cause could bring thee harm?
To whom the smile-diffusing Aphroditè thus replied:
My skin from stout Tydides bleeds, whose overtopping pride
Brooked not that I from the deadly stour stole privily away
My son, my best-beloved, when sorely pressed in the crimson fray.

Not man doth battle now with man, but mortal warriors try
Their lawless strength against the clan that wons in the starry sky.
To whom divine Dionè spake : Daughter, endure the smart,
Albeit from men sharp wrong to take much grieves celestial heart.
Not few the ills that gods, who dwell in high Olympus, borrow
From mortal men, when, mingling in their brawls, we swell our sorrow ;
Such wrong Mars felt, when the huge-statured Aloïdian twain,
Otus and Ephialtes, bound him with a tyrannous chain ;
Twelve moons and three in brazen keep he knew the close-barred pain.
And now sheer ruin had been thine, god of the bloody field,
Had not their stepdame Erybœa, fairest dame, revealed
Thy plight to Hermes, who, while thou in durance vile didst smart,
Thy life from thrall redeemed, and bade the unworthy bond depart.
And Herè too from strong Alcides' arm much pain did borrow ;
He her right breast invaded with a triple-barbèd arrow,
Mother of pangs ; and sore her bosom heaved with bitter sorrow.
Like sorrow Hades knew full well, what time that son of Jove
With the portentous king of hell in mortal combat strove
At Pylos ; him the hero laid supine, outstretched for dead ;
But soon he rose, and to the halls of far Olympus sped,

The home of Jove; and much his heart was fretted, for the arrow
In his broad shoulder stood infixed, and pierced him through with sorrow.
Then Pæon dropt into his wound the juice that smothers woe,
And healed him; for no taste of death the blest Immortals know.
Such were thy deeds, Alcides fierce, who, in thy lustihood,
With baleful arrow-barbs didst pierce the ever-blessed brood
Of gods; and now hath Pallas this stout-armed Ætolian driven
'Gainst thee, nor to his witless mind this truth to know was given,
Not long he lives who impious strives with gods, who reign in heaven;
Never shall he, from war returned, that dearest welcome claim,
When children clamber round his knees, and lisp a father's name.
Let Tydeus' strong-voiced son beware lest some god stronger far
Cross, with strong wrath, his haughty path, and crush him in the war;
Lest through her dreams his prudent spouse, Adrastus' daughter, weep,
Start from her couch, and wailing rouse her maidens from their sleep:
Then for the best of all the Greeks shall bitter tears be poured,
The horse-subduing Diomede, her young and lusty lord.
Thus she; and with both hands she wiped the ichor from the wound;
The hand was healed, and not a thrill of fretful pain was found.

Pallas and Herè saw and smiled, and plied the ready jest,
And with full many a taunting word the son of Kronos pressed.
Then thus outspake of thundering Jove the daughter flashing-eyed;
Father, if simple sooth I speak, wilt thou my speaking chide?
Surely the Cyprian, while she proved her arts of sweet annoy,
To fire some Argive maiden's heart with love for a Trojan boy,
Hath scratched her hand on the clasp of gold that bound the sunbright weeds
Of the fair Greek; and now, behold, the dainty goddess bleeds!
Thus she: and to their wanton jest the Olympian Jove almighty
With smiles replied, and thus addressed the golden Aphroditè:
Dear daughter, not let war henceforth, nor warlike works delight thee,
Let love and marriage be thy field, soft beds and rosy bowers;
Sharp swords let Mars and Pallas wield, when surly battle lowers.
Thus they with jest and banter fine span out the heavenly hours.
Meanwhile the strong-voiced Diomede in hot pursuit did follow
Æneas from the battle, borne by thy strong hands, Apollo.
Right well the glorious god he knew, but not the less pursued
To slay Æneas, and to spoil his sunbright armour good.
Thrice he rushed on with hot intent the Trojan prince to slay,
And thrice the strong Immortal pushed his shining shield away.

ce more he came, and like a god, with weighty onset pressed ;
m then far-darting Phœbus thus with awful voice addressed :
ck, son of Tydeus, wisely shy, and know thy mortal worth ;
r not with gods that hold the sky, and powers of heavenly birth,
an's feeble-footed race may vie, who creep on lowly earth.
He said ; and back a little space the stout Tydides trod,
ıe fatal anger to elude of the strong far-darting god.
ıen from the battle Phœbus bore the Trojan prince to where
sacred Pergamus, stood high his holy temple. There
tona and the dart-rejoicing Artemis applied
ıe healing touch, and all his limbs with health were glorified.
ıen the bright god o' the silver bow an airy image made
form and feature like the prince, and in like arms arrayed ;
ıd Greeks and Trojans chased this phantom shape about the ground ;
ıss rings on brass, and with their neat's-hide buckler's ample round
inly they push, and with deft wrist their light-swung targets shake.
Then thus to furious-hearted Mars the bright Apollo spake :
Mars, thou hero-slaughtering god, wall-scaling, blood-delighting,
lt thou not tread the sanguine sod, and stay this man from fighting ?
is Tydeus' son, 'gainst Jove, I ween, would shake his impious fist ;
! where he smote the Cyprian queen, and pricked her in the wrist,

And, like a god, with ponderous pike he pushes now at me.
Thus Phœbus spake. Then on the lofty Pergamus sat he.
But Mars through all the lines did pass, and marched with heavy pace,
Like to the Thracian Acamas, in manly form and face,
And thus the noble sons addressed of Priam's Jove-bred race:
O sons of Jove-descended Priam, shall we stand and see
The Argive foe our people mow, like grass upon the lea?
Even at our gates shall stout Achæans fight, while bleeding lies
Anchises' son, whom even as godlike Hector's might we prize.
Rouse ye, and from the tumult wild that Jove-born hero save!
He said; and his strong word to each new strength and courage gave.
Sarpedon then the godlike Hector sharply thus addressed:
O Hector, where is now the strength that once did fill thy breast?
Fair was thy boast that thou, thy brothers, and thy kin would lack
No aid from brave allies, to drive across the watery track
This Argive host. Now none of all thy heroes lead the fray,
But, like a ring of yelping hounds, whom a lion keeps at bay,
Back shrink, while we, the brave allies of Troy, from distance far,
Myself not least, for Priam's love, lead on the dusty war.
For truly Lycia is not near, nor near the swirling tide
Of Xanthus, where my wife so dear and infant son abide,
And all my wealth, the poor man's envy, and the owner's pride.

Though Troy no goods of mine contains, which Argive hands may spoil;
But thou dost stand; no manful cry from thee the people hear,
With sinewy arm to fend from harm their wives and children dear.
As in the meshes of a net the silly fish are snared,
Even so for you, a deedless crew, is grisly death prepared,
And all the pride of peopled Troy shall lie in ashes gray.
Art thou a man? be this thy theme to ponder night and day;
Teach the allies to follow thee, and in great Hector's name,
Let all be strong; else reap thy due—reproach and public blame.
He said; his taunts stung Hector's heart, and with a sudden bound
Down from his car the harnessed prince leapt on the gleby ground,
And brandishing his pointed spear, from rank to rank he pressed,
And roused the eager soul of war in every soldier's breast.
The Trojans wheel, and bravely face the fierce Achæan foe;
The Argives stand, nor yield a pace; no thought of fear they know.
As when a strong wind blows across the sacred threshing-floor,
When yellow Ceres winnows well the farmer's husky store,
And all the ground is snowed with chaff; so the Achæans bold
Are whitened o'er by the whirling dust, in rapid volumes rolled,
The dust that from the hoofèd might of war-steeds fiercely driven,
Rose, through the rush of the fervid fight, to the brazen floor of heaven.

With lash and rein they charge amain, while the deathful god of fight,
Now here, now there, through the wide plain with folds of sable night
Blinds all the fray. Him thus it pleased the high command to follow,
On him enjoined by the bright golden-sworded god, Apollo;
Who sent Mars to the field, soon as he saw Jove's martial daughter,
Who fired the Greeks with valiance, leave the field that reeked with slaughter;
The whiles himself Æneas from his golden-gifted shrine
Brought back, and filled the godlike prince with reborn strength divine.
Æneas to his comrades came; and they, beholding him,
Rejoiced to see him hale, and fresh, and strong in every limb,
Whom dead they deemed; much marvelling they saw, but spake no word.
For now the god of the silver bow and murtherous Ares stirred
More serious work, and sanguine Strife ruled all the troublous fray.
But the brave Greeks the Ajax pair and Diomede obey,
And wise Ulysses' firm command; no jot, I ween, recked they,
The clattering charge o' the Trojan bands, the shrilling yell and shout,
But motionless they stand, like clouds, which high-throned Jove hangs out

On some hill-top in a windless day, when not a whisper creeps
Of tremulous breeze around the brae, and all the bluster sleeps
Of Boreas and the gusty blasts, that come with whistlings shrill,
And chase the clouds, whose white veil shrouds the peak of the old gray hill:
Thus motionless the Argives stood, with never a thought of fear.
Then Agamemnon paced the ranks, and spake that all might hear:
Come, rouse ye, rouse ye, comrades true, in lusty war delighting!
Yourselves, be men, and know that you with valiant men are fighting!
He saves his life, who courts hot strife in the field of battle gory,
But who shuns death finds double scath, reft both of life and glory.
He said: and flung his spear, and pierced the brave Deïcoön,
The son of Pergasus, than whom to good Æneas none
Was dearer in the host, and none by Troy was honoured more,
Still in the van the foremost man, in the loudest battle's roar;
Him through the shield the king of men pierced with the strong spear-head,
And through the shield, and through the belt the mortal weapon sped,
And grided 'neath the navel, and with sharp force overbore him;
With hollow sound he smote the ground, and his armour rattled o'er him.

Then brave Æneas slew two noble Argives in the fray,
Orsilochus and Crethon, sons of Diocles were they,
Whose sire in well-built Phera dwelt, a wealthy man was he,
Who from Alpheius' sacred stream drew his high pedigree,
The stream that pours through Pylian land its waters broad and free.
Alpheius gat Orsilochus who reigned o'er many men;
Orsilochus begat the noble Diocles; and then
Two goodly twins from Diocles were born to grateful light,
Orsilochus and Crethon, skilled in all the craft of fight.
These in the lusty prime of life, with shining armour mailed,
For Troy to tempt the deadly strife in dark-hulled galleys sailed,
To please the twain Achæan kings they came to the Ilian shore;
But doomful death soon found them there, and darkness veiled them o'er.
As tway strong hearted lions bred in mountain solitude,
Nursed by their dam in the copsy bed of a wide and tangled wood,
Who sudden rush into the vale, and seize the fleecy prey,
And rend strong bullocks, and assail the shepherd's sheds, till they
Quelled by the spears of vengeful swains, their latest breath out bray:
So from the Trojan prince these twain then took their deadly wound;
All prone they fell, like two tall pines that smite the hollow ground.

But Menelaus, dear to Mars, when prostrate in the fight
This pair he saw, sore vexed was he, and in gleaming armour dight
Forward he strode, and shook his lance; for so by Mars 'twas planned,
That to the king might come mischance from brave Æneas' hand.
Him Nestor's son, Antilochus saw, and rushed into the van,
Fearing some harm might reach the life of that most kingly man,
And all their toil be bootless; spear in hand the heroes stood,
And each the other fiercely eyed, and nursed the hostile mood.
But Nestor's son with faithful watch, at Menelaus' side
Stood near; which seen, the noble Trojan curbed his princely pride,
Wise not to stake his single strength against the strength of two.
Then to the Argive camp the corpses of the dead they drew,
And gave them to the faithful care of their trusty comrades true;
Then back returned, and joined the hottest battle in the van.
Atrides then Pylæmenes slew, a stout shield-bearing man,
Brave leader of the mighty-hearted Paphlagonian clan,
A match for Mars; him with his spear did Menelaus slay;
Pierced 'neath the key-bone of the breast the breathless warrior lay.
Then Nestor's son slew Mydon, his good charioteer, while he
Wheeled round his strong-hoofed steeds, and fled, thou Spartan king, from thee;
Him in the elbow with a stone Antilochus shattered quite;
And to the ground his reins down dropt, with ivory studs ydight;

Then with keen glaive his temple clave. Stunned with the wound severe,
From his well-timbered car he fell gasping; and headlong sheer
He pitched, and with his forehead broad and shoulders smote the ground;
Long time he lay, sunk in the sand that swathed him thickly round,
Till his own horses tramped him out: no comely sight was he.
Them Nestor's son did swiftly lash to the camp beside the sea.
This Hector saw, and with a shout high-sounding o'er the fight,
Led to the fray in stern array his Trojan men of might.
Mars and Enyo marched with him, who in her sweeping train
Led Tumult wild, that blushless child, who loves the blood-soaked plain;
But Ares in his giant grasp a lance portentous bore,
And now behind bold Hector strides, and now he stalks before.
Whom when strong-voiced Tydides saw, no blithesome face he wore:
As when a stout wayfarer, worn with hours of dusty toiling,
Comes to a river's brink, whose tide, with yeasty eddies boiling,
Runs foaming to the sea,—he shrinks, with sudden fear recoiling;
So shrank Tydides then, and thus his mind the hero shows:
Dear comrades mine, what strength divine in breast of Hector glows!
Perdition sheer comes with his spear, and death is in his blows!

Some mighty god is with him, sure he bears a charmèd life,
Masked like a man, the murtherous Mars attends him through the strife.
Still face the foe; but backward bend with firm slow foot; not wise
Are mortal men who dare contend with gods that rule the skies.
Thus he. The Trojans forward pressed, and held the yielded plain.
Then two brave warriors, skilled in fight, were by bold Hector slain:
Menesthes and Anchialus; one chariot held the twain.
This Telamonian Ajax saw, sore vexed; and, standing near,
Marked out a man, and, aiming well, pierced with his shining spear
Amphius, son of Selagus, who dwelt, a prosperous man,
In Pæsus, rich in many roods; but, when the war began,
The harsh Fate sent his son to fight, and die for the Trojan clan.
Him in the baldrick Ajax pierced; and with resistless sway
The strong long-shadowed lance right through his bowels ploughed its way;
With heavy fall he fell. Forthwith the noble Ajax sprung,
Him to dismail; but thick and quick the gathering Trojans flung
Their pointed darts; his orbèd shield received the bristling shower.
Then with his heel he trod the corpse, and forth he drew with power

The brazen point, but not prevailed to reave the shining mail,
So fierce the Trojan swarms assailed, and flung their darts like hail.
For much he feared the valiant-hearted Trojan wights, who stood
Around the dead, and shook their spears, a threatful multitude.
Though tall and stout, against a host he might not single stand,
But with backward pace and forward face he sought the Argive band.
Thus in the tug of fight they toiled. But Fate's all-mastering might
Sent Hercules' son, Tlepolemus, a tall and valiant wight,
Against divine Sarpedon, battle's dreadful chance to try;
And when the heroes forward came, and when they stood full nigh,[630]
Both son and grandson of great Jove, heaven's cloud-compelling king,
Then to the son the grandson this insulting taunt doth fling:
Thou Lycian wight, unskilled in fight, what cross fate brought thee here,
To try thy strength against the length of my well-practised spear?
They lie who call thee son of ægis-bearing Jove; I see
No trace of Jove-begotten kings, so famed of yore, in thee.
Far other was my father's might; his deeds high-sounded prove
That dauntless lion-hearted wight, yborn of very Jove.
He, when with six frail ships, no more, to Trojan land he came,[640]
And with few men, from Troy's false king the bargained steeds to claim,

Razed breezy Ilium's god-built wall; her streets dispeopled lay:
But thou in war art weak, and all thy people melt away;
No bulwark thou for Troy, I trow, Fate's surging flood to stay.
Strong be thy hand in Lycian land; but, if I reason well,
Here, slain by me, thou soon shalt see the gates of murky hell.
To whom Sarpedon, valiant Lycian leader, answered so:
Tlepolemus, full sure thy sire laid sacred Ilium low,
For that Laomedon unwise his bargained wage denied,
And, when with gentle phrase he begged, with bitter words replied,
And the good steeds withheld, for which he crossed the billowy tide.
But this I say, his son to-day another tale shall tell,
Thou 'lt win from me thy funeral weeds; and, if I reason well,
The god that rides on sable steeds shall bear thy soul to hell.
Thus spake Sarpedon; but the son of Hercules uprears
His ashen lance, and both together hurl their well-poised spears,
From their strong hands; Sarpedon's brazen-headed missile flew,
And in the middle neck empierced his sturdy foeman through,
And murky darkness wrapt him round, and his eyes in night were shaded.
On the left thigh Tlepolemus with his strong spear invaded
The Lycian chief; even to the bone the greedy point did pass;
But from the dear son's life the sire withheld the deadly brass.

Then from the tumult of the fray his trusty comrades bore
Godlike Sarpedon; in his limb the spear-head fretted sore
The hero's flesh, as him they trailed along the ground; but they,
Intent to lift him on the car, forgot to break away
The brazen barb, so much their heart was centred in their care.
Tlepolemus then back to the camp the well-greaved Argives bare;
Which when that much-enduring man, Laertes' son, beheld,
The dear heart in his shaggy breast with mighty anger swelled.
Doubtful he swayed, and with himself a hot debate he held,
Whether the son of lofty-pealing Jove to follow then,
Or reave the life in crimson strife of some less-valued men.
But not the fated lot was thine, Laertes' son, to prove
Thy prowess on the seed divine of ægis-bearing Jove,
Wherefore thy wrath Athenè stirred against the meaner crew.
Alastor then, and Chromios, and Coiranus he slew;
Alcander, Halios, Prytanis, and wise Noëmon too.
And many more stout Lycians had that godlike hero slain,
Had not the tall crest-flickering Hector spied him o'er the plain,
And rushed into the van in mail of gleaming brass yclad,
A terror to the Greeks; whom seen, Sarpedon's heart was glad,
And thus, with sad beseeching voice, the Jove-born Lycian speaks:
O Hector, leave me not a prey to the ruthless-hearted Greeks,

ut bear my body from the fray; then let the Lycian die
n Trojan ground, since not my sire Olympian willed that I
ly Lycian home again should see, and Xanthus stream, to cheer
he dear-loved wife who waits for me, and my infant children dear.
Thus he; but not one answering word crest-flickering Hector spake,
ut like a storm his lofty form rushed past, in haste to break
he Argive line, and rob full many Greeks of lively breath.
leanwhile his godlike comrades placed the wounded chief beneath
he green spread oak, that goodliest tree of ægis-bearing Jove;
nd Pelagon, who chiefly shared divine Sarpedon's love,
rew from his thigh the ashen spear; down swooned that hero bold,
nd round his eyne as he kissed the clay, in rings the darkness rolled.
ut not outright his soul took flight; for with reviving breath,
he strong-winged Boreas blew, and roused his sinking soul from death.
But the brave Greeks, by Hector pressed, with brazen mail ydight,
or to the dark-hulled ships were turned in rout and shameful flight,
r dared to front the foe, but pace for pace retired, and slowly
ckward they stept, for Mars they knew was with the Trojans wholly.

Who now was reft of life and limb the first, and who the last,
When brazen Mars and Hector grim dealt forth that slaughter vast!
The godlike Teuthras, and Orestes, swift steed-lashing knight,
Œnomaus, and Ætolian Trechus, strong spear-hurling wight,
Brave Helenus and Oresbius with various-gleaming belt,
A man who gathered wealth with care, and in fat Hylè dwelt
By the Cephissian pool, one of a goodly multitude,
Of rich Bœotian men, who owned full many a loamy rood.
Thus were the Greeks on sanguine field by Mars and Hector quelled;
Which when the white-armed spouse of Jove with troubled eyne beheld,
To Pallas then in wingèd words her swelling spleen she vented:
Daughter of Jove, unvanquished maid, shall we behold contented
Such shame? False words to Sparta's king we spoke; our promise falls
Barren to ground, that he should raze Troy's lofty-builded walls,
If we allow this baleful Mars to riot in the fray
Thus madly; but come, thou and I our greater might display.
Thus she; nor Pallas disobeyed, and for the field of slaughter
Herè, that queen of heaven revered, of mighty Kronos daughter,
Went to equip the steeds that wear the golden frontlets rare.
First Hebè to the chariot fixed the huge well-rounded pair
Of wheels, eight-spoked, whose brazen weight an iron axle bare.

felloes round the spokes were made of ever-during gold,
tires of brass compacted well, a wonder to behold,
silver nave, which cunningly the axle did enfold.
th golden and with silver bands the seated car was bound
the axle-tree: on either side the rim swept bravely round.
silver pole ran from the car; a yoke all golden fair,
on its farther end, with golden yoke-bands rich and rare,
e goddess fixed; while 'neath the yoke the nimble-footed steeds,
eager for the dinsome strife, the white-armed Herè leads.
The whiles Athenè, daughter of the ægis-bearing Jove,
opt on the threshold of her father's starry hall above
e delicate various-broidered stole, which her own fingers wove.
en to her breast she bound the cloud-compeller's mail of might,
d buckled all her fighting gear, to join the tearful fight;
e ægis o'er the mail she threw, with tassels dark ybound,
eadful, and with a fringe of bristling terror girt around;
d Strife, and Strength, and hot Pursuit, and chilly Fear were there,
d the dread Gorgon's snaky head, with eyes of stony glare,
e deadly sign, which mighty Jove shakes through the thunderous air.
en with a four-bossed golden helm her lofty head she crowns,
onger than walls by soldiers lined of a hundred fencèd towns.

Then swift the flaming car she mounts, and seizes in her hand
The long and ponderous spear, that quells full many a warlike band,
When with wrath divine the high heart swells of that strong-fathered maid.
Then Herè swayed the lash; the steeds with nimble foot obeyed;
Wide open flew on self-moved hinge the sounding gates of heaven,
Kept by the Hours; for to their hands the lofty charge was given,
Open to fling the azure doors of Jove's bright hall above,
Or bar them with black cloud; through these the well-spurred steeds they drove,
Till from the other gods remote they found dread Kronos' son
Sitting on many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak alone.
Then white-armed Herè reined her steeds, and to the sovran sire,
Jove, lofty-throned, the goddess spake, and poured her heart's desire:
O Father Jove, wilt thou behold, nor check his lawless course,
Impetuous Mars, the blushless bold, who, with unruly force,
High heaps the slaughtered Greeks, and brings sharp woe to me; the while
The Cyprian queen, and the silver-bowed Apollo sit and smile,
And give this madman rein, who holds all law in proud despite!
Say, Father Jove, wilt thou be wroth with Herè, if she smite
This blustering Mars, and scare him from the field in sore amaze!
To whom with gentle word the cloud-compelling father says:

); and with thee stout Mars assail my booty-bearing daughter,
ho oft hath caused his heart to quail in the tearful field of slaughter.
Thus spake the sire. Nor white-armed Herè disobeyed the god,
it lashed the steeds; and they with nimble foot right bravely trod
ie middle path 'twixt lowly earth and starry-twinkling sky;
ır as a man may pierce the hanging haze with noteful eye, 770
erched on a watch-tower, when he looks on the face of the gleaming brine,
) far through ether sprang the lofty-snorting steeds divine,
'ith every stride. But when they came where Simoïs and Scamander
own to the sea in one broad stream with mingled billows wander,
here white-armed Herè reined her steeds, and from the car unbound
heir well-yoked necks, and spread a thick wide-mantling vapour round;
While Simoïs for their food let spring ambrosia from the ground.
ut the twain goddesses, like doves with gently-gliding flight,
ighted, with high hearts all aflame to aid the Grecian fight;
nd when they came to where round Tydeus' steed-subduing son 780
as gathered of the warlike Greeks each best and bravest one,

A sturdy crew, like lions grim, the gory flesh devouring,
Or like the wild boar in the wood, whose strength is overpowering:
There Herè stood, and took the shape of Stentor brazen-throated,
Who roared, as loud as fifty Greeks with bright mail copper-coated;
Like him she stood, and with his brazen summons split the air:
Shame on you, Greeks! a pithless clan! so smooth and trim and fair!
When brave Achilles led the van, his presence dashed the foe;
Against that godlike chief no man of Dardan name might show
His face without the gates; enough they saw, who saw his lance.
But now their walls they leave, and to the dark-hulled ships advance.

She said: and fired the soul of war in every breast. With speed
Meanwhile Athenè flashing-eyed sought strong-voiced Diomede,
And found him by his car and steeds, soothing the bitter sorrow
Of the sore wound, which Pandarus carved with keen-barbed Lycian arrow.
The copious sweat came streaming down, beneath the broad strong band
Of his well-rounded shield; the strength had left the hero's hand.
The broad strong band he lifted up, and wiped the blood away;
The goddess touched his horses' yoke, and thus to him did say:
O truly Tydeus gat a son unlike himself, for he,
Though small of stature, was a man as brave as brave may be:

r when he came to Thebes, apart from all the brave Achæans,
d stood a messenger alone amid the stout Cadmeans,
ade him tame the blood, that through his fierce veins ran so wildly,
id court sweet thoughts of peace, and taste the Theban banquet mildly;
it he, all fearless, with the spur of his old heroic mood,
allenged them all, and o'er them all a prize-crowned victor stood.
it thee, though I beside thee stand, and ward black harm away,
id thee command with forward hand the Dardan foe to slay,
sharp fatigue hath pierced thy bone, and slacked thy sinews' might,
Fear sits on thy spirit's throne; henceforth no more be hight
e son of Tydeus, who was son of Oineus strong in fight!
To whom stout Diomede with ready word thus made reply:
ughter of ægis-bearing Jove, who rules the starry sky,
now thee well, and to thy quest will promptly make reply;
r craven fear doth hold my breast, nor sharp fatigue my frame,
t I remember thy behest, and fear thy righteous blame;
inst all the other blissful gods thou didst behight me tame
lust of fight; but if I saw on the red field of slaughter,
ieed not spare, thou saidst, to lance Jove's smile-diffusing daughter.

For this I gather back my steps, and, being warned by thee,
Have ordered all the well-greaved Greeks to shun the fight with me;
For truly lord of all the fray, the fierce-souled Mars I see.
To whom Athenè flashing-eyed with mild address began:
O son of Tydeus, dear to me above the common clan
Of mortals, cast all fear aside for Mars, or any power
That rules the battle; I with thee stand in the deadly stour.
Against the war-god first direct thy hoofèd coursers; fight
Him hand to hand, and cool withstand his deadly-drifting might;
Madman, who in mere harm delights, blind strife and random blows:
For me to-day he stoutly fights, to-morrow for my foes!
Herè and I both heard him swear the Greeks should capture Troy;
But now his words are wind; he sides with Priam's perjured boy.
She spake; and with her hand she drave from horse upon the ground
Brave Sthenelus; he owned her touch, and sprang with nimble bound.
Then on the car of godlike Diomede upmounted she,
In hot-spurred haste; and sorely creaked the oaken axle-tree,
That never bore such goddess dread and mightful chief before.
Then Pallas seized the shining reins, and through the battle's roar
Right against Mars the one-hoofed steeds with furious charge she drave,
Who even then dismailing stood huge Periphas, the brave

on of Ochesius, the best of all the Ætolian men;
Him slaughter-loving Mars had slain, but Jove's strong daughter then
Donned Pluto's viewless helm, to cheat the war-god's piercing ken.
But when the hero-slaughtering Mars saw Tydeus' son, he left
Ætolian Periphas in the field, where first his spear had reft
His vasty frame of life; and now he came with headlong speed
To cross in fight the sweeping might of doughty Diomede;
And when he marked the hero well, and when he stood full near,[850]
The hero-slaughtering god his weighty brazen-pointed spear
Thrust o'er the yoke and reins, in haste to make his life a prey;
But Pallas stretched her hand, and made the rushing shaft obey
Her will; and from the chariot turned its deedless point away.
Then rose the strong-voiced Diomede, and hurled with well-poised might
His brazen spear; and the dread goddess so enforced its flight,
That in the belly, 'neath the navel, where his zone he wore,
It pierced the god, and in his flesh a gory wound it tore.
Then back she drew the spear; but Mars such deep and brazen roar
Launched from his lungs, that not nine thousand warriors, or ten,[860]
In clash of fight could roar with might, as did the war-god then;
And terror seized both Greeks and Trojan men, when, sounding far,
High o'er the fray, they heard the bray of the wounded god of war:

As in a hot and sultry sky, 'mid vapour's yellow glow,
A huge black cloud its bulk uprears, and gusty humours blow,
Even so the mail-clad war-god showed to awe-struck Diomede,
When to the sky sublime he rose in clouds with wrathful speed.
The high Olympus soon he reached, the seat of gods, and there,
Sore pained, sat down beside the king, who rules the storm-rent air,
And showed the wound, and blood, that from his veins immortal ran,
And wailing poured the winged words, and thus to speak began:
O Jove, wilt thou in peace behold what worst of woes we bear,
When gods to human brawls are sold, and party badges wear
Of mortal strife? but I to thee the plain truth will declare.
A witless daughter thou didst get, and this thy foolish child
Hath her employ and sole delight in wanton deeds and wild.
All other gods, around the throne, that dwell in blissful ease,
Are thy obedient thralls, to own what Jove's high will decrees.
But her nor warning word from thee, nor mighty hand restrains;
She is thy daughter, and shakes free destruction's sweeping reins.
Even now, behold the over lusty Diomede she spurreth
To fight with gods, and in his breast the impious madness stirreth:
From him the delicate Cyprian showed on her white wrist a scar:
Now me he visits, and like a god he smites the god of war.

But me my nimble feet bore from the fray; else had I bled
To death, could death be mine, 'neath heaps of dying men and dead,
Or pithless lain in gasping pain with half my spirit fled.
To whom with dark disfavouring glance spoke the cloud-gathering king:
Dare not, thou mischief-maker blind, thy whining plaint to bring
Before my throne; of all the gods thee do I chiefly hate,
Whose greedy lust of fight, nor brawls, nor endless battles sate!
Thy mother's humour taints thy blood, that harsh and stubborn dame,
Herè, whom I with stern rebuke, and sharp reproof must tame.
Even she thy present woe did breed; with her shall dwell the blame!
But I with grief behold thee bleed, and I will soothe thy pain.
My blood art thou; thou shalt not plead a father's name in vain;
Else hadst thou known the Thunderer's ban, and long ere now hadst found
Hard lodgement with the Titan clan in the depths of the lightless ground.
Thus he; and ordered Pæon to make whole the smarting wound.
And Pæon mixed the healing drug, that brings relief to woe,
And healed the god, not mortal made the deathful pang to know.
As when a shepherd in a bowl of milk sharp fig-juice throweth,
And shakes it well; quick curdles run, and thick the liquid groweth,

So quick the touch of Pæon healed the war-god's bleeding wound.
Then Hebè bathed his limbs, and with fresh garments wrapt him round,
And by the throne of Jove he sat in lustihood and pride.
Eftsoons to the hall of the mighty sire who holds the welkin wide
Went Jove's strong daughter, Pallas, maid of Alalcomenæ,
And Argive Herè, when they forced stout Mars to quit the fray.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The doughty Diomede in battle meets
Glaucus, the grandson of Bellerophon,
Each knight his foe with kindly greeting greets,
And buckles each the other's armour on.
A prayerful pomp parades the Trojan streets;
Hector of his dear wife and infant son
Takes a fond parting look, nor longer tarries,
But marches to the field with galliard Paris.

BOOK VI.

THUS all the gods departed; but with fierce impetuous strain
Still rolls the wave of tearful war o'er all the dinsome plain;
With eager rush the field resounds; far gleams the spearman's pride,
From silver Simoïs' swirling wave to Xanthus' rolling tide.
First Telamonian Ajax came, bulwark of Greece; and he
Broke through the Trojan lines, and brought the light of victory;
And smote a warrior who in fight surpassed the Thracians all,
Eusorus' son, good Acamas, of manly stature tall;
Him on his horse-hair-crested helm, ev'n where the bright knob shone,
He smote in the mid forehead, and empierced him through the bone,[10]
With his strong copper-pointed spear; and darkness veiled his sight.
Then Diomede, whose voice was high o'er all the roaring fight,
Slew Teuthras' son, who in well-built Arisbè dwelt, a wight
Of mickle wealth, and kindliest heart to all the human clan:
He by the wayside lived; his house knew each wayfaring man;

But none, of all that knew his open door and friendly board,
Might shield him now, when his life was due to fell Tydides' sword.
Calesius too, his charioteer, with him in death was blent,
Master and man by Tydeus' son beneath the ground were sent.
Then Dresus and Opheltius, by Euryalus dismailed,
Lay stark; Æsepus next and valiant Pedasus he assailed.
These twain fair Abarbarea bore to brave Bucolion;
A Naiad nymph was she, and he of King Laomedon
Born eldest, but in secret love, which law refused to own;
He with her, while he watched the sheep, love's kindly joyance knew,
And she from his embrace full soon brought goodly twins to view:
Their well-knit knees Euryalus loosed; their lusty sinews fail;
And from the shoulders of the slain he bore the burnished mail.
Then Polypœtes, strong in fight, the strong Astyalus slew;
Pidates next, Percosian wight, from fierce Ulysses knew
Sharp death; proud Aretaon found from Teucer deadly woe;
Antilochus on gory ground laid stout Ablerus low;
And Elatus his dear life-blood poured to the king of men;
He dwelt in lofty Pedasus, where Satnius through the glen
Rolls his fair-flowing flood; then Leitus maimed stout Phylacus,
And of his mail Eurypylus made bare Melanthius.

Then Menelaus forward stept, and captive took in fight
Adrastus, whose scared steeds had swept the plain in dire affright,

And rushed against a tamarisk tree, and broke the rounded car
At the team end, and galloped wild o'er all the field of war,
Till to the town they came, where, scared no less, the crowds had fled;
But from his seat upon the ground beside the wheel dispread,
The prostrate rider lay, his mouth rolled in the dust; while near
Atrides stood, and threatful held his long far-shadowing spear.
Adrastus rose, and seized his knees: O son of Atreus, spare
My life! he cries; thou shalt receive a precious ransom rare!
A wealthy house my father owns, and in it mickle store
Of well-worked iron, copper red, and gleaming golden ore;
My sire of these what thou shalt please a precious ransom rare
Will give, if thou in mercy now his dear son's life shalt spare.
He spoke; and moved soft-swelling ruth in the king's breast, that he
Wellnigh had sent unharmed the youth to the ships beside the sea,
With his own brave attendants; but King Agamemnon came
With hasty stride, and him did chide with words of bitter blame:
O gentle-hearted brother mine, that carest for thy foe,
Say, wert thou then by Trojan men at Sparta treated so?
False Trojans! may no man that bears that name escape the doom
Our hands prepare—not even the babe that in its mother's womb
Lies yet unborn—but one and all that our just rights deny
With Troy shall fall—unhonoured here, unburied let them lie!

He spake; and roused his brother's heart to own his keen command,
And harsher wisdom. He straightway pushed with high-spurning hand
Adrastus to the ground; and the far-swaying king of men
Right through the groin pierced him; he fell; the fierce Atrides then,
With heel firm planted on his breast, drew forth the ashen spear.
Then Nestor to the Argives cried aloud, that all might hear:
Dear friends, heroic Argive band, servants of Mars, let none
Rush on the spoil with greedy hand, till all the work be done!
Cumber not now your hands; but know the present moment's duty,
To slay our foes; to-morrow's sun shall shine on heaps of booty;
At leisure then we 'll scan the field, and strip the harnessed dead.
He spoke; and stirring power from him through all the host was spread.
And now wellnigh behind their walls by yellow fear inspired,
At the dread charge o' the warlike Greeks the Trojans had retired,
Had not the seer, wise Helenus, who scans each ominous bird,
Roused brave Æneas with his call, and Hector with his word,
Æneas brave, and Hector bold, on whose stout shoulders lies
The weight of war, whom young and old as Troy's best champions prize,

First in the fight the foe to smite, and first in grave debate;
Here stand, and rally with your cry the host; before the gate
Show manly front, that not behind the walls our soldiers flee
To herd with women, and fill the hearts of insolent Greeks with glee.
Then when the soul of war ye've roused in all our men of mettle,
With sword in hand we'll stoutly stand and stiffly hug the battle.
Sore is the press of fight; but we will keep the foe at bay.
But Hector, thou to the city hie, and to our mother say,
That she assemble all the matrons old, and lead them well
To flashing-eyed Athenè's shrine, that crowns the citadel.
In her own house a chamber is, she knows it well, whose door,
Yields to a key; and there is kept great wealth of broidered store;
Thence let her take the richest robe, most beautiful to see,
And place it with a votive hand upon the sacred knee
Of lovely-haired Athenè; then this vow let her declare,
That she from Priam's herd will choose twelve oxen large and fair,
Twelve yearlings pure, free from abuse of goad, or yoke's annoy,
So that she save the towers, the wives, and children of old Troy,
And from our sacred citadel keep back the savage spear
Of Tydeus' son, that foeman fell, strong counsellor of fear.
Ay! strongest of the Argive host is Tydeus' son! not so
I fear Achilles, goddess-born, when he the rushing foe

Leads reinless; but this Tydeus' son like madman rages sheer,
And of our bravest men not one will stand, when he is near.
Thus he; stout Hector owned his call, and with a ready bound
Leapt from his chariot with his rattling armour on the ground,
And, brandishing tway pointed spears, he traversed near and far
The field of strife, and roused to life the fainting soul of war.
They with fresh lust for battle fired, in martial firm array
Came rolling back; the Greeks retired, and slacked the bloody fray.
A god, they said, with aid to Troy hath stooped from the starry sky.
Then Hector to the Trojans thus outspake with lusty cry:
Ye dauntless Trojans, and ye brave allies that come from far,
Quit ye like men, and in your hearts stir the fierce-hearted war,
While I to sacred Ilium haste, and tell our elders gray,
Wise counsellors, and matrons chaste, destruction's tide to stay
By solemn prayers, and sacred vows, and hecatombs the best.
He spoke; and went, and in the air far waved his glittering crest;
And as he moved, his bossy buckler's huge black leathern round
Smote with one rim the hero's neck, the other kissed the ground.
Then forth between the bristling lines in bold advance were seen,
Glaucus, and stout Tydides, both for instant battle keen.

And when they reached the middle space, and when they came full near,
Then outspoke strong-voiced Diomede, that Glaucus well might hear:
Say, who art thou, most noble chief, thy name, and what thy race?
For to this hour, in the deadly stour, I chanced not on thy face.
Certes, a valiant man art thou, to plant thy body here,
Before the ranks where Diomede shakes his far-shadowing spear;
For only sons of hapless sires approach to borrow fear
From me. But if belike thou be'st a god in mortal guise,
I will not fight with blissful gods, that dwell in the lucid skies.
For even Dryas' kingly son, Lycurgus stout and strong,
Who, mortal, strove with gods above, I ween he lived not long;
He with sharp persecution drave o'er Nyssa's hill divine
The frantic Mænad maids, that nursed the infant god of wine.
They on the ground their thyrsi flung, when with an ox-goad he
Pricked them in impious rage; the god beneath the billowy sea
Evanished; sea born Thetis in the bosom of the brine
Concealed him; while limb-shaking fear possessed his heart divine.
Wherefore the gods that live at ease avenged the impious wrong,
The son of Kronos smote him blind; nor lived Lycurgus long,
When all the blest celestials joined their strength to work his woe.
Not I, like him, my pride will brim, to make great Jove my foe.

But art thou a food-eating man, approach, and know with fear,
Thy life hath but a little span, when Diomede is near.

To whom brave Glaucus made reply: High-hearted Argive foe,
Why should my race concern thee—why my lineage care to know?
The race of men is like the race of leaves upon the tree:
One crop the blast hath rudely cast upon the frosted lea,
Another clothes with green the wood, when the soft spring breezes blow;
Even thus the race of mortal men bloometh, and fadeth so.
But sith thou askest my descent, that thou mayst truly know,
I'll truly tell: I own a name well known in many lands.
In rich horse-rearing Argos, far i' the north, a city stands,
Clept Ephyre; there King Sisyphus lived, than whom more subtle none
Ere trod the earth; the father he, and Glaucus was his son.
From Glaucus sprang Bellerophon, to whom the gods in heaven
A person fair, a gallant air, and manly worth had given;
Him Prœtus hated; 'gainst the knight an evil deed he planned,
And drove him from his hall; for Jove into the monarch's hand
Had given a rod of strength, to sway the breadth of the Argive land;
For fair Antea, Prœtus' wife, when she beheld the knight,
With no sane fire was fired, to know the secret sweet delight
Of love with him; but he refused; whereat, with passion blinded,
She to her lord did falsely charge the brave knight prudent-minded:

O Prætus mine, be death my fine, if thou refuse to kill
Bellerophon, who would abuse my love against my will!
She said; his heart black bile possessed; yet he feared himself to slay
His knightly guest; but o'er the sea he sent him far away
To Lycian land; and in his hand a tablet gave, where he
Had graven lines of hidden harm, and deadly signs to see:
Take this, he said; and, when thou com'st to Lycian land, the sire
Of my chaste wife will entertain thee, to thy heart's desire.
Forth sailed Bellerophon; the gods their holy convoy gave.
And when to Lycian land he came, and Xanthus' flowing wave,
With kindliest welcome him the Lycian king received; nine days
He spread the hospitable board; each day an ox he slays.
But when the rosy-fingered morn, the tenth, appeared; he sought
To see the tablet, and to learn what word the stranger brought.
The tablet seen, forthwith he gave the valorous knight command
To slay Chimera, monster dread, the pest of Lycian land,
Portentous, born of brood divine, and of no human kind,
With lion's front, goat's body, and a scaly snake behind.
This monster, breathing vasty power of dusky-glowing flame,
He slew—for Jove gave favouring signs—and gained immortal fame.
Next with the far-famed Solymi he joined the bloody fray,
And said he ne'er had crossed a spear with bolder men than they.

Then low he laid the Amazons, a match for harnessed men;
And, as he homeward came unscathed, the king against him then
Planted a snare: he chose the best of all the Lycian men
To lie in wait; they journeyed forth, but ne'er came back again.
For brave Bellerophon slew them all; and now the king did see
That blood of gods was in the knight; wherefore with courtesie
He kept him there; and for a mate gave him his daughter fair,
And of his kingly name and state and wealth an equal share.
The Lycians too for him assigned a lot of land, where grew
Long lines of ruddy grapes and waving corn, right fair to view.
To brave Bellerophon his spouse three goodly children bare,
Hippolochus, Lysander, and Laodamia fair;
Her Jove the counsellor embraced; and she to lively light
Brought forth divine Sarpedon, that well-harnessed Lycian knight.
But brave Bellerophon, being old, found every god a foe,
And, eating his own grievèd heart, from path of men did go,
And, wandering o'er the Aleian plain, he nursed his moody woe.
Lysander then insatiate Mars did in grim battle slay,
When with the valorous Solymi he joined the unequal fray;
Laodamia Dian golden-reined in anger slew;
From brave Hippolochus myself my fount of being drew;
Who sent me to the Trojan land, and this last word he gave—
Still foremost with the first to stand, and bravest with the
brave;

r with unequal deeds to shame my sires, whose wide command
ld Ephyrè, and with their fame filled all the Lycian land :
ou hast it now—my race, my name, and all my lineage clear.
He spoke ; and strong-voiced Diomede rejoiced in heart to hear :
stood ; and in the nurturing ground fixed his well-pointed spear ;
ien to the chief of Lycian blood with friendly word spake he :
uly the son of my father's father's guest I greet in thee !
ie noble Œneus entertained the brave Bellerophon
ith kindly cheer in friendly hall, for nineteen days and one.
ien each to other gifts they gave, as host and guest beseemeth,
neus to him a various belt that with bright purple gleameth,
llerophon to Œneus gave a golden beaker rarest,
)w kept in my ancestral stores, amid most fair the fairest.
deus I not remember : me a child he left at home,
hat time the Achæan chiefs with blood made fat the Theban loam ;
erefore a kindly host to thee in midmost Argive land
a I : the like be thou to me on Lycia's distant strand.
seems not us to cross the hostile lance in deadly fray !
ll many Trojans, and allies in battailous array
god shall give into my hand, whom I may justly kill,
Greeks there be reserved for thee, to prove thy warlike skill.
change we then our armour bright, that all the host may see,
w I revere the sacred right of host and guest in thee.

He spake; and as friend meets with friend, they from their steeds alighted,
Each other's hand with hearty grasp they seized, and faith they plighted.
But Kronos' son brave Glaucus in his wits did surely fine,
Who gave Tydides, for base brass, bright mail of golden shine,
And armour worth a hundred beeves, for armour worth but nine.
But Hector to the Scæan gates, and to the oak-tree came,
Where many a Trojan daughter hied, and mothers without blame,
And him sore pressed with eager quest for sons and husbands dear,
And brothers. Hector bade them all before the gods appear,
To pray their aid; for many a cloud of woe was lowering near.
Hence to the palace straight he hied, and all the proud display
Of porch and gallery and hall, where Priam's glory lay.
Here in a row were fifty rooms of polished marble white,
Where with their wedded wives the sons of Priam slept the night;
Within the court, in the adverse side, with white stone polished well,
Twelve covered chambers were, where Priam's blameless daughters dwell;
There slept the old king's sons-in-law beside their spouses dear.
Here Hector came, and mildly fair his mother met him here,

Leading Laodicè, than whom of all his daughters none
Were fairer named, and clasped his hand, and thus bespake her son :

My son, my son, why hast thou left the field of strife ? Prevail
The sons of evil-omened Greece, and do our warriors fail,
And art thou come, with pious feet to climb the citadel,
And lift up holy hands to Jove, who guards the city well ?
But stay, and I sweet wine will bring, that thou to Father Jove
Mayst make libation, and to all the blessèd gods above.
Then of the draught thyself the strong restoring virtue prove ;
For truly wine gives strength divine to each toil-wearied man,
As thou art weary, warding harm from all the Trojan clan.

To whom crest-flickering Hector tall thus made the wise reply :
Dear mother, pour not wine for me, whose honey-hearted power
Might rob my limbs of strength to rule the battle's deadly stour !
Not with unwashen hands dare I to pour the pure libation,
Nor thus, with blood and gore besprent, to stand in supplication
Before dark cloud-engirdled Jove who rules the deathless nation.
But thou forthwith hie to the shrine of Pallas booty-bearing,
And take with thee Troy's matrons grey, the pious duty sharing. [270]
Within thy halls of all thy store the robe most fair to see
Take thou, and place with votive hand upon the sacred knee
Of beautiful-haired Athenè ; then this holy vow declare,
That thou from Priam's herd wilt choose twelve oxen large and fair,

Twelve yearlings pure, free from abuse of goad or yoke's annoy,
So that she save the towers, the wives, and children of old Troy,
And from our sacred citadel back drive the savage spear
Of Tydeus' son, that foeman fell, strong counsellor of fear.
Go straightway to the sacred shrine of Pallas booty-bearing,
While I to Paris hie, and him to deeds of manly daring
Rouse with my voice. Would that the earth might yawn and whelm him, whom
Jove nursed to overcast our land with clouds of baleful gloom!
Him if I knew in Hades housed, where dim ghosts wander sightless,
I'd soon forget the toil and fret that makes these days delightless!
Thus he. But she to the palace went, and did her maidens call;
And they, obedient to her hest, the honoured matrons all
Assembled; then her chamber sought, fragrant with cedar wood,
Where lay a various woven store of robes both fair and good,
Worked by Sidonian women—robes which godlike Alexander
From Sidon brought, as o'er the bed of the deep sea he did wander,
What time his high-born bride he led from Sparta to Scamander;
One of these robes Queen Hecuba with careful hand forth brought,
The largest and the fairest, with much curious 'broidery wrought.
And like a star it shone: beneath the rest well stowed it lay.
Then, followed by the matrons all, to the shrine she took her way.

Now to the citadel they came, and stood the shrine before,
And beautiful-cheeked Theano oped to them the sacred door--
Daughter of Cisseus, spouse of Prince Antenor, strong to tame
The coursing steed—in Pallas' fane a priestess without blame.
Then with shrill wailing cry they rear their prayerful hands; and she,
The beautiful-cheeked Theano, took the robe so fair to see,
And placed it with a votive hand upon the sacred knee
Of beautiful-haired Athenè; then with pious vow she prayed
To the goddess of the flashing eyne, the dread strong-fathered maid:
Gracious Athenè, who in need dost shield the Trojan town,
Break thou the spear of Diomede, and cast him grovelling down
Before the Scæan gates; and hear the vow we now declare:
We at thy shrine forthwith will slay twelve oxen large and fair,
Twelve yearlings pure, free from the touch of goad or yoke's annoy,
If thou the towers and wives wilt save, and little ones of Troy.
She spoke; but not her words might move the dread strong-fathered maid,
And to the daughter of great Jove in vain the matrons prayed.
But Hector came to Paris' house, a beautiful house, which he,
Had made by help of men, in craft of stone and carpentry
The skilfullest in Troy—house, hall, and court they built him well,
Near Hector's own and Priam's house, close by the citadel;

There entered Hector, dear to Jove, in his hand a goodly spear,
Eleven cubits long, its point of copper glancing clear,
Clasped with a golden ring. The godlike Alexander there
He found, his armour furbishing, buckler and corselet fair,
And his good bow assaying; there too Argive Helen sate,
And cunning-handed maidens, who her skilful orders wait.
Him Hector then with wingèd words, and sharp reproach addressed:
Truly not wisely, brother mine, doth anger sway thy breast.
The people fall; the gates are blocked with dead; and for thy cause
The battle round the god-built wall now blazes without pause;
Thyself wouldst chide a laggard loon; hear now thy brother's call:
Come, rouse thee to the fight, or soon thick flames will fold the wall!

To whom, with answering word, the godlike Alexander said:
Hector, sith thou dost wisely chide, nor without cause upbraid
Thy brother, I will nothing hide, but simple sooth will tell;
No anger 'gainst the Trojan men, no grudge with me doth dwell;
Only at home a little space I gave my sadness rein.
But now, since Helen in my breast the lust of fight again
With suasive speech hath roused, I to the fateful fight will go;
For Victory, swift to change, doth shine to-day upon the foe,
On us to-morrow. Wait thou, then, till in my harness hollow
My breast I case; or, if thou wilt, go first, and I will follow.

Thus he; the tall crest-flickering prince to him no answer made;
ut Argive Helen thus with honeyed words to Hector said:
ear brother, would that I had died-- to die had then been gain—
ven in that hour when I was born, to all my friends a bane!
e, blushless! would that the evil sweep of the darkly-swelling blast
ad whirled me to some steep-faced crag, or in deep ocean cast,
nd whelmed me in the sounding brine, ere I had known such woe!
ut sith with blame I marred my name, and Jove hath willed it so,
'ould that some manlier-hearted wight had owned me for his wife,
man who feared reproach from men more than he loved his life!
ut this man's wit is light; his thoughts no steady purpose keep;
ight soon destruction he shall know, and as he sowed shall reap.
ut come, good brother, rest awhile; for chiefly upon thee
ie sore weight lies of the tearful toil, which sprang from blushless me,
nd Alexander's sin. For us Jove had this doom in store;
the minstrel's song our shame and wrong shall live for evermore.
To whom, with answering word, the tall crest-flickering Hector said:
t thou no seat for me; not ev'n from thee shall words persuade

Me now to rest; my heart 's aflame to join my comrades dear,
Now sorely pressed. Thou shalt not blame Hector for loitering here.
But rather thou thy husband rouse, and whet his martial mettle,
To overtake me, ere I pass the gate to join the battle.
For I a little hour must go, whiles I am here, to see
My wife, my infant son, and all the home so dear to me.
Who knows if e'er my feet shall pass these dear-loved streets again,
Or if the gods by Argive brass shall stretch me on the plain?
He spoke; and from her sight the godlike hero sped amain,
Spurning delay; and to his pleasant-sited house came he,
But found not there his white-armed spouse, Andromachè; for she
Forth, with her son and well tired maid, unto the lofty tower
Had gone, to stand and weep, and look on the battle's deadly stour.
Then Hector, when his blameless spouse within he failed to see,
Stood in the threshold of his house, and to the maids spake he:
Now tell me truly, trusty maids, the whole truth tell me, where
Is gone white-armed Andromachè? to see my sisters fair?
Or to my brothers' well-tired wives? or to the shrine, to pay
Her vows, where all the Trojan dames in full assembly pray?
To whom the stewardess, the good deft handed dame, replied:
Hector, sith thou the truth wilt know, thou shalt not be denied:

Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives she went to-day,
Nor to the shrine, where all the dames in full assembly pray
To the dread daughter of great Jove, the tearful war to stay;
But to the lofty Ilian tower went she, the truth to know,
If that indeed the Trojan power from the might of the Argive foe
Had fled: like one distraught she went, her foot could not be stayed;
Thy infant son she took with her in the arms of the nursing-maid.
Thus spoke the trusty dame; nor tall crest-flickering Hector tarried,
But back returning through the wide and well-paved way he hurried.
Right through the peopled town he went, until he reached again
The Scæan gate, through which the road led to the dinsome plain.
There his rich dowered spouse he met; with hasty foot came she,
Eetion's daughter fair—the mighty-hearted king was he
Of Thebes, that lay beneath the woody Placus, fair to see,
And o'er the brave Cilician men with sceptre's might prevailed;
His daughter lived, the wedded wife of Hector copper-mailed.
Her Hector met; beside her stood the faithful nurse, and bare
In her arms his son, a rosy child, an innocent suckling, fair
Even as a star. Scamandrius his father called the boy,
But hight the young Astyanax by all tongues else in Troy.

His sire, they said, is Ilium's ward. The noble Hector smiled
When with a silent look of love he eyed the dear-loved child.
Beside him stood Andromachè, in her eye the swelling tear,
And grasped his hand, and looked and spoke, and named her husband dear:
Hector, thy strength unreined and wild will ruin thee; for me
Thou hast no pity, and this child that soon will orphaned be,
While I am widowed; for the Greeks in the hot rush of war
Will surely kill thee; and for me, 'twere better-fated far
Beneath the ground to go, than live without thee; stay is none
On earth for me, nor joy, nor hope, when I have lost the one,
Who is my all. My father and my mother both are gone.
My father fell by godlike fierce Achilles' vengeance, then
When he the pleasant-sited town of the Cilician men,
High-gated Thebes, cast down: even then he slew him; but not dared
To spoil his arms; this shame supreme with pious heart he spared.
Him on a pyre he burned, with all his shining arms prepared,
And piled a mound, where Oread nymphs, Jove's pitiful daughters, made
Elm-trees to grow, a leafy fence, and spread their circling shade.
Seven brothers brave I named, and loved in my father's house; but all
Went in one day beneath the clay, to Hades' gloomy hall.

hey, as they watched the snow-white sheep and trailing-footed kine,
ound deadly grief from that fell chief, even Peleus' son divine.
ly mother too, who dwelt beneath the woody Placus, here
Vith other weeping captives, came to grace his conquering spear;
ut her he ransomed, in her father's house to nurse her grief,
ill dart-rejoicing Dian's shaft brought gentle death's relief.
ow, Hector, thou art mother kind and father fond to me,
rother and husband dear I find, and all my love in thee.
tay here; this tower thy fortress be; some ruthful pity show,
or orphaned make thy boy, and me to die in widowed woe.
eside the fig-tree plant our valiant men; for chiefly there
he wall invites the assaulter's might, and our defence is bare:
was here the twain Atridæ first essayed the bold advance,
nd here far-famed Idomeneus stood, and shook his Cretan lance;
Whether some wise diviner told the warriors here to try
heir strength, or our weak point themselves discerned with watchful eye.
To whom crest-flickering Hector tall thus made the wise reply:
Voman, these thoughts me too have moved; but how could Hector bear
he taunts of Trojan men, and long-trained Trojan women fair,
f in the rear of sword and spear I skulk, myself to spare?

No craven soul is mine; I go, at my own heart's command,
First in the shock of foe with foe for sacred Troy to stand,
And for myself and for my sire reap glory. Well I know
The day shall be, when sacred Troy from its top shall tumble low;
And Priam old of the ashen spear by Argive hand shall die,
With all his folk. But not for them so inly moved am I,
For Priam not, with all his folk, and Hecuba, mother mine,
Nor all my brothers, whom the Greeks in their dear lives did fine,
As I for thee am moved, to think upon the evil day,
When Argives copper-mailed on thee the violent hand shall lay,
Nor reck thy tears, and bear thee hence, a captive far away
To Argos. There thy hand shall weave a web for others' pleasure,
And from Messeïs well, or Hypereia's, thou shalt measure
Thy toilsome way with water, meekly bearing scapeless woe.
Then thou shalt weep; and one shall say, when he sees the salt tears flow:
This woman once was Hector's wife, a valiant-hearted wight,
'Mong the horse-taming Trojans aye the foremost in the fight.
Thus shall one say; and bitter tears afresh thy cheeks shall furrow,
That near to thee no more is he, whose love should heal thy sorrow.
But o'er my head black earth be spread, before on Trojan plain
I hear thy cry, when captive led, and see thy dragging chain!

Thus he; and stretched his arm, to clasp his infant son so dear,
ut on the breast of his well-zoned nurse the babe shrunk back with fear,
cared at the gleam of the burnished brass, which cased that warrior dread,
nd screamed to see the horse-hair crest high nodding o'er his head.
he father laughed, the mother smiled; then Hector brave unbound
he helmet from his head, and laid it glittering on the ground,
nd kissed his son, and dandled him aloft with fondest joy;
hen to great Jove, and all the gods, thus prayed to bless the boy:
ove, and ye mighty gods, grant this my son, one day, may be,
s I am now to Trojan men—the bulwark of the free,
uling o'er Troy by valorous might; then from the hostile fray
hall some one see him home return, and thus shall proudly say:
rom a good sire a better son hath rescued Troy to-day!
nd when he bears proud trophies, through the sounding streets of Troy,
is mother shall behold her son, and her heart shall leap for joy!
He spake; and to his dear wife's hands he gave the lovely child:
he took him to her balmy breast, and, through her weeping, smiled.

Then Hector touched her with his hand, and spoke, and soothed her so :

Too tender wife, why wilt thou fret thy heart with fruitless woe;
No hand of man, beyond the plan of Fate, can strike a blow
At me; the coward and the brave from birth to deathful gloom
Live but to ripen to its seed their fixed forewoven doom.
But go thou home with quiet heart, and in thy peaceful room
Ply works that suit a woman's part—the spindle and the loom;
And bid thy maidens toil; for me, and all the men of Troy—
My care shall be to fight for thee, and this our darling boy!

Thus he; and his horse-hair-plumèd helm the godlike chief of Troy
Took from the ground; then homeward went Æetion's daughter dear,
And oft she stopt, and oft she turned, and dropt the frequent tear.
Soon to the goodly house she came of her dear lord; and there
Found all her maids, and bade them rend with mournful cries the air.
For Hector living, as though dead, the sad wail they prepare;
For never more his loved return these eyes, they said, shall know.
'Scaped from the power of the deadly stour, and the gripe of the Argive foe.

Nor then his lofty hall to leave was Alexander slow;

His fine-wrought mail he deftly dight, all burnished fair to view,
And with wingèd feet, from street to street, right through the town he flew.
Even as a horse in stall confined, and fed with barley grain,
Snaps his harsh bond, and, neighing, beats with sounding hoof the plain;
Oft hath he gone to lave his flanks, in the deep smooth river's bed,
And now the well-known stream he seeks, and high he rears his head;
Adown his shoulders floats his mane, proud of his strength is he,
Then flings his limbs light o'er the turf, where the haunts of horses be.
Thus Priam's son from Troy came forth, all eager for the fray,
Far-gleaming in his burnished brass, like the light that lords the day.
With jubilant speed he trod the ground, and soon did overtake
His godlike brother at the gate, where with his wife he spake.
Then to stout Hector first these words did godlike Paris say:
Dear brother mine, thy strength divine may justly rate to-day
My laggard foot, when thy voice calls to join the glorious fray.
To whom crest-flickering Hector tall, with friendly word, replied:
Dear brother mine, no man, whose heart knows truth and right, will chide

Thy deeds; in all a warrior's part thou spotless art from blame.
But thou dost slack the rein ill-timed; and I must burn with shame,
When Trojan men, who bear the brunt of sweatful war with me,
Fret with keen taunts my faithful heart, and heap reproach on thee.
But hie we hence; we 'll turn all loss to gain, if mighty Jove
And all the deathless gods who reign in blissful ease above,
Shall grant that we round blazing hearths may pour the free libation,
Then when from Ilium's walls we drive the well-greaved Argive nation.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Apollo and Athenè stay the fight,
That two stout champions may decide the cause.
Hector and Ajax try their strength; but night
Descends, and gives the balanced battle pause.
A truce is made, that Greek and Trojan wight
May burn the dead, by funeral's sacred laws.
The Grecian rampart raised makes Neptune jealous,
While from the sky Jove's bodeful thunder bellows.



BOOK VII.

THUS saying, through the gates with rapid foot stout Hector goes,
And godlike Paris by his side; with eager ardour glows
The breast of each to lead the ranks, and man with man to close.
As when seafaring men long time have smote the sounding seas
With limber oars, and now no bond of strength is in their knees,
When to their hoping hearts a god sends forth the favouring breeze;
So to the wishful Trojans now this warlike pair appeared.
Then Paris first Menesthius slew, in well-built Arnè reared,
Whose mother was a full-eyed dame, Phylomedusa hight,
He bore him to Arithoüs, a stout club-bearing wight.
Then Hector pierced Eïoneus in the neck beneath the rim
Of his brazen helm, and loosed the bond of lusty life in him.
Then Glaucus, the brave leader of the Lycian men, did smite
Iphinoüs, son of Dexias, with his good spear in the fight,
Athwart the shoulder, as his car he mounted with a bound;
Down from the seat he fell, and smote with failing knee the ground.

But when the flashing-eyed Athenè in the sturdy fight
Saw how the bleeding Argives died beneath the Trojan's might,
She from Olympus' summit hied, with airy-rushing flight,
To sacred Ilium. Her descent the bright Apollo knew,
From Pergamus, and counsel took to help the Trojan crew;
And swiftly came, and at the oak-tree met the heavenly maid;
Her first Apollo, son of Jove, addressed, and thus he said:
Daughter of Jove, strong-fathered maid, what cause might move thee now
To come to sacred Troy, and leave Olympus' shining brow?
The Greeks in rout are loosely spread; this moves thy partial fear;
Doubtless, were all the Trojans dead, thou wouldst not drop one tear.
But I a better plan propose; do thou with willing ear
Receive my word. This strife of blows cause we to cease to-day;
To-morrow let them stir anew the hero-slaughtering fray.
Till Ilium fall, if fall it must, and ye in heaven have joy,
To cast sheer down from its lofty crown, the pride of broad-wayed Troy.
To whom with ready word replied the maid with the flashing eyne:
So be it, thou far-darting god, as is thy thought, so mine,
When from Olympus' shining brow with airy-rushing flight
I came. But say, how wilt thou stay the hero-slaughtering fight?
To whom Apollo, son of Jove, thus made the prompt reply:
Stir we the soul of horse-subduing Hector to defy

The Grecian host, and bid them choose the bravest of their clan
In deadly fight to prove his might, all singly, man to man;
And when the well-greaved Greeks shall hear stout Hector's challenge, they
Will choose the best of all their host to fight with him to-day.
Thus he; nor Pallas disobeyed; but as they reasoned thus,
Their words in his prophetic heart were known to Helenus,
Priam's dear son, whose eye intent pierced the celestial plan;
He straight to godlike Hector went, and parley thus began:
Hector, in wisdom like to Jove who rules the starry sky,
Wilt thou obey my rede to-day? thy mother's son am I.
Let Greeks and Trojans rest their sword, then stand thou and defy
The general host of Greece to choose the foremost of their clan,
In deadly fight to prove his might, all singly, man to man.
Not now the fate is thine to die; the gods that live for ever
Have willed it so in heaven; and I their sacred law deliver.
Thus he; and Hector's soul was glad: he grasped his weighty spear,
And marched into the ranks, and bade the circling Trojans clear
The middle space: they at his word did seat them on the ground,
And Agamemnon bade the well-greaved Greeks be seated round.
Athenè and the archer-god, sublimely perched, survey
From the oak-tree of ægis-bearing Jove that vast array,

In form like vultures, and behold, through all the crowded field,
The ranks of war thick bristling far with spear, and helm, and shield.
As when the rising west wind sweeps fresh o'er the roughening main,
And wave on wave with darkling swell curls o'er the watery plain,
So thick the bristling lances rose of Trojans and of Greeks
Far o'er the field; then in the midst the godlike Hector speaks:
Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks with burnished greaves, that I
May speak the thought which in my heart doth move me mightily;
The son of Kronos, mighty-throned, made void our sanctioned oath,
And in his dark breast hath foredoomed uncounted woes to both,
Woes without end, till ye shall mount the walls of high-towered Troy,
Or we shall stand with fire in hand, and all your ships destroy.
Yours is the flower of all the Panachæan chiefs; let him
Of all the host who feels the most his soul with strength o'erbrim
Stand forth, and prove his might against my godlike force; and may
Great Jove in heaven my witness be, and sanction what I say:
If me that noble Greek shall smite with his sharp-pointed sword,
Let him my limbs dismail, and bear my shining arms on board
The hollow ships; my body Trojan men and wives shall claim,
That I my portion may enjoy in the flesh consuming flame.

But if that noble Greek I slay, and Phœbus grant my prayer,
I 'll spoil his corpse, and bear away his arms to Troy, and there
Hang the rare trophy on the silver-bowed Apollo's shrine;
His body to the ships shall go that plough the billowy brine;
That the long-haired Achæan men may there anoint it duly,
And, by broad-streaming Hellespont, to nurse his memory truly,
Pile the high mound, which, when he sees in some far-distant day,
The man who sails before the breeze o'er the salt flood shall say:
This mound a hero doth contain, who in a foreign land
Fell bravely fighting, being slain by noble Hector's hand;
Thus shall he say; and evermore my fame shall firmly stand.

He spoke; they silent stood long time, and no reply they made,
Ashamed his challenge to refuse, and to accept afraid;
Till Menelaus rose, with bitter indignation stung,
And with sore smart within his heart these taunting words outflung:
O shame! brave talkers, Greeklings, women, and no men are ye!
A dire disgrace to our name and race, a foul reproach shall be,
If none to Hector's call shall rise of all this brave array;
Would ye might melt like water weak, and rot your lives away
In deedless ease inglorious, till ye mingle clay with clay;
But I will don my armour, and who us defies defy;
With gods above of victory the fateful issues lie.

Thus he; and donned his shining mail; and now, I ween, to thee
The end of life, thou Spartan king, by Hector's bravery

Was nigh—for stronger he than thou, and of more warlike skill—
But that the other kings rushed in, and curbed thy forward will;
With them Mycenæ's king, who rules with wide far-reaching sway,
By the right hand his brother seized, and thus did sharply say:
Art mad, thou Jove-bred brother mine? Such bold hot-brained intent
Beseems not thee; thy passion curb, and rein thy plunging bent;
Sheer lust of strife spurs thee to fight against a stronger man,
The godlike Hector, justly feared by all the Achæan clan.
Him in the man-ennobling fray Achilles met not fearless,
And wilt thou fling thy life away, where failed that hero peerless?
Come, sit thee down amid the folk upon the grassy ground;
A stronger man to match that godlike hero shall be found.
Bold though he be, and though grim war's insatiate appetite
Devour his breast, he soon shall bend the willing knee for flight,
If not he find his fated end in the hero-slaughtering fight.
Thus to his brother, wisely, Agamemnon, king of men,
Spake with commanding speech; the chief obeyed; and blithely then
The attendants from his shoulders broad the shining armour took;
Then Nestor mid the Greeks uprose, and thus the old man spoke:
O shame! O shame! on the Argive name black sorrow comes and dole;
This, if the old knight Peleus knew, how he would groan in soul,—

, first of all the Myrmidons in grave debate to plan,
d first with suasive word to stir the full-assembled clan!
ell I remember, in his hall, how once he questioned me
the Achæan families all, and their high pedigree,
id heard delighted; now, if news invade the old man's ear,
at all the bravest chiefs refuse to cross stout Hector's spear,
'll rear his arm to heaven, and pray that, from the flesh unbound,
s soul may flit to the lifeless pit of the shades beneath the ground.
Jove, Athenè, and Apollo! would that my young blood
owed fresh as when, upon the banks of Celadon's rushing flood,
ie Pylian and the Arcadian men, whose spears delight in slaughter,
rt Pheia round with bristling war, by Jardan's flowing water.
r them a godlike champion stood, brave Ereuthalion, who
on his shoulders broad and strong the shining armour drew
the divine Arithoüs, the club-bearer, so hight
men and well-zoned women fair, for that he in the fight
r flung the spear, nor twanged the whizzing arrow from the bow,
t with an iron club before him drave the drifting foe;
m did Lycurgus with o'er-reaching wile surprise and slay,
a narrow path, where space was none his weapon huge to sway,

And ward the fate; Lycurgus from his ambush with a bound
Rose, and transfixed him with a spear,—he backward smote the ground;
Then spoiled his body of its mail, the gift of Mars, and wore
Himself the well-compacted brass, amid the battle's roar.
But when Lycurgus in his home waxed old and grey, he gave
This mail to Ereuthalion's might, his dear-loved comrade brave;
He in this armour cased, our prowest men defied to fight.
They feared and trembled; no man dared to meet that doughty knight.
But in my breast the burning zest of battle bade me try
My strength with his—the youngest then of all the chiefs was I.
I fought; and Pallas to my prayer gave victory for reply.
Strong-limbed was he, and huge of form; yet him this arm did slay;
Outstretched upon the plain enorm his breathless body lay.
Would I were young and lusty-blooded now, as then! the strong
Crest-flickering Hector for his match should not stand waiting long:
But ye who are both strong and young, the chiefs whom most we prize,
Hear that stout Trojan's challenge flung, and not a man will rise!
Thus Nestor chid them; and at once nine valiant chiefs uprose.
First Agamemnon, king of men, his kingly semblant shows,

Then Tydeus' son, strong Diomede, his warrior-form upreared,
Then with impetuous strength yclad the Ajax pair appeared;
Next rose Idomeneus, and with him who crossed the Cretan water,
Meriones, a match for Mars who rules the field of slaughter;
Euæmon's noble son came next, Eurypylus; and then
Thoas, Andræmon's son, and he who rules the Ithacan men,
Divine Ulysses. These against stout Hector's might upstood.
Then Nestor rose, and spoke amid that mailèd multitude:
Shake now the lots, and shake them well! whoso the lot receives,
Great help, I trow, from him shall flow to the Greeks with burnished greaves,
To his own heart and soul great joy, if back he bring his life,
Safe from the wasting war's annoy, and the hero-slaughtering strife.
He spake: each hero took his lot, and marked it with a sign:
And Agamemnon's helm received the lots of all the nine.
The people prayed the gods for aid, with hands uplifted high;
And thus one spake, and bent the while his gaze on the broad blue sky:
Great Jove, bring Ajax' lot to light, or Diomede's; or bring
Atrides' lot, the rich Mycenæ's sceptre-bearing king!
Thus he: old Nestor shook the helm, and then of all the nine
Out leapt the lot for which they prayed, the lot which bore the sign
Of Ajax; then from left to right the herald paced the ground,
And showed the lot to every wight, that stood expectant round;

All scan it with full curious eye, but all the lot disown.
But when he came to that right noble son of Telamon,
Whose mark had stamped it, Ajax stretched his open palm, and got
His token from the herald's hand, and keen perused the lot,
And knew the sign, and in his heart rejoiced exceedingly;
And at his feet he cast it, and with loud appeal spake he:
O friends, the lot is mine; within me swells my heart for joy,
That I to-day shall surely slay this godlike prince of Troy!
But, come! my shining armour I will buckle on straightway,
While to great Jove who reigns above the assembled host shall pray,
Each in his breast with mute request, that Trojans none may hear,
Or loud and high, if so seem best, for I no Trojan fear.
Lives not the wight who or with might shall mate me with the dead,
Or with wise shifts of war; with wile my wit is well bestead,
For not in vain in Salamis' isle was Ajax born and bred.
Thus he: they prayed to Kronos' son; and from the circling crowd
One cast his eye to the wide blue sky, and thus he spake aloud:
Jove, throned on Ida, sire supreme, most mighty and most glorious!
Help noble Ajax in the fight; make Greece in him victorious!
Or, if thou lovest Hector, and to harm his cause art loath,
To both be thou protector; strength and glory give to both.

Thus he: but Ajax round him drew his mail that brightly shone;
And when the hero to his frame the mail had buckled on,
Huge like the vasty Mars he strode, what time dread Kronos' son
Forth sends the furious god of war, to stir the conflict wild,
Where bitter strife doth reave the life of warriors blood besoiled.
Even thus the vasty Ajax stood, bulwark of Greece, and smiled
High-confident, and looked around with looks that lightened fear,
And strode with mighty strides, and shook his long far-shadowed spear.
Him when they saw the Greeks rejoiced; but through the Trojan clan
Sore trembling seized the sturdy knees of each good fighting man;
Even Hector's heart did smite his ribs, and back he fain would go,
Fearful, but he, the challenger, must meet the advancing foe.
Ajax approached; and in his hand, even as a tower, displayed
His seven-plied copper-plated shield by cunning Tychius made,
The best of all hide-cutting men that dwelt in Hyla's bound;
With seven strong hides of well-reared bulls he sewed the massy round,
And with a strong plate faced it well of burnished copper ore.
This massy shield before his breast the Telamonian bore,
And stood full near, and thus addressed his tall crest-flickering foe:
Hector, the thing thou most desired my prowess most shall show,

That Greeks in fight may plant their might, alone 'gainst thee alone,
Though lion-hearted, fierce, rank-breaking Peleus' son be gone.
He sits apart, and tarries by the rounded ships sea-faring,
'Gainst Agamemnon, king of men, a bitter rancour bearing;
But we are foemen many, sworn to give thee handling rough
In open fight, if thou shalt dare assay our Argive stuff.

To whom with ready word replied the tall crest-flickering Hector:
Stout son of Telamon, born of Jove, thou people's proud protector,
No child am I, no pithless boy, with whom thy strength may play
An easy game, no woman tame, unskilled in sanguine fray,
But in the battle's hurly-burly trained to smite and slay.
By every sleight of dexterous fight, to stem the warlike tide
I know; if need be to the right to turn the dry bull's hide,
Or to the left; or with sure hand to urge the rattling car
Against the foe; or firm to stand in stiff close-grappling war,
Hymning fierce Mars. But not in cunning strife to overreach thee
I wish, but here in open fight, by weight of lance, will teach thee.

Thus he; and his long-shadowed spear the hero poised full high,
And swung it through the air, and pierced the seven-hided round
Of Ajax' shield upon the disk with burnished copper bound;
And through six plies of leather passed the unwearied lance, but found

ugh barrier in the seventh. Then Jove-bred Ajax did advance,
d in stout Hector's buckler broad infixed his ponderous lance.
ght through the shining buckler shore the lance with brazen head,
ght through his hauberk, made with mickle curious sleight it sped,
en to his vest it pierced, and grazed his flank; but Priam's son
rned him with sideward dexterous jerk, and so black fate did shun.
en from their shields they pluck the spears, and both together run,
rce, like to lions in grim mood the gory flesh devouring,
like wild boars in prickly wood, whose strength is overpowering.
st Hector smote his middle shield, but his great force was spent
vain to cleave the brass; the spear's strong point was backward bent.
en Ajax forward springing, pierced his buckler; the point came
ght through, and with the shock back drave the Trojan's sturdy frame,
d cut him in the neck, that forth the purple life-blood welled.
t not for this crest-flickering Hector's stubborn strength was quelled;
ckward he stept, and with firm gripe he seized a stony block,
at lay beside him on the ground, a huge black pointed rock;

With this stout Hector smote the fearful seven-hided round
Of Ajax' shield upon the boss, that with loud-ringing sound,
The brass replied. The Telamonian seized a larger block,
And in it put such vasty force, that with the crushing shock
He rove his shield; the Trojan fell beneath that millstone's sway;
His dear knees failed; and on the ground outstretched supine he lay
Under his shield; but Phœbus came, and raised him from the clay.
And now with sharp swords, stroke for stroke, had raged the fight close-handed,
Had not the heralds, messengers of Jove and men, commanded
To stay the fight, Talthybius for the brave Greeks brazen-coated,
Idæus for the Trojan men, both for discreetness noted.
These stept between, and reared aloft their batons, and the wise
Idæus to the champions speaks, and thus the herald cries:
Brave sons of Greece, from combat cease, with swords forbear to strike!
For, certes, cloud-collecting Jove doth love you both alike,
Both spearmen good, and none denies your prowess in the fight;
But night swoops down, and they are wise who yield to dusky night.
To whom the Telamonian spake with answer bold and free:
Idæus, if the fight must cease, let Hector speak, for he
Challenged the prowest knights of Greece to match him in the fight;
Let Hector cry enough; then I will yield to dusky night.

To whom from tall crest-flickering Hector thus the answer came:

Ajax, since Jove hath added strength to thy high-statured frame,
And wisdom, and of all the Greeks thy hand this lance doth sway
The proudest, I am pleased to cease the buffeting strife to-day;
To-morrow in the sanguine fight our prowess we will try
Till a god part us, and with one of twain the victory lie.
Now night swoops down; and they are wise who yield to dusky night.
Thou to the swift sea-faring ships return, and bring delight
To comrades and to clansmen, and to friends that love thee well,
The whiles I haste to noble Priam's high-towered citadel,
That Trojans may rejoice, and long-trained Trojan women fair,
Who for my safety clasp the shrines, and vex the gods with prayer.
But come, be precious gifts exchanged 'twixt me and thee to-day,
That some brave Greek or Trojan man in after years may say:
These noble heroes fought in life-destroying strife together,
But parted, when the fray was done, as brother parts with brother.
Thus Hector spoke; and to that Telamonian hero brave
His silver-studded sword, with sheath and well-cut belt, he gave;
Ajax to him a baldrick rare, shining with purple: then
They parted, Ajax to the camp of the Achæan men,
And Hector to the Trojans. They with mighty joy behold
Safe from the deadly stour returned that son of Priam bold,

Unscathed by Ajax' force immense, and the hands that bear all down;
And, scarce believing their dear eyes, they led him to the town;
Likewise the well-greaved Argive men with noble Ajax went
To Agamemnon, king divine, rejoicing in his tent.
And when to great Atrides' tent they found the ready way,
The king of men before the kingly company did slay
A five-years' bullock to Kronos' son, who doth in strength excel:
The bull they flayed, and limb by limb the parts divided well;
Then cut the flesh in pieces small, and with spits they pierced it through,
And from the fire, when roasted well, the savoury flesh forth drew.
And when their sweaty toil was o'er, and the board was amply spread,
The heroes from the equal-portioned banquet freely fed;
Only to Ajax the far-ruling Agamemnon gave
The whole unbroken chine, for meed of his achievement brave.
But when their thirst was slaked, nor more they craved for savoury food,
First 'mid that company Gerenian Nestor old upstood,
To weave wise counsel; he whose rede before had seemed the best;
He with full friendly mien uprose, and thus the chiefs addressed:
Atrides, and ye Panachæan chiefs of mickle might,
Full many of the long-haired Greeks have bravely died in fight;

Whose purple blood, now mingled with thy flowing tide, Scamander,
Fierce Ares spilt, and down to gloomy hell their souls did wander.
Wherefore beseems thee, mighty king, when morn's first ray is shed,
To stop the fight; and we will bring together all the dead,
In wains, with oxen and with mules; the bodies then we 'll burn
Close by the ships, that each may glean the bones, and in an urn,
With pious care, may store them, till the ships to Greece return;
And round the pyre for all who fell we 'll rear a common mound,
High from the plain, and with strong towers we 'll fence it round and round.
And in the towers we 'll make strong gates, that through the broad-faced barriers,
A way may lie both sure and free for the car-careering warriors.
And round our lines a ditch we 'll dig, a ditch both wide and deep,
Both horse and man of the Argive clan in safest ward to keep,
When our high-hearted foes the fence would proudly overleap.
Thus he; and all the kings agreed. Meanwhile at Priam's gate,
High in the citadel, the Trojan folk hold high debate.
A clamorous throng, I wis, was there; far swelled the murmur loud;
Till rose Antenor, prudent prince, and thus addressed the crowd:
Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Dardan brave allies, while I
Speak forth the thought, that in my breast doth move me mightily;

Bring Argive Helen forth, and all her costly gear deliver
To her just lords; the Trojan arms, trust me, may prosper never
While here we fight forsworn; we thus do but increase our woes.
Thus spoke Antenor, and down sat; then 'mid the crowd uprose
The godlike Paris, spouse of Helen with richly-flowing hair,
And thus with wingèd words his thought he clearly doth declare:
Antenor, of thy prudent heart thy tongue gives scanty token,
Deem not thy brother may have part in what thy mouth hath spoken;
But if thou truly mean'st what thou hast spoken, every whit,
Truly the gods who reign in heaven have filched away thy wit.
I to the horse-subduing Trojans freely this declare,
My hand will never back deliver that godlike woman fair;
But all the gear and trappings fine she brought I will restore
Untouched, and costly gifts will add from Priam's golden store.
Thus Paris spoke; and sat him down. Then 'mid that multitude
Dardanian Priam, like the gods in council wise, upstood,
And with mild look benignly eyed the crowd; and thus spake he:
Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Dardan brave allies, while free
I speak the thought, that in my breast doth move me mightily.
Through all the town, even as before ye have been customed, take
The strengthening food, and through the night let faithful sentries wake.

; in the morning to the hollow ships let brave Idæus
and to Agamemnon tell, and noble Menelaus,
: word that Paris spoke, who first upstirred the troublous fray,
l thus his prudent rede declare, that they shall please to stay
: dismal-sounding battle, till we bear our dead away,
l burn them; this being done, again we'll join the combat glorious,
. a god shall part the purple fray, and make one side victorious.
Thus he; they to his words with the prompt deed reply, and take
: strengthening food; and through the night the faithful sentries wake.
; with the dawn Idæus went to the hollow ships, and there,
full assembly, found the valiant Greeks with flowing hair
ınd King Agamemnon's ship; and there before the kings
: message with clear-throated power the faithful herald brings:
de-ruling king, and Panachæan chiefs of mickle might,
am, and all the princely leaders of the Trojan fight,
ıd you this word, that ye receive with glad assent to-day,
: word that Paris spake, who first upstirred the troublous fray.
: costly gear by Helen brought to Ilium's sounding shore,
ould the deep sea had whelmed it!) all her wealth he will restore
touched, and goodly gifts will add, from Priam's golden store;

But Menelaus' lovely wife remains with him, he said,
Though Troy with one consenting voice should bid restore the maid.
Yet more; they ask if it may please the Grecian kings to stay
The dismal-sounding battle, till they bear their dead away,
And burn them; this well finished, they will stir the combat glorious,
Till a god shall part the purple fray, and make one side victorious.
Thus he; they silent stood long time, and none to answer dared,
Till upstood strong-voiced Diomede, and thus his thought declared:
Be warned by me; nor Helen's treasure, no! nor Helen's self
From Alexander take,—a child, a little witless elf
Might see perdition hangs o'er Troy—their ruin strides with speed.
Thus he; and all the Greeks with loud-consenting shout agreed.
Admiring much the words of horse-subduing Diomede.
Then the far-ruling Agamemnon to Idæus spake:
Idæus, thou hast heard the wishes of the Argives; take
Their answer back to Troy,—myself am minded even so.
As for the dead, I may not stint their lawful dues. Where low
On dusty floor outstretched in gore they lie, with gracious glow
Let fires be kindled. Now may Jove, the lofty-pealing sire,
The spouse of Herè, seal the vow that grants your heart's desire.
Thus he; and high his sceptre reared to the mighty gods that sway
In heaven. Then back to sacred Troy Idæus wends his way.

Meanwhile the valiant Trojans, and the men of Dardan name,
In full assembly waiting stood, till brave Idæus came
Back from the ships. He came, and standing 'mid the throng declared
Atrides' will. The Trojans for the mournful work prepared
Forthwith, to drive the dead in wains, and bear the needful wood.
Like pious pains beside the ships the Achæan multitude
Displayed, to drive the dead in wains, and bear the needful wood.

Now from the deep smooth-flowing stream of ocean Helios rose,
And on the well-ploughed fields the freshening beams of morning throws,
Climbing the welkin; then the Greeks and Trojans met together,
To glean their dead, so grimly spread, one scarce might know his brother.
Then with pure water from each corpse they wash the clotty gore,
And lift the bodies on the wain, while burning tears they pour.
But Priam bade them cease their wail; then on the pyres they heave
The dead with silent toil, and sorely in their hearts they grieve.
High mounts the flame; and back they wend their way to sacred Troy.
Likewise the Greeks with burnished greaves their pious pains employ

To pile the pyres with dead, the whiles their hearts are grievèd sore.
High mounts the flame; and back they wend to the ships that line the shore.
But ere the morn through the mirksome night shot streaks of coming day,
A chosen band of Argive men did spend their vigils gray
Around the pyre, and from the plain they raised a mighty mound,
And with high towers and ramparts fenced it strongly round and round;
And in the towers made well-compacted gates, that through the barriers
A way might lie both sure and free, for the chariot-driving warriors;
And then, to make the fence more sure, a ditch about the mound [440]
Both broad and deep they drew, and drove sharp stakes into the ground.
Thus did the Greeks with flowing hair their sweaty labour ply.
Meanwhile the gods beside great Jove, whose lightning rifts the sky,
Sat, and astonied saw the works of the copper-coated Greeks;
To them Poseidon rose, and thus the strong earth-shaker speaks:
O Jove, on earth's unmeasured plain, what food-consuming man
Will now believe that the gods do reign with wise forecounselling plan?

These Argive men—dost thou behold?—a mighty mound have made,
And fenced it round with dyke and ditch, and lofty towers, nor paid
Due honours to the gods; and now this dyke shall famous be
Far as the morning beams are spread o'er boundless land and sea,
While all the massy tiers I piled with bright Apollo, then
When we for king Laomedon toiled, shall fade from thought of men.

To whom with indignation high spake cloud-compelling Jove:
Earth-shaking god, broad-breasted, let no thoughts unworthy move
Thy heart; to weaker gods than thou such pale conceits belong,
Whose will controls the sea, and reins the floods both loud and strong.
Far as the morning beams are spread, thy fame shall travel wide.
When back from Troy the long-haired Greeks across the billowy tide
Shall turn their oars, and seek the shores of their dear-loved father-land,
Then lash the dyke, and with thy boisterous breakers beat the strand,
And roll thick pebbles on the shore, and heap with sand the plain,
Till not a trace in all the place of that proud pile remain.

Thus cloud-compelling Jove to strong Poseidon spake. Meanwhile
The night came down upon the Greeks, and veiled their tristful toil.

Then in their tents they oxen slew, and took the strengthening food.
And in the roads were Lemnian ships laden with vine-juice good,
Not few, by brave Eunæus sent, he whom Hypsipylè fair
To the sea-wandering Jason, shepherd of the people, bare.
And to Mycenæ's king apart, and noble Menelaus,
A thousand measures of choice wine were sent by brave Eunæus.
And from these ships the long-haired Greeks now bought the glowing wine,
With ruddy copper some, and some with iron polished fine,
And some gave hides of beeves, and very beeves some did not spare,
And some did truck with slaves; and then they spread the banquet rare.
And all night long with laugh and song the jovial cup goes round,
While from the town the merry notes of Trojan feast resound.
But all night long the counsellor Jove, from high-surveying station
Pealed evil-boding; yellow fear possessed the Argive nation;
And on the ground each drinker poured the copious free libation
To Kronos' puissant son, before he dared to quaff the wine.
Then each man laid him down, and took the gift of sleep divine.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Jove shows his power, and bids the gods refrain
From fight; his lightnings scare old Nestor's steeds;
Roused Agamemnon stirs the host in vain,
In vain by Teucer's shaft the Trojan bleeds.
Jove his almighty will declares again,
And gives large sway to Hector's valorous deeds.
Night parts the fray; the Trojan watch-fires burning
Keep the Achæan camp in fear, till morning.

BOOK VIII.

And now the morning saffron-stoled o'er earth's wide acres shone,
When Jove, the thunder-loving, called the gods around his throne,
High on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. Here
The monarch speaks, and all the gods attend with loyal ear:
Hear me, all gods and goddesses that reign in heaven, while I
Speak forth the thought that in my breast doth move me mightily;
And when I speak let every god of male or female kind
Beware to cross my pleasure; but, when ye have heard my mind,
Obey; that I with speed may weave the fateful consummation.
What god or goddess from the plan of the celestial nation
Shall act apart, and help or Greek or Trojan in the fight,
He marred by stripes shall back return to heaven in grievous plight;
Or him I'll seize, and into pitchy Tartarus' depth profound
Down fling, where deep its dungeon yawns beneath the firm-set ground;
Whose iron gates and brazen doors all hope of flight defy,
As far below grim Pluto's home as heaven from earth is high;

Then shall he know that strength remains above all gods with me.
Come, if ye please, your prowess prove ev'n now, that all may see:
Down from high heaven a golden chain be hung, and from its end
Let all the proud celestial train their gathered force suspend;
But not your gathered force is such to pull into the plain,
Me, Heaven's high counsellor, though much with every nerve ye strain;
But I, if I my might put forth, and with my strong hand's hollow
Embrace the chain, both sea and earth and all the gods will follow.
Then to a crag beneath my throne I'll bind the chain; and high
The host of gods, with land and sea, shall swing 'twixt earth and sky;
So far beyond both men and gods is the might of mightiest Jove.
Thus he; they silent stood long while, and not a lip did move,
Astonied; for with weight he spake, and stood supreme confessed.
At length the maid with the flashing eyne her awful sire addressed:
Dread father mine, strong Kronos' son, o'er heaven supremely swaying,
Like thee in vasty strength is none, whom there is no gainsaying:
Yet for the Achæan spearmen brave a tearful care we cherish,
Who fill the measure of harsh fate, and in the battle perish.

But if thy will be so, our hands shall from their deed abstain,
Only with friendly words we 'll help their need on battle plain,
That not the whole Greek host may die, when hot thine anger burns.
. Thus she. The father, with a smile, this friendly word returns:
Have thou good cheer, Tritonia dear, my best-belovèd child,
I have no harsh words meant for thee; to thee I 'm only mild.
He said; and yoked the brazen-footed coursers to his wain,
That swift as wind the welkin scour, with golden-flowing mane,
And round his breast the golden vest he drew; and seized the good
And golden reins; and mounted on the heavenly car he stood;
Then lashed the steeds; and they with no unwilling feet were driven
On airy path, betwixt the firm-set earth and the starry heaven.
Then to the many-fountained Ida, nurse of wild beasts, he came,
And the Gargarian shrine, where mounts the fragrant-burning flame
From his high altar; there his steeds he from the yoke unbound,
And in dark volumes where they stood he spread thick mist around;
Then, glorying in his strength, down sat upon the rocky seat
High-peaked, and looked on the Trojan towers, and all the Danaan fleet.
Now in his tent beside the shore each long-haired Argive wight
Partakes the morning meal, then buckles on his harness bright.
Likewise the Trojans in the town gird them for sturdy fight

In numbers fewer; but not the less flung down their willing lives—
Such high compulsion holds the brave—for children and for wives.
And all the gates were opened; forth the stream of people flows,
Footmen and horse; loud and more loud the clamorous tumult rose.
And now the hosts together rushed, and each did each assail,
And buckler upon buckler rang, and hurtled mail on mail;
And might of man did might oppose, flashed spear to spear, and rang
The war-cry loud and shrill, and shield met shield with brassy clang;
And many a shout and many a yell to heaven commingled goeth,
From men who struck and men who fell; the field with crimson floweth.

So long the morn was bright, and brightly rose the sacred day,
Thick flew the darts, and thickly fell the people in the fray;
But when the sun through the mid-sky with noonday splendour sails,
The sovran father then from high hangs out his golden scales:
And in the scales two Fates of stiff-outstretching death he placed
For the horse-subduing Trojans, and the brave Greeks copper-cased
And in his hands the scales he took, and the fate of Greece sank down.
Meanwhile with mighty peals he pealed; and flashed from Ida's crown

Far-flaming lightnings through the camp; the Achæan people saw,
In blank amaze; and pale-faced fear possessed their hearts with awe.
Then nor Idomeneus stood, nor Agamemnon; from the fire
Of Jove, the servants of fierce Mars, the Ajax pair, retire.
Old Nestor only stood, the watcher of the Greeks, and he
Perforce; for his steed laboured sore by an arrow sent from thee,
Thou godlike Paris, spouse of Helen with locks of beauty rare.
The arrow through the forehead passed, where grows the highest hair
Of the mane from out the skull, and deadliest strikes an arrow there.
Back sprang the steed; for the keen shaft had sunk into his brain,
And scared the other steeds, and reeled, wild with the barbèd pain.
Then forth the old man quickly drew his knife, to cut the traces,
When swift as tempest Hector's steeds, with rapid ramping paces,
Came storming through the battle, driven by that driver bold,
Even Hector's self. And now, indeed, thy life, thou horseman old,
Was lost, had not stout Diomede the imminent peril spied,
And through the fight with lungs of might thus to Ulysses cried:
Jove-born Laertes' son divine, thou many-scheming wight,
Beseems it thee to turn and flee, like a base loon in the fight?
Have thou good care lest in the back some spearman's lance thee stay,
And from old Nestor drive with me that savage man away.

Thus he; but not a word that much-enduring wight replied,
And to the ships beside the sea with rushing foot he hied.
But Tydeus' son rode bravely on to the foremost in the van,
And stood abreast of Nestor's steeds, a firm and fearless man,
And him with wingèd words addressed, and thus to speak began:
Old man, in sooth these youthful riders press thee sore; thy knees
Are frail, thy sinews cracked, thou canst not wield thy limbs with ease;
No forward will thy weak attendant shows; thy steeds are slow.
But come, thou son of Neleus, mount my car, that thou mayst know
How swift as wind through all the fight with cunning paces go
My Trojan steeds, in chase or flight—behold, they wait thee here,
The steeds I from Æneas took, grim counsellor of fear.
Your horses let our brave men hold; against the Trojan band,
My steeds shall bear us, that wild Hector's self may understand
How for the fray my eager lance leaps madly in my hand.
Thus he; nor the Gerenian horseman disobeyed, but gave
His slow-paced horses to the charge of twain attendants brave,
Eurymedon, the kindly-souled, and Sthenelus, in war
Stout-hearted; then the Jove-bred kings mounted Tydides' car.
And Nestor in his hands did take the shining reins, and high
Lifted the sounding lash; and now stout Hector was full nigh.

Forthwith at him the strong Tydides hurled his massive spear,
But missed the warrior, and transfixed his faithful charioteer,
Eniopeus, son of mighty-souled Thebæus, while the reins
He held; the lance-head in his breast beside the pap remains.
Prone from the car he fell, the nimble-footed steeds back started;
The bond that knit his limbs was loosed, and all his strength departed.
Sore vexed was Hector, when he saw his charioteer laid low,
But forward pressed, and in his breast stifled the mounting woe,
And sought another charioteer through all the ensanguined ground.
Nor long the steeds a leader lacked; for soon the hero found
Bold Archeptolemus, Iphitus' son, who with an agile bound
Leaped on the rounded car, and seized the reins that freely flowed.
And now had gruesome work been done, and ruin walked abroad,
And they, back driven to Troy, been cooped like sheep within a pen,
Had not the harm been seen in heaven by the sire of gods and men;
And terribly from the sky he pealed, and his hot-bolting levin,
Before the steeds of Diomede into the ground was driven;
And terribly rose the volumed power of flame and sulphurous smoke.
Back reared the dazzled steeds, and cowered beneath the creaking yoke,
And from his hands with sudden start the reins old Nestor threw,
Quailed his high heart, and from his breast the winged word outflew:

O son of Tydeus, turn we now the one-hoofed steeds to flight,
Dwells not with thee and me, I trow, the Thunderer's helping might.
Our fight the partial Jove doth mar, and glory gives to Hector
To-day; to-morrow in the war he may be our protector,
If so he please. No mortal can defy his fatal plan;
Strong is the cloud-compelling Jove, above all might of man.

To whom the strong-voiced Diomede with ready word replies:
Truly, old man, thy heart is prudent, and thy words are wise,
But like a goad this ugly thought doth pierce my liver through,
That Hector will upstand, and boast thus 'mid the Trojan crew:
By me the son of Tydeus scared to the ships for safety fled;
Which when I hear, may broad earth yawn, and hide me with the dead!

To them thus Nestor: Strong-voiced son of Tydeus, warlike-hearted,
What word unworthy of thy name hath from thy mouth departed?
Though Hector rate thee loon and knave, thou mayst his taunts despise;
No faith he'll find with Trojans, or with Dardan brave allies,
Or with the wives of Trojan men shield-bearing, mighty-hearted,
Whose husbands dear by thy strong spear to gloomy hell departed.

Thus he; and turned the one-hoofed steeds; they through the battle flew
Rapid. Then Hector's thundering might, and his fierce down-bearing crew,
With shouts divine, a rattling rain of deathful arrows poured;
And far above the fight the tall crest-flickering Hector roared:
Tydides, the fleet-steeded Greeks thy warlike worth confessed
With savoury flesh, and brimming bowls, and a seat above the rest;
Now thou art naught, and terror haunts thee, woman! o'er the field;
Go, pithless minion! deem not thou that I to thee will yield;
Our walls thou shalt not mount, our wives across the sounding sea
Thou shalt not drag. My hand shall wing the god-sent fate to thee.
Thus he; Tydides' heart was torn two ways,—to urge the flight
As Nestor would, or turn the steeds to front the bristling fight.
Thrice he resolved faceward to wheel; but thrice from Ida's crown
Pealed counsellor Jove a terrible peal, and knocked his purpose down.
Hector the favouring omen knew; the gods for Troy decide;
And through the fervid Trojan crew the godlike hero cried:
Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardan warriors, who delight
In the close-handed fray, be men, and prove your martial might!
Jove becks from heaven his manifest will that he will grant to Troy
Glory and victory; but the Greeks his hand will sheer destroy:

Fools! that with ditch and dyke did fence their weakness round, vain barriers,
And weak as wind against the might of Ilium's rushing warriors.
My horses o'er the ditch shall leap with nimble bound; and when
Amid the hollow ships I stand, with my brave Dardan men,
Let every hand the flaming brand usurp with speed, and then
Amid the hurry and affray, and the flame and the choking smoke,
We'll mow them down in thick array with fell life-reaving stroke!
Thus to the men. Then to his steeds he called: Xanthus, and thou,
Light-hoofed Podargos, Æthon, and the godlike Lampos, now
Repay Andromachè's love, requite the faithful tendance true,
Which she, the daughter of high-souled Æetion, gave to you,
When with the honey-hearted corn your mettle she restored,
Before her hands the table spread for me, her blooming lord.
Make speed! make speed! that I this night as a sure prize may hold
That shield, whose fame to heaven hath clomb, the shield of Nestor old;
That shield all golden, gold the disk, and handle of pure gold.
Likewise I from thy shoulders broad, stout Tydeus' son, will take
The curious mail, that with wise hands the Olympian smith did make.
Oh! if these trophies in my conquering gripe might surely be,
This very night in hurried flight the Greeks shall cross the sea!

Thus he; but his fierce words the queenly Herè might not brook,
And stirred uneasy on her throne, that vast Olympus shook;
Then the great god Poseidon she with rousing words addressed:
Earth-shaking, widely-swaying god, say, doth thy mighty breast
Not swell with ruth, when thou dost see the Greeks so sorely pressed?
At Helicè and Ægæ they within thy temples glorious
Piled high the costly gifts, and thou didst wish their arms victorious.
If we, to whom the Greeks are dear, would make their cause our own,
And drive the Trojans back, nor fear Jove thundering from his throne,
His heart might fret, where high he sits on Ida's peak alone.
To whom with angry word the strong earth-shaking god replied:
O queenly Herè, thou hast oped thy mouth to folly wide!
Not thou nor I may Jove defy, nor all the gods with thee;
For strength in heaven to Jove is given above all gods that be!
Thus Herè and Poseidon spake. Meanwhile the middle ground
Between the ships, and where the dyke and rampart drew the bound,
Swarmed with shield-bearing men; and steeds with hollow tramping sound
Came clattering on; and, storming like fierce Mars in battle gory,
Came Hector, son of Priam, then when Jove gave him the glory.

And now the black well-balanced ships his hand had surely fired,
Had not the large-eyed queen of heaven, the spouse of Jove, inspired
King Agamemnon, with sharp word to rouse the Grecian band.
Forth to the tents the monarch went, and the ships that line the strand,
Holding his broad and purple cloak in his strong and sinewy hand;
And stood upon Ulysses' black huge hollow ship, which lay
In midst the fleet, that speaking, they might hear him either way,
Or at the tent of Ajax, where the fleet's right wing extended,
Or where Achilles on the left the farthest ships defended,
Heroes, whose valour and strong hands the might of Troy defied.
There Agamemnon stood, and thus with shrilling voice he cried:
O shame! O shame! fie on your name! smooth Greeklings, fair to view!
Brave braggarts! where be now the deeds, to prove those vauntings true,
Which, when in Lemnos' roads we lay, were blown about so fine?
Then when ye ate the savoury flesh of high-horned Lemnian kine,
And cheered your souls from brimming bowls of ruddy-glowing wine,
A single Greek, ye then declared, were a just match in fight
For a hundred Trojans!—now ye flinch before one hero's might,

ven Priam's son, who soon will wreathe our dark-hulled ships in flame.

Father Jove! was ever king of mighty-sounding name
mitten by thee, as thou on me dost bring disgrace and shame?
/hen o'er the salt sea's billowy sweep my ship did lightly bound,
ot then with scanted pile of gifts I left thine altar crowned;
ut from a thousand oxen thighs and fat to thee with joy
burnt, and prayed that soon mine eyes might greet the falling Troy.
rant, Jove, this single prayer to me: since Troy indeed must stand,
at safe to Greece some remnant flee of my dwindled Argive band,
or Trojans burn our ships with fire on a far and foreign strand!

He said: the father saw his grief, and heard his tearful prayer,
nd with a nod his will declared the people's lives to spare;
nd sent his eagle, chiefest bird of all the wingèd kind,
hat in its talons held a fawn born of fleet-footed hind.
own to the ground it flung the fawn beside the altar beautiful,
'here to all-voicing Jove the Greeks performed the worship dutiful.
ut they, when they beheld the swoop of Jove's dark-wingèd bird,
rned on the Trojans; and their soul with martial might was stirred.

Then first of all the Achæan men, amid the countless brave,
prang stout Tydides, and before the rest his coursers drave,

And overleapt the ditch, and boldly faced the Trojan clan.
And first was he in fight to slay a harnessed Trojan man,
Brave Agelaus, Phradmon's son, who turned his steeds to flight;
Him in the spine, as back he turned, transfixed Tydides right
Between the shoulders; through the breast the lance-head drove, and bore him
Sheer from his car against the ground, and his armour rattled o'er him.
Him followed the Atridæ twain, and joined the new-stirred fight;
With them the Ajax pair, with war's impetuous strength ydight;
Idomeneus next, and who with him fared o'er the Cretan water,
Brave Merion, a match for Mars, who loves the ruddy slaughter.
Eurypylus next, Euæmon's son, did face the Trojan foe.
Ninth, Teucer came, and in his hand he held the back-bent bow,
And close behind the Telamonian's rounded buckler stood.
Then Ajax drew his shield aside; forth came that archer good,
And looked with rapid glance around, and marked a Trojan foeman,
Who fell beneath the sure-sped shaft of the true-eyed Argive bowman,
Then back to Ajax ran, even as a child creeps to its mother;
The hero stretched his huge round shield, and safely hid his brother.
Whom then did Teucer slay the first of all the Trojan crew?
Orsilochus first, and Amopaon, and Ormenus he slew;

Dætor, and Ophelestes, Chromius, Melanippus found
Black death from him, and godlike Lycophontes bit the ground.
Then Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced to see the foe,
Fall in long lines beneath the shafts shot from that potent bow;
And up to Teucer close he came, and spoke him kindly, so:
Teucer, dear head, brave Telamonian, people's leader, smite
With thy sure arrow through the heart of Troy, and so bring light
To Greece and to thy godlike sire, who, when thy years were few,
Bred thee, a bastard, in his house, till thou to manhood grew;
Thy fame with honour and with joy will crown his hoary brow.
But, mark me well; and time will ripen what I tell thee now:
If Jove and the Olympian powers shall grant my soul this joy,
To see down fall the lofty towers of strong well-builded Troy,
The worthiest prize next to my share of all that booty rare,
I give to thee, a tripod, or a chariot with a pair
Of long-maned steeds, or a lovely maid thy hero couch to share.
To whom, with answer bold and free, spake Telamon's noble son:
Glorious Atrides, why to me, whose nature loves to run,
Apply the spur? Where there was field for archer's work, not slack
My hand hath been; but from what time to Troy we drave them back,

With bended bow I crouch, and wait, the Trojan men to slay.
Eight good long-barbèd arrows from my well-strung bow to-day
I shot; and at each well-aimed shaft a stout youth bit the ground.
But Hector balks me; all my craft fails of that raging hound.
He said; and twanged his bow again, and winged his arrow's flight
At Priam's son—for much he longed to pierce that doughty wight—
But missed him; to another son of noble Priam sped
The baleful shaft, and in Gorguthion's stomach sheathed its head.
Him Castianeira bare, a most exceeding lovely dame,
Like to immortal goddesses, who from Æsymè came.
And as a poppy round and ripe, when rainy skies do frown,
Bends to the shower, and o'er the bed droopeth its laden crown,
So sideward he did droop his head, and his helmet weighed him down.
Then Teucer twanged his bow again, and shot an arrow right
At Priam's son—for much he longed to pierce that doughty wight—
But missed him; for Apollo turned the arrow in its flight
'Gainst Archeptolemus, Hector's charioteer, ev'n as he pressed
On through the eager strife of men, and smote him in the breast.
Down from the car he fell; the nimble-footed steeds back-started.
The bond that knit his knees was loosed, and all his strength departed.

:e vexed was Hector when he saw his charioteer laid low,
t onward pressed, and in his breast stifled the swelling woe;
en to Cebriones called aloud, his brother, who stood nigh,
seize the reins; Cebriones heard, and mounted willingly.
en Hector shouted high, and from his car all burnished bright
ıpt on the ground, and seized a stone, and through the battle, right
Teucer strode; for much he longed to quell that archer's might.
en Teucer from his quiver drew the arrow winged with woe,
.d placed it on the string; but while he backward bends the bow,
e tall crest-flickering Hector smote him near the shoulder, where
e key-bone parts the neck and breast; and the wound is deadliest there.
en there with the sharp-pointed stone he smote him; and in twain
broke his bowstring, and his arm was numbed with the tingling pain.
on his knees he fell; and from his hand down dropt the bow.
t Ajax, when he saw the blood of his dear-loved brother flow,
ıtrode the fallen chief, and held his broad round buckler o'er him.
en from the field two of his trusty best-loved comrades bore him—
:cisteus, son of Echios, and Alastor, chief divine;
ese bare him, groaning, to the ships beside the billowy brine.

Then the Olympian with new force the Trojan men inspired,
And to the ditch back driven, the scared Achæan host retired;
For Hector swept through all the van with strength immortal fired.
As when a hound to mountain-boar or lion wild gives chase,
And from behind him presses sore with hard unflagging pace
Close on his haunches, and with watchful eyes his winding race
Pursues; so closely Hector chased the long-haired Argive crew,
Far-drifting o'er the field, and still the hindmost man he slew.
But when beyond the ditch and stakes he drave their routed bands,
And many an Argive foeman took his death from Trojan hands,
Beside the hollow ships at length they mass their ranks; and there
One to another call, and all the gods besiege with prayer,
And, lifting up their hands, nor oath nor holy vow they spare,
While Hector lashed his full-maned steeds, and whirled his stormy car,
Glaring like Gorgon or like Mars that gloats on grisly war.
But when the white-armed Herè saw the Greeks so sorely pressed,
Spear-shaking Pallas she straightway with wingèd words addressed:
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, while from our seats on high
Deedless we gaze, in utter need shall all the Grecians die?
The measure of an evil fate they fill before the sway
Of one fell-swooping warrior; truly Hector in the fray

Rages, as madmen rage, and spreads destruction waste and wide.
To whom the goddess with the strong dread-flashing eyne replied:
Him may perdition seize! some rude and violent Argive hand
Stretch him, the violent-hearted wight, dead on the Trojan strand!
But, for my sire, a heart he keeps with no sane passion swelling,[360]
Inexorable, harsh, each gentle word from me repelling;
Nor now remembers, when Eurystheus vexed his moiling son,
How often I with aid was nigh, and the sweatful task was done.
Ofttimes he looked to heaven and wept; my father then would borrow
My aid, and down from heaven I leapt, to heal Alcides' sorrow.
Oh, had I known what now I know, what time I helped to bring
Him to the lightless hall below of the brazen-gated king,
From hell to hale by his shaggy mane the grim three-headed hound,
He never then had crossed again the Stygian pool profound.
But now Jove hates me, and holds talk with Thetis; whom to please,[370]
For that she seized his chin, and grasped with suppliant hand his knees,
Her fierce town-sacking son he honours. But the hour is near,
When he again shall crave my aid, and call me daughter dear.
But come, and to the car yoke thou the one-hoofed steeds, while I
Haste to the hall of ægis-bearing Jove, who rules the sky,

And bind to my breast the mailèd vest, that I may surely know
If Hector of the flickering crest shall joy to front the foe,
When on the bridges of the war our harnessed forms we show,
Or then, some Trojan's fat and flesh shall spread the savoury food
To dogs and ravenous fowls, beside the salt sea's sounding flood.

She said; and white-armed Herè heard her words with willing mood.
Then forth went she, goddess revered, of mighty Kronos daughter,
And busily plied the work to harness, for the field of slaughter,
Her steeds of high celestial breed, with golden frontlets rare.
Meanwhile Athenè, seed of Jove, who rules the thunderous air,
Dropt on the threshold of her sire's star-pavèd hall above,
The delicate various-broidered stole, which her own fingers wove;
Then to her breast she bound the cloud-compeller's mail of might,
And buckled all her fighting gear, to join the tearful fight;
Then swift the flaming car she mounts, and seizes in her hand,
The long and weighty spear, that quells full many a bristling band,
When with wrath divine the high heart swells of that strong-fathered maid.
Then Herè swayed the lash; the steeds with nimble foot obeyed;
Wide open flew on self-moved hinge the sounding gates of heaven,
Kept by the Hours; for to their hands the lofty charge was given,

To open clear the azure gates of Jove's bright halls above,
Or bar them with black clouds; through these the well-spurred
steeds they drove.
But Jove from topmost Ida saw, and swelled his heart with ire;
Then thus to golden-wingèd Iris spake the almighty sire:
Go, nimble Iris, turn them back, and rein their steeds divine,
A perilous proof they shall not lack, whose will shall clash with
mine.
This I declare, and all my words to deeds shall ripen; I
Your airy-footed steeds will lame, and from the chariot high
Cast down yourselves, and dash your flaming battle-car in
sunder;
And such sore wounds your frame shall catch from my hot-bolted
thunder,
That not ten years shall heal them. Thus shall my bold daughter
know
How vain the stroke that would provoke her father for her foe.
For Herè less I care, and less she moves my spleen; for still
With wayward mind was she inclined to thwart my sovran
will.
Thus he; and breezy-footed Iris from the steepy height
Of Ida to the vast Olympus winged her airy flight;
Then at the portals of the many-gladed mount she stands,
Detains the car, and thus reveals the almighty sire's commands:

Where now? and by what madness driven? shall this not give you pause,
That Jove forbids all gods in heaven to aid the Argive cause?
Thus he declares, and all his words to deeds shall ripen. I
Your nimble steeds, he says, will lame, and from the chariot high
Cast down yourselves, and dash your flaming battle-car in sunder,
And such sore wounds your frame shall catch, from his hot-bolted thunder,
That not ten years shall heal them. Thus shalt thou, his daughter, know
How vain the stroke that would provoke the father for thy foe.
For Herè less he cares, and less she moves his spleen, for still
With wayward mind was she inclined to thwart his sovran will;
But thou, fell virgin, if thou dare against his mandate now
To lift thy spear, a very dog all blushless bold art thou.
Thus Iris; and with backward speed the yielding air she clove;
Then Herè to the daughter spake of ægis-bearing Jove:
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, when Jove forbids, not I
For love of mortal men advise all-daring to defy
His will. In fight let one man live, and let another die,
As chance may bring; but Kronos' son his own high purposed plan,
Rightful pursues, and weighs the fates of Greek and Trojan clan.

She said; and turns the one-hoofed steeds, and backward guides the reins;
Then from the car the Hours unyoked the steeds with flowing manes,
And bound them with well-twisted cords to ambrosian mangers fine,
And placed the chariots in the sheds that with clear whiteness shine
Then Herè and Athenè sat them down on golden seats
Amid the gods; but their dear hearts a sore vexation eats.
Then Jove from Ida drave his smooth-wheeled chariot through the air,
And to Olympus came, and found the Olympians seated there;
The strong sea-god unyoked the steeds, and to their stalls he led them,
And on the stand he placed the cars, and with fine cloths overspread them.
Then the far-seeing father on a throne all golden took
His lofty seat; and 'neath his feet the vast Olympus shook.
But Herè and Athenè from the lord that rules the sky
Sat sundered; nor one word they spoke, nor looked with welcoming eye.
But well the Thunderer knew their hearts, and thus bespake the pair:
Why sit ye twain apart, with pouting looks and glooming air?
Ye hate the Trojans; but not faint with loss of blood, I trow,
Ye from the sweaty toil return of the dinsome battle now.

Strong are my hands when I will strike; nor shall my will be driven
From its high-purposed mark by all the banded gods in heaven.
But you—strong trembling seized your glorious limbs, lest ye should mar
Your delicate eyne by grisly sights of grim-disfiguring war.
But, mark me well; and from my words fulfilment stands not far:
Once thunder-smitten by my bolt, your shattered car shall never
Back bring you to Olympus, seat of gods who live for ever.
Thus he; but they low muttering sat, from all the gods apart,
And 'gainst the Trojans nursed strong hate deep in their moody heart.
Silent Jove's awful daughter sat, and in her soul repressed
The rising bile; against the sire high heaved her spleenful breast;
But Here's anger brooked no bonds, and him she thus addressed:
O son of Kronos terrible, what harsh word hast thou spoken?
Well know the gods that thou art strong; thy strength remains unbroken;
But for the Argive spearmen brave a tearful care we cherish,
Who fill the measure of harsh fate, and in grim battle perish;
But if thy will be so, our hands no work of war shall try;
Good counsel only we will give, that not the whole may die,
But some small rescued remnant live, when swells thine anger high.

To whom the cloud-compelling son of Kronos thus replied:
To-morrow, if thy humour list, my queenly spouse full-eyed,
With day's first radiance thou shalt see great Jove, in strength excelling,
Send thousands of thy dear Greeks down to Pluto's hated dwelling.
For doughty Hector in the fight must madly rage, till he
Rouse keen Pelides, swift of foot, from the ships beside the sea,
Even on that day when the hot fray beside the high-pooped ships
Shall wildly spread, when breath hath fled from dear Patroclus' lips.
So stands the fate; nor private hate nor love of thine may bend
My will, once spoken, though to deepest roots thou shouldst descend
Of earth and sea, where Iapetus and ancient Kronos spend
The long-drawn dreary time, divorced from clear Hyperion's light,
And from the freshening breeze, girt round by thick Tartarean night;
Go there, and nurse in darkness now thy rancorous grudge unsated,--
No dog more impudent,--but thou canst never change the fated.

Thus he; but not a word to him his white-armed spouse replied.
And now the sun's far-westering light sank into ocean's tide,
And o'er the cornfields golden-eared drew darkness stretching wide.
Sad were the Trojans when he sank: but to the Greeks the night
Brought comfort on his pitchy wing, and rest from weary fight.

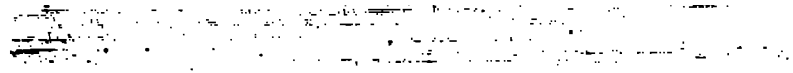
Then Hector to th' assembly called each high-souled Trojan wight;

Them to an open space beside the swirling stream he led,
Far from the ships, and where the field was clear from the frequent dead;
They from their steeds leapt on the ground to hear the high command
From mouth of Hector, dear to Jove; he stood, and in his hand
A lance he held eleven cubits long, whose head did shine
With pointed copper, by a ring enclasped, both fast and fine.
On this the hero leant, and thus from lusty throat he cries:
Hear me, ye trusty Trojans, Dardan men, and brave allies;
This day I to my heart had said, my hand shall sure destroy
The Greeks, and victor back return to the wind-swept lofty Troy;
But night came darkling down, and saved the well-greaved Greeks from me,
Else doomed to die, where the surf beats high the beach that bounds the sea.
Then yield we to the dusky night; and now with busy pains
Our evening meal prepare; and the fleet steeds with flowing manes
Unyoke, and freely heap their cribs with the healthsome nurturing grains;
And from the town bring oxen fat, and sheep both stout and good,
Deftly; and from the wine-jar drain the honey-hearted flood;
And from the store bring bread, and gather logs of dry old wood.

That all night long the watch-fires strong upon the field may blaze,
And the sky be bright with the shining light of their many-flickering rays,
Lest with the aid of night's dark shade the Greeks assay to flee
To the far-off strand of their native land on the broad back of the sea.
But when they flee, let not their flight from war's annoy be free!
And, when they leap into the ship, from spear and barbèd arrow,
Let them bear tokens home, and there digest the bitter sorrow,
Long years; that henceforth none may dare who hear their shameful ruin,
To bring the tearful Mars against the Trojans horse-subduing.
And let the heralds dear to Jove proclaim through all the town
That all the primest youth, and all the old men with hoary crown,
Shall to the god-built towers repair and keep strict watch, and all
The delicate-footed women light within the well-built hall
A blazing fire, lest while the folk are absent, the Achæans
Come by surprise, and through our sleep we hear their conquering pæans.
And now, ye mighty-hearted Trojans, even as I advise
So be it; this day's need ye know; what farther must be done
To morrow I will clearly show, when shines to-morrow's sun

But this I pray to Jove supreme, that I may drive from Troy
These hounds, whom baleful fiends sent here, to kill and to destroy.
Meanwhile a sure and sleepless watch beneath the dusky night
We'll keep, and with the dawn gird on our armour burnished bright,
And by the hollow ships we'll rouse the keen-embittered fight.
Then shall I know if Tydeus' son from the ships beside the sea
Shall drive me back, or shrink from sight of my good spear, and flee;
Then I to Troy, with victor's joy, his blood-stained mail will bear.
To-morrow's light shall prove his might, if he indeed may dare
To face my hurtling spear; but he amid the first, I trow,
With ugly wounds shall fall; and friends that love him dearliest now
Shall leave the light with him. Oh, would that I so surely might
From death be free, and peevish eld, and share the honours bright
Of Pallas and Apollo, as I surely see that sorrow
Shall rise on all the Achæan host with the sun that mounts to-morrow!
Thus spake brave Hector; and the host with swelling shouts agreed.
Then each stout Trojan from the yoke unloosed his sweating steed.
And with thongs bound him to the cars that served the warrior's need.

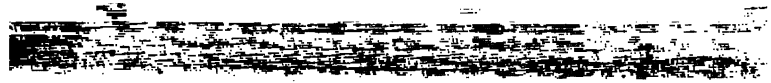
d from the town fat beeves they drave, and sheep both stout and good,
ftly, and from the wine-jar drained the honey-hearted flood,
d brought bread from the store, and heaped the logs of dry old wood.
en on the bridges of grim war, elate with mighty hope,
. night they sat; and many a fire blazed 'neath the dusky cope.
when the stars in the cloudless blue around the full moon bright
r-twinkling shine, while not a breath bestirs the breezeless night,
d the shepherd notes each well-known sign, and pleased beholds the sight.
'twixt the ships that plough the main, and Xanthus' swirling stream,
ɔm point to point far o'er the plain the frequent watch-fires gleam.
:housand fires shone bravely out, and by each blazing flame
fifty Trojan warriors stout, and men of Dardan name.
anwhile the steeds beside the cars, spelt and white barley grain
ɔod champing, till the fair-throned Morn streamed brightness o'er the plain.



BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Pressed by the Dardan force the Greeks retire,
And council hold beside the hollow ships;
Three envoys, sent to soothe Achilles' ire,
Come to his tent, and plead with powerful lips;
He with indignant scorn their hearts' desire
Denies, and clouds their hope with dark eclipse.
All droop; but doughty Diomede doth borrow
Strength from himself, to fight again to-morrow.



BOOK IX.

THUS held the Trojans their night-watch; but sense-confounding Flight,
Companion of blood-curdling Fear, possessed each Danaan wight;
Grief smote the troubled hearts of all the chiefs of high degree.
As when two winds have rudely roused the fish-abounding sea,
Boreas and Zephyr, when from Thrace in gusty fits they blow,
Down darkling with a sudden swoop; forthwith the billowy flow
Rolls on with roughened crest, and with thick sea-weed strews the sand;
So with dark doubt was tossed each heart in all the Grecian band.
Nor least in Agamemnon's breast the wintry sorrow rose;
Pricked with sharp grief, to the clear-throated heralds forth he goes,
And bids them, not with loud alarm of public-sounded call,
But privily summon to debate the chiefest captains all.
Himself amid the foremost toiled; and when each summoned chief
Was gathered to his call, and sat, his heart oppressed with grief,

Upstood the king, and poured salt tears, as some dark-watered fountain
Pours its sheer flood beneath the deep black chasm of the mountain.
So groaning inly from his heart, King Agamemnon speaks:
Friends well-beloved, brave captains, and wise counsellors of the Greeks,
Truly with gyves of heavy harm hath Jove now fettered me.
Harsh lord of heaven! with solemn nod, and promise spoken free,
Who filled my heart with hope to sack old Troy, and plough the sea,
Homeward with conquering keel! but now with expectation cheated,
And armies lost, he bids me sail, and all my plans defeated.
Such the dread pleasure of the god, whose anger hath brought down
To earth the crumbled battlements of many a high-towered town.
And more shall bring; for strong in heaven above all gods is he.
Come list me then, brave Argive men, and wisely follow me;
Flee we this day o'er the briny way, to Argos; for the joy
May ne'er be ours with baffled powers to take the broad-wayed Troy.
Thus he; but they in silence sat, nor breathed one murmuring word,
Long time; for with sharp stings of grief their mighty hearts were stirred.

At length outspake and silence brake the strong-voiced Diomede:
Atrides, I with thee must strive, for 'tis my right indeed,
In free debate my voice to give, nor thou displeasèd be.
A barbèd word of sharp reproach thou once didst cast on me,—
A pithless and unwarlike wight is Diomede! so fell
Thy taunting phrase among the Greeks, as old and young can tell.
O king, the son of cunning-thoughted Kronos gave to thee
But half the kingship; sceptre's might and regal state we see
In Agamemnon; but whereon thy throne should chiefly rest,
Courage and pith, here thou dost lag a league behind the best.
Unkingly thought for a kingly wight, to deem that we should mar,
By faint hearts and unwarlike flight this proud high-purposed war!
But if thy thought from danger flees, and thou art loath to dare,
Go! From the strand the path is plain; thy ships are waiting there.
But here we 'll stay, I and the Greeks with richly-flowing hair,
Till Ilium fall; or, if they too refuse like men to stand,
Even let them flee across the sea to their dear-loved fatherland!
We will remain—myself and Sthenelus—till our hands destroy
These haughty towers; for not without a god we came to Troy.
Thus he; and all the sons of the Greeks with loud acclaim agreed,
And with much marvel heard the rede of strong-voiced Diomede.

Then with wise words to speak the aged horseman Nestor rose;
Tydides, none with strength like thine can deal life-reaving blows.
And from thy mouth, above thy peers, the sagest counsel flows;
Wise were thy words; no Greek, I trow, will blame stout Diomede:
But now thou hast not spoken all that suits the moment's need.
Few are thy years, brave Tydeus' son, and thee I well might call
My youngest boy; but wholesome words from thee in council fall
Before the kings; thou marshallest brave thoughts in fair array.
But sith my years are more than thine, and sith my hairs are grey,
I'll give my thought free vent; nor thou, nor any Greek shall blame,
Nor Agamemnon king, the word that from old Nestor came.
Outcast from law, from kin and clan and sacred hearth be far
Who loves the civil broil, and rends the state with native war!
But now the dusky night swoops down; beneath the dim grey sky
Spread we our evening meal, the while the appointed sentries lie
Beside the ditch, without the dyke, and watch with sleepless eye.
These things I bid the young men do; but let the high command,
Atrides, come from thee, the kingliest king of all the band.
Spread thou a banquet for the chiefs; right well this suits the king;
Thy tents are full of costly wine, which thy brave sailors bring,

From Thrace to thee across the sea, when they plough the sounding brine;
Full many tribes thy sceptre sways, and ample stores are thine;
And when the chiefs are gathered round thy board, let each make bare
His thoughts; and what they counsel well, be thine to do and dare.
Truly a prudent word we need, when the fires of wakeful Troy
Flare through the night so near the ships; what Argive heart with joy
Such sight may see? Certes, this night shall save us, or destroy.
Thus he; they blithely heard his word, and promptly forth they came,
A harnessed host of watchmen good, young men of gallant fame:
The son of Nestor, shepherd of the people, Thrasymede;
Brave Aphareus, and Creon's son, the godlike Lycomede,
Deïpyrus, Ascalaphus, and Ialmenus, sons of Mars,
And Merion, who came from Crete to join the Trojan wars,
Seven leaders brave; and each brave leader counted in his band
A hundred youths; and each youth held a long spear in his hand;
Between the ditch and dyke sat down each valiant-hearted wight,
And kindled fires, and made his meal beneath the cold grey night.
Then Agamemnon to his tent the elders led, and there
He set before each chief the grateful life-sustaining fare.

They stretched their hands with joy, and freely ate the viands good;
And when their thirst was sated, and no more they craved of food,
Uprose the Pylian horseman old to speak before the rest,
Nestor, whose warning word before had seemed to all the best;
Even he with friendly mien uprose, and thus the chiefs addressed:
Thrice-glorious king of mighty sway, great Atreus' son, from thee
Begins my speech, whate'er I say, and still returns to thee;
For thou of many tribes art lord; the sceptre of command
Jove gave to thee, and his most righteous laws are in thy hand.
'Tis thine to speak, and thine to hear what others say; but when[100]
Each man his wisest thought makes clear, he from the king of men
Awaits decision; without thee vain are the wisest schemes.
But I will speak what to my soul the best advisal seems;
For well I deem no man will show a wiser word to-day
Than what old Nestor tells thee now, and what he then did say,
What time, O king, thy wrath took wing, and thy hand did invade
The fierce Achilles' tent to fetch that fair Brisean maid,
Not with my will; my inmost thought I frankly bared to thee
Then with plain words; but thou didst bid thy humour wander free.
And with disgrace didst brand the chief, the best in all the host,[110]
Whom the gods honour, and didst seize the prize he loved the most.
But even now fair hope remains to heal this hurt, if he
Good words of soothing peace shall hear, with costly gifts, from thee.

He spoke; and Agamemnon thus, the king of men, replied:
Old man, thy words are wise, and well my fault thy mouth doth chide;
Fool was my name, I own the blame, and for my folly smart.
Worth a whole army is the man whom Jove loves in his heart,
As him he loves, and for his sake hath laid our legionslow.
But sith such folly held my heart, and worked me mickle woe,
I for my fault will pay with deeds that show my sorrow true.
These costly gifts I send; behold, I tell their tale to you:
Seven tripods that ne'er knew the fire, ten golden talents fine,
And twenty caldrons large and round of burnished copper shine;
And twice six firm-fleshed steeds, that bore full many a prize away
With their swift feet; not poor the man who with true speech can say,
This store is mine; nor scant of envied wealth his state shall be
Who owns the gold that in the race these coursers gained for me.
Seven women too I 'll give, well skilled in works of broidery rare,
Seven Lesbian maids, above all tribes of fairest women fair,
Whom, when he took the Lesbian fort, I chose for mine own share.
These will I give, and her likewise from whom this rancour grew,
The fair Briseïs; and this solemn oath I swear to you:
Not I her couch have touched, nor knew with her sweet love's delight,
As man from maid by nature's due may claim, and human right.

These gifts I offer now; and, when the gods shall grant the joy
To sack the fort and raze the walls of the strong well-builded Troy,
And when the Greeks of Priam old divide the gathered store,
Then let him heap his ships with gold, and ruddy copper ore;
Twelve Trojan maids he eke shall choose, who next to Argive Helen
Are fairest found, and bear them home to his dear-loved Phthian dwelling.
And when to Argos we return, with loamy fatness swelling,
I 'll call him son, and shower my choicest love upon his head,
As on Orestes, my dear boy, in princely state ybred.
Three daughters in my strong well-timbered house were born to me,
Chrysothemis, Iphianassa, and Laodicè;
For these no dower he shall pay; but of the three, the fairest
Bear to old Peleus' hall; and I the richest and the rarest
Of gifts will give that ever sire bestowed on daughter dearest.
And seven fair-sited forts I 'll add; the strong Cardamylè,
Strong Enopè, and Hirè, where the lush green pastures be,
Pheræ divine, and thy deep-meadowed flowery stretch, Antheia,
And vine-empurpled Pedasus, and with fair front Æpeia.
On sandy Pylos' verge they lie, by the salt sea's billowy swell;
There many lords of lands, in flocks and herds abounding, dwell:
They to their king shall offerings bring, who rules with lawful sway,
And like a god shall own his nod, and with leal hearts obey.

This will I do, if I may see the hero's wrath abated.
Pray he may bend! Harsh is the lord of hell, the brazen-gated,
Unbending Hades; therefore he above all gods is hated
By mortal men; but Peleus' son should yield his will to me,
Lord of more people, and who count more summers flown than he.

To whom Gerenian Nestor then, that horseman old, replied:
Glorious Atrides, king of men, in Argos swaying wide,
Right seemly are such gifts from thee to tame Achilles' pride.
Come! let us choose the choicest men, and let them now be sent,
And bear thy gracious message to the fierce Pelidan's tent;
Myself will name them; in my choice thy will let them revere.
First of the band be Phœnix old, to the son of Kronos dear;
With him divine Ulysses, Ajax, and the heralds twain,
Eurybates and Odius, shall wend in goodly train;
And bring ye water for our hands; and from words of ugly omen
Abstain, and pray that pitiful Jove may quell the rampant foeman.

Thus he; and his well-pondered word their willing heart commands.
And the deft heralds brought straightway pure water for their hands;
And blooming boys did crown the bowls with wine; and then did reach
With busy-circling hand the bright and brimming cup to each.

They to the gods libations poured, and to their hearts' content
They drank; then forth well pleased they went from Agamemnon's tent,
And round them all with friendly word and wink old Nestor went;
But to Ulysses spake apart, that he with nice assay
Of soothing words to fierce Pelides' heart might win his way.
Then to the shore of the vast and voiceful sea the chiefs went forth,
And to the strong rock-smiting god, whose stream engirds the earth,
They prayed to teach them fierce Achilles' haughty heart to tame.
And soon to the tents and dark-hulled ships of the Myrmidons they came;
And found the chief where with the clear-toned lyre he did delight
His soul — a lyre with silver bridge, and made with mickle sleight,
Beautiful, which from spoils he chose of sacked Ëetion's town;
With this his soul he soothed, and sang old gests of high renown.
And fronting him Patroclus sat alone, his dear-loved friend,
Silent, and waiting till the chief the pleasing song might end.
Him thus they found. Ulysses led; before the chief they stand:
Amazed the godlike hero saw, and rose with lyre in hand.
From his high seat likewise Patroclus, when he saw the men,
Uprose; and thus the swift of foot welcomed their coming then:

All hail! dear friends are ye to me, what need hath brought you here?
Small cause have I to love the Greeks; but ye are very dear.
Thus the divine Pelides spake, and by the hand he led
The chiefs, and set them on a couch with purple bravely spread.
Then to Patroclus turning, thus with wingèd word spake he:
Bring forth a bowl, a broad deep bowl, thou dearest friend to me;
Mingle small water with the wine, and brim the cup; for they
Are dear men to my heart, who come beneath my roof to-day.
He said; Menœtius' son fulfilled his dear-loved friend's desire.
Then a flesh-board both broad and strong he placed before the fire,
And of a sheep and a fat goat he laid the chine thereon,
And of a hog the broad round back, that with rich fatness shone.
Automedon held the flesh; Achilles then with service due
Cut it full cleanly, and with spits he pierced it nicely through.
Menœtius' son, the godlike man, a blazing fire then kindled;
And when the fire was strong and clear, and the flickering flame had dwindled,
He stretched the flesh above the hearth, where the well-raked ashes shine,
And propped the spits on stands, and freely strewed the salt divine.
And when the roast was browned full well, and laid on dressers fine,

Patroclus on the table placed the bread all white and fresh,
In beautiful baskets; and Achilles carved the steaming flesh,
And dealt his share to each. He sat close to the adverse wall,
Fronting Laertes' godlike son; then with clear-throated call
He bade Patroclus give the gods their due; his friend's desire
The hero owned, and flung the sacred tribute on the fire:
Then forth they stretched their willing hands, to taste the savoury feast.
And when no more sharp hunger urged, and eager thirst had ceased,
Ajax to Phœnix nods; divine Ulysses knew his soul,
And poured the wine, and to Achilles pledged the brimming bowl:
Hail, son of Peleus! sure no lack we find of dainty cheer,
Or in King Agamemnon's tent, great Atreus' son, or here,
Beside the sounding sea; thy board with life-sustaining food
Groans liberal heaped; but we, alas, are strange to feasting mood.
Dark looms the time; this very day we fear to perish quite,
With all the ships, except thou rise, and clothe thee with thy might;
The haughty Trojans, and their brave allies that come from far,
Bestride our ramparts, and besiege our ships with battering war;
Their thick-sown fires gleam through the night, and with loud vaunt they say,
Our galleys they will seize, and cut our homeward course away.
His flashing levin's favouring sign the partial Thunderer shows
Portentous; through the stirring camp high-hearted Hector goes,

And with exuberant valiance brims, boasting Jove's aid, and braves
Both men and gods; with such mad strength possessed the hero raves,
And for the break of morn he burns, that he with mighty swoop
From the Achæan ships may cut the crests of the lofty poop,
And with the strong-jawed fire consume them, and when huge-wreathed smoke
Involves the Greeks, then mow them down with keen death-dealing stroke.
Such threats instruct my heart to fear the gods may guide the war,
To flaming Hector's wish, and our high-planted purpose mar,
And leave us here to rot, from rich horse-rearing Argos far.
But thou, brave comrade, if thou wilt, canst save us; rise and show
Thy hands of might, and fiercely smite the dinsome-driving foe.
Now there is hope; anon the ripened sorrow will outgrow
All reach of cure, and thou too late shalt weep. Let pity sway
Thy heart even now, and with thy might this evil-fortuned day
Back drive from Greece. Brave friend, the words thy father spake, when thou
Left Phthia for the tearful war, I pray thee ponder now.
Dear son, said he, Pallas and Herè o'er the martial field
Can make thee lord; but o'er thine own high-vaulting spirit wield
The sceptre thou; to gentle words ofttimes harsh humours yield.

From rancorous quarrels keep thee free, and evil-minded strife,
That Greeks both old and young may see, and praise thy honoured life.
Thus spake old Peleus; but his words are gone from thee. O cease
This hour from spirit-fretting bile, and nurse sweet thoughts of peace!
The king, if thou from wrath wilt cease, will thy rich stores increase
With fair additions. Lend thine ear, and bend thy will to me,
And hear what kingliest gifts the great Atrides proffered thee,
This very night within his tent, if thou to him incline:
Seven tripods that ne'er knew the fire, ten golden talents fine,
And twenty caldrons large and round of burnished copper shine;
And twice six firm-fleshed steeds, that bore full many a prize away
With their swift feet; not poor the man who with true speech can say,
This store is mine; nor scant of envied wealth his state shall be
Who owns the gold that in the race these coursers gained for me;
Seven women too he 'll give, well skilled in works of broidery rare.
Seven Lesbian maids, above all tribes of fairest women fair,
Whom, when he took the Lesbian fort, he chose for his own share.
These will he give, and her likewise from whom this rancour grew,
The fair Briseïs; and this solemn oath will swear to you:

Not he her couch has touched, nor known with her sweet love's
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As man from maid by nature's due may claim, and human right.
These gifts he offers now; and, when the gods shall grant the joy
To sack the fort and raze the walls of the strong well-builded
Troy,
And when the Greeks of Priam old divide the gathered store,
Then thou shalt heap thy ships with gold, and ruddy copper ore;
Twelve Trojan maids thou eke shalt choose, who next to Argive
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Are fairest found, and bear them home to thy dear-loved Phthian
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And when to Argos we return, with loamy fatness swelling,
He 'll call thee son, and shower his choicest love upon thy head,
As on Orestes, his dear boy, in princely state ybred.
Three daughters in his strong well-timbered palace boasteth he,
Chrysothemis, Iphianassa, and Laodicè;
For these no dower thou shalt pay; but of the three, the fairest
Bear to old Peleus' hall; and he the richest and the rarest
Of gifts will give that ever sire bestowed on daughter dearest.
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Pheræ divine, and thy deep-meadowed flowery stretch, Antheia,
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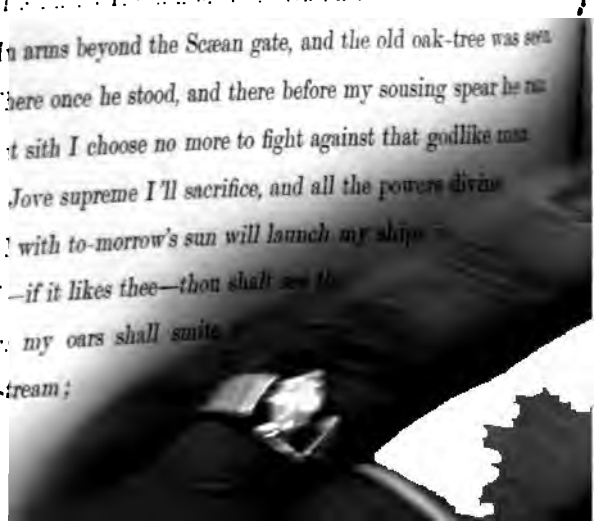
On sandy Pylos' verge they lie, by the salt sea's billowy swell;
There many lords of lands, in flocks and herds abounding, dwell:
They to their king shall offerings bring, who rules with lawful sway,
And like a god shall own his nod, and with leal hearts obey.
This will he do if he may smooth displeasure from thy brow.
But if thy heart is set to hate Atrides, and if thou
Wilt scorn his gifts, O spurn not all the Greeks who pray thee now,
Sore worn by wasting war; for they shall honour thy loved name,
Even as a god, and thou for them shalt earn undying fame.
The raging Hector thou shalt slay; for high the flood doth brim
Of madness in his veins, and none, he says, is peer to him,
Of all the Achæan host that crossed the salt sea's billowy tide.

To whom Achilles swift of foot with ready word replied:
Jove-born Laertes' son, thou wise and many-scheming chief,
Beseems that when I speak to thee my words be clear and brief,
Even as I think, and as the deed shall bear fruit in the end,
That ye to storm my ears no more your bootless breath may spend.
That man I in my soul detest, even as the gates of hell,
Whose tongue speaks fair, but in his breast dark lies and treachery dwell.
The truth ye ask I'll plainly speak, as seemeth best to me.
No word from Agamemnon's mouth, nor any Greeks that be,
From its resolve my heart will sway; a toil without a joy
For me it was both night and day to sweat through war's annoy.

The laggard loon had praise the same with him who led the van,
One honour to the coward came, and to the valiant man.
He dies who worketh well, and whoso works not dieth too.
I 've staked my life in the tearful strife through nine long years for you,
And what 's my fee? Even as a bird, that for its callow brood,
Far o'er the plain gleans grubs and grain, and scents its proper food,
So I for you, a thankless crew, have freely sluiced my blood,
Toiled through the dusty day, and watched beneath the dewy sky,
That you might parley with your wives, and on soft-spread couches lie!
Twelve cities of the Trojans I did with the ships destroy,
And with the foot-force stormed eleven, the pride of rich-glebed Troy;
From these full many a prize I took, and with most loyal duty,
Touched none myself, but freely gave the high-heaped golden booty,
To Agamemnon; he the while, behind the tents remaining,
Portioned the spoil, still to himself the larger half retaining.
The other chiefs and Jove-born kings enjoy their shares; their right
No man denies; from me alone he took my prize with might,
And holds her for his own, the maid I loved. Well, be it so!
Let him enjoy her! But tell me this, against the Dardan foe

Why wage we war? why courts Atrides here rude battle's shocks,
If not for Spartan Helen's sake with lovely flowing locks?
Of speechful men that walk the earth, are their wives dear alone
To the Atridæ? loves not each true-hearted man his own,
And cherishes his mate? as she to me was passing dear,
Above all maids, though I acquired her body with the spear.
But now, sith he hath seized my prize, and robbed me openly,
Let him not beat my ears with wind; I know him well; and he
May move me never! Thou, Ulysses, and the other chiefs,
May quench the hostile fire, and soothe that lordly monarch's griefs.
Without my aid the dyke he made, and dug the ditch around
Both broad and deep, and many a sharp stake drave into the ground;
But now both ditch and dyke are vain, from hero-slaughtering Hector
To fend his ships: not so when I remained the Greeks' protector.
Then not a Trojan neared the dyke, nor Hector then, I ween,
In arms beyond the Scæan gate, and the old oak-tree was seen.
There once he stood, and there before my sousing spear he ran.
But sith I choose no more to fight against that godlike man,
To Jove supreme I 'll sacrifice, and all the powers divine,
And with to-morrow's sun will launch my ships into the brine,
And—if it likes thee—thou shalt see the flashing billow gleam,
When my oars shall smite the waters bright of Hellè's fishful stream;

And if the god who shakes the land shall aid my watery toil,
On the third day from this I'll stand on Phthia's loamy soil.
Rich were the stores that there I left, when o'er the sounding sea
I hither sailed; and heaps of spear-won spoil I take with me,
Red copper, bars of gleaming iron, gold with yellow shine,
And well-zoned maids. That fairest maid that was most duly mine,
My just-apportioned lawful prize, Mycenæ's mightful lord
May keep. As I have told thee now, so tell him every word
Plainly, that all the Greeks may know his falseness, and beware
When from some other chief his hand shall itch to rob the share,
With blushless impudence clad. On me again he shall not dare,
Dog though he be, to look; nor I will parley hold again,
Nor counsel weave with him, nor work his work with bootless pain.
Once is enough to have known his wiles; a second time were vain
With glozing phrase to fool me. Now let him self-friended sit,
And chew his bane, whom counsellor Jove robbed of his scanty wit!
His gifts I hate, himself and his I value not a whit.
Ten times as much, and twenty times were vain; the high-piled store
Of rich Mycenæ, and if he ransack wide earth for more,
Search old Orchomenus for gold, and by the fertile stream
Where, in Egyptian Thebes, the heaps of precious ingots gleam,



In arms beyond the Scæan gate, and the old oak-tree was seen
There once he stood, and there before my sousing spear he ran
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The hundred-gated Thebes, where twice ten score in martial state
Of valiant men with steeds and cars march through each massy gate.
No! not though he shower on my head gifts thick as dust or sand,
Shall my obedient will be led within his haughty hand,
So long the shame remains wherewith he, insolent, dared to brand
My soul! And for his daughter fair, though she in beauty vied
With golden Venus, and in skill with Pallas flashing-eyed,
I would not wed her: for his lovely daughter let him try
Where he can find shaped to his mind some kinglier king than I.
For, if the gods shall safely bear me o'er the salt sea tide,
Peleus himself, my dear loved sire, shall find for me a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia dwell fair maids of beauty bright
Not few, whose sires defend their forts with arms of brawny might.
Of these I 'll wed who chiefly stirs my heart with rare delight.
There on my native glebe my heart hath oft-time yearned from strife
Remote and stormy war, to wed me to a seemly wife,
And from my sire's well-hoarded wealth to brook an easy life.
Certes, my life hath price to me, 'gainst which all Priam's store
Were weighed in vain, that high-heaped store which then was his before
The Achæan keels had ploughed the sea, or trenched the Trojan shore;

A price beyond the priceless worth of all the votive gold
Which Phœbus keeps within the girth of Pytho's rocky hold.
A man may plunder beeves and sheep, and yellow gold may buy,
The tripod and the good roan-steed, with proud neck arching high;
But no strong charm of plundering arm, nor gold in gleaming masses,
Can back recall man's soul, when once his fence of teeth it passes.
Two fates to choose are mine, for so my mother told me, she
The silver-footed nymph divine that skims the wavy sea:
Here if on Ilium's plain I choose to fight the battle gory,
My dear-loved fatherland I lose, but gain immortal glory;
But if I backward plough the brine to Phthia, whence I came,
A long and happy life is mine, but with a soundless name.
The other Greeks, if they are wise, their way will homeward wend
With me; scant hopes, I ween, are theirs to see the fateful end
Of the steep-castled Troy; for heaven's far-seeing king doth hold
His hand above the place, and all the people's hearts are bold.
Go now, and bear my message back to the Achæans; well
It doth beseem your years the bare unpainted truth to tell.
Another counsel, with their best of wisdom, let them weave,
How for the ships the long-desired salvation to achieve,
And for themselves; this present plan hath foiled their fond desire,
And still shall foil, while I retain my righteous-minded ire.

Only let Phœnix stay behind, and lodge this night with me,
That with to-morrow's dawning he may sail across the sea
To dear-loved Phthia, if he will; but let his choice be free.
Thus he; but they astonied sat, nor for long space might break
The silence, for with words of power the godlike hero spake.
At length spoke Phœnix, horseman old, and dropt the burning tear,
For he thought of the ships and the Trojan fires, and his heart was full of fear:
Noble Achilles, if thy will be so, and thou indeed
Wilt cross the seas, nor save the ships in their extremest need
From Trojan brands, for that thy wrath is stirred, O deem not thou
My dear-loved boy, that I in Troy from thee may linger now
Divorced; thee to my care old Peleus gave, what time he sent
Thee from thy Phthian home, to join this goodly armament,
Then a mere youth, in levelling war untried, and in debate
Unknown, where on the wise-dropt word obedient thousands wait.
For the which cause I came to school thee in both arts, to wield
The well-poised word, and with hard blows control the fateful field.
Part of my life art thou; dear child, with thee I will remain,
Even though a god should lend his oath to make me young again,

That I might cast this slough of years, and use a lusty frame,
As when from Hellas, in fair maids abounding, first I came,
Fleeing my sire Amyntor's wrath, with me who sharply strove
About a maid with lovely locks, whom he did hotly love,
And wronged his wife, my mother. She did clasp my knees and pray
That I would prove the maiden's love, and bar my father's way.
I worked her wish; my father knew the deed; and, sore provoked,
Upon my head the Furies' hateful vengeance he invoked,
And cursed me; never child of mine upon his knees, he cried,
Should sit; nor they who hear such prayers his bitter suit denied,
The Jove who reigns beneath the ground, and the grim queen by his side.
Fierce boiled my blood, and with sharp brass I sought to slay my sire;
But some kind god my choler soothed, and did my heart inspire
To ponder well the damning talk of men, and the blasted fame,
That I must bear, if I should wear a father-murderer's name.
Yet not within my father's halls I brooked to live, while he
Nursed all the greenness of his wrath, and glooming looked on me.
Clanship and kin together came, and hotly me besought
Beneath my father's roof to dwell, and crush the rebel thought.
Full many stout fat sheep, and trailing-footed hornèd kine
Were slaughtered, and full many hogs that with rich lard did shine

Were stretched before Hephæstus' flame, and freely was outpoured
From many a jar the rich old wine in the old man's cellar stored.
Nine days they feasted, and nine nights stout watch around me keeping,
They changed the guard from hour to hour, and tway fires burnt unsleeping,
One 'neath the shining corridor, in the court well-fenced and wide,
Another in the vestibule, my chamber-door beside.
But when the tenth night came, and from the pole thick darkness fell,
I through my chamber-door, with solid beams compacted well,
Broke, and beyond the fence outsprang, and with my light-heeled leaping,
Deceived both men and maids, who there a weetless watch were keeping;
Then through broad-fielded Hellas fled, and lightly brushed the ground,
And to the rich-glebed Phthia came, where fleecy sheep abound.
Here Peleus lived; he welcomed me with entertainment rare,
And loved me as a father loves the long-hoped late-born heir
Of all his lands. He gave me wealth and roods of fertile ground,
And bade me rule Dolopian men in Phthia's utmost bound.
And there wert thou my chiefest care, godlike Achilles; thee
I tended night and morn; and thou wouldst follow only me.
And when the fat feast in the hall was smoking, on my knee

I placed thee, and I cut for thee the dainty slices fine
(Else hadst thou spurned the meal), and poured for thee the glowing wine.
And ofttimes from thy wayward lips, and childish untaught throat,
The draught came dribbling o'er my breast, and drenched my goodly coat.
Not few my sorrows with thy youth, and keen my cares; to me
No son was born—so willed the gods—I trained a son in thee,
Godlike Achilles, in old age, my trusty help to be.
Curb now thy mighty-mounting wrath; a stubborn lack-ruth heart
Beseems thee not; the gods in heaven from their stern will depart,
Though more of excellent state and strength, and honour high be theirs;
Yet they with smoking incense, and the grateful breath of prayers,
And pure libations, and the savoury steam of sacrifice,
Are moved, when prideful men transgress; such Pity sways the skies.
Prayers are the daughters of great Jove; a limping tribe be they,
Wrinkled their faces, and their cowering eyes they turn away
With slant regard; in the dark track of Até's march they go.
She stout and sturdy-limbed doth march, and with her post of woe
Runs on amain, and scatters pain o'er all the groaning land.
The limping Prayers come up behind, and heal with helping hand.
And whoso fears those maids divine, of mighty Jove the daughters,
His cry they hear, and from his eyne they wipe the tearful waters;

But the stiff-hearted man, whose ear no soft entreaty knows,
He at the throne of Jove has them his powerful-pleading foes,
That Atè's wrath may sow his path with harm, where'er he goes.
Yield, then, Achilles, to the daughters of great Jove; for still
The stoutest men have honoured them, and bent the haughty will.
If Agamemnon king had nursed his anger unrelenting,
Nor proffered thee the costliest gifts, to prove his keen repenting,
Not I would bid thee quell thy wrath, though all the Danaan nation
Were gathered here to beat thine ear with stormy supplication.
But now, since many gifts he brings, and more holds forth to view,
And sends choice men and godlike kings of all the Argive crew
Most dear to thee; O do not thou, entreated thus, despise
Their words, nor make their travel vain; be gentle and be wise.
Thus gently wise, as story tells, have godlike heroes been
Of yore, when for some high offence they nursed their mighty spleen,
But with rich gifts were soothed, nor spurned the piteous-pleading prayer.
So once it fortuned to a chief of worth and valiance rare,
If ye will hear with willing ear the tale I now declare.
The brave Curetes and the Ætolian war-delighting clan
Fought for the town of Calydon, and slain was many a man;
These from the foeman's gripe to hold their pleasant-sited town,
Those with the fell fierce-hearted Mars to bring its ramparts down.

For wrathful Artemis golden-throned had sent a fatal woe
On all the Ætolian lands, for that King Œneus had been slow
At harvest's mellow feast to soothe her heart with sacrifice,
While to all other gods the rolling incense kissed the skies.
Whether with wilful sin he sinned, or what to her belonged
Weetless withheld, robbed of her share she went, and, being wronged,
Was wroth. Forthwith the dart-rejoicing maid with heavy hand
Sent forth a fierce and white-tusked boar to harry all the land,
Which laid the fields waste, and uptore the strong trees by the roots,
And squelched beneath their reckless hoofs the richly-blossoming fruits.
Him Meleager, son of Œneus, with a fatal wound
Smote; many a hunter brave he called from all the country round
With trooping hounds; for not few men could quell such monster dire,
And by his tusky strength not few were stretched on deadly pyre.
But the stern goddess stirred hot strife and mickle wild uproar,
About the head and shaggy hide of that wild wasteful boar,
Betwixt the brave Curetes, and the Ætolians mighty-souled.
They fought; and while stout Œneus' son the Ætolian fight controlled,

Ill fared the brave Curetes, nor beyond their ramparts then
Dared push their pikes, though they could count full many valiant men.
But when strong wrath and passion fell the hero's soul possessed
(As gusty humour oft will swell even in the wisest breast),
He, with his mother wroth, withdrew from the field of tearful strife,
And with fair Cleopatra dwelt, his own true wedded wife,
Marpessa's daughter, who from famed Evenus drew her birth;
Her sire was Idas, of all men who trod the nurturing earth
The strongest then, who with his bow a mighty god defied,
Phœbus Apollo, when he won his dainty-ankled bride;
She from her father and her gracious mother had received
The name Alcyonè, for that her sore-vexed mother grieved
Even with the halcyon's wail, and from her wailing would not stay,
When Phœbus from her dear-loved lord had snatched her far away:
With her, digesting his sharp bile, stout Meleager lay,
Bearing with fretful heart the curse of his passion-goaded mother,
Who prayed the gods to harm the youth, for that he slew her brother.
With violent hand she smote the earth, and cried with wretched wail
To Hades, and to Proserpine whom gloomy terrors veil,
And on her knees she fell, and with the hot tears' briny flow
Bedrenched her breast, and prayed her son a speedy death might know.

The Fury with the ruthless heart that walks in mirksome gloom
Her prayer from Erebus heard, and perfect made the dismal doom.
Then with hot tumult round the gates the battle raged and roared,
And rattled o'er the towers. Meanwhile the Ætolian lords implored
The moody chief, and sent the priests, the first in all the land,
With promise of rich gifts, to win the hero's helping hand.
Where wide is spread the fertile loam of pleasant Calydon,
There with free choice the chief might roam, and call the best his own,
Full fifty roods, twice ten and five, to trim the flushing vine,
Twice ten and five to sow with seed, and plough with horned kine.
And Œneus old, that horseman bold, came to his high-roofed hall,
And shook the strong well-timbered floor, when he with prostrate fall
Did knee the ground, and him implore his reeking wrath to smother.
With many tears his sister came, with tears and cries his mother;
But he the more denayed. Then to his threshold came the host
Of all his friends and brave compeers, whose love he prized the most.
But words and tears were poured in vain, till from the hostile powers
Rained the thick darts upon his roof, and on the battered towers

Up clomb the foe, and through the town spread the devouring flame.
Then him his dear-loved wife besought, the fair and well-zoned dame,
With many tears, and to his mind with sad recital calls
The woes of captured cities, when the foemen hold the walls,
The butchered men, the sanguine streets, the flames that mount and spread,
The innocent babes and low-zoned maids by lawless captors led.
His heart was pricked; he might not brook such horror-stirring tale.
He rose, and on his shoulders dight the sure and sun-bright mail.
Thus Meleager from the land the day of slavery drave,
Curbing his ire; but they to him—the false Ætolians—gave
No guerdon for his risk; and yet his arm was strong to save.
Noble Achilles, turn from wrath, nor let a god inspire
Thy heart with wilful thoughts. When once the fierce far-spreading fire
Feeds on the ships, thy help were late; then take the gifts, and be
The saviour god, whom all the grateful Greeks shall own in thee!
Not without gifts to join the fight the mighty host implores thee,
And all thy claim, and all thy right, the king of men restores thee.

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, thus made the prompt reply:
Phœnix, thou good old man, Jove-bred, guide of my youth, not I

Need honour from the Greeks; my honour comes from Jove, who reigns
Aloft; his hand shall help me here, while lively breath remains
In my warm breast, and while my limbs with sinewy strength shall bear me.
But this I say, and ponder well my words; I pray thee, spare me
Henceforth that pitiful-pleading face, those words of whimpering woe,
Fashioned to win Atrides' grace; it ill beseems thee so.
For, loving him, to hate thou turn'st the love I bear to thee;
Thou doest well when thou dost care for them that care for me.
Reign then with me, and of my honour let the half be thine.
Let these my word bear to the king, while thou dost here recline
On soft-spread couch, and with the flush of day we will decide
If here we stay, or plough our way back o'er the salt sea tide.
Thus he; and with a silent nod he bade Patroclus show
A couch for Phœnix matted well, while they might quickly go
Forth from his tent, and back return. Then rose that godlike man,
Ajax, the son of Telamon, and thus to speak began:
Jove-born Laertes' son, thou many-scheming chief, we spend
Our breath in vain; let us begone; of words I see no end,
As now we talk. The Greeks expect the message that we bring,
And though it wears no gracious face, we to the sceptred king

Must needs report it quickly. Proud Pelides here beside
The sounding sea, in his high heart doth nurse a savage pride
Intractable, and spurns his dearest friends, who love him more
Than all the leaders of the ships that fringe the billowy shore.
Man without mercy! When a son was slain, or a dear brother,
Blood-money oft the kinsman moved, his just revenge to smother;
The blood-stained man within his clan remains, when he hath paid
The atoning gold; the kinsman feels his vengeful ire allayed
By a just fine. But thou—the gods within thy breast did place
An evil and implacable wrath, because of a fair face,
One only. Seven more fair than she, and many gifts beside,
Here at thy feet we fling. O cast away that evil pride,
Honour the friends beneath thy roof, thy friends who now implore
Thy puissant aid, thy nearest dearest friends, who love thee more
Than all the host whose black ships line the sweep of the Dardan shore.

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, thus made the prompt reply:
Ajax, thou son of Telamon, thou speakest well; and I
Beneath my tented roof to thee thy suit may scarce deny.
But my heart boils against Atrides, when I think how he
In face of all the Argive host did cast reproach on me,
As some unvalued nameless loon that roams from land to land.
But go, and bear my message hence, and do the king's command.

I in my tent will here remain, nor join the ensanguined fray,
Till warlike Priam's son, the godlike Hector, push his way,
Even to the tents and to the ships of the Myrmidons, and fire
The Argive fleet with brands, and slay the Greeks with slaughter dire.
When to my tent with madded bent the hero comes pursuing,
He 'll stumble here upon my spear, and stop his work of ruin.
He spake; they took the tway-cupped bowl, and each poured a libation,
And, by Ulysses led, went back to the tented Argive station.
Then brave Patroclus gave the maids his weighty hest, to spread
A warm soft couch, where Phœnix old might rest his weary head.
The maidens hear the master's word, and, as the hero spake,
A bed with fleeces, and stout quilts, and linen fine they make.
There slept the old man, waiting for the peep of dawn divine.
But in his well-built tent godlike Pelides did recline;
And with him Phorbas' daughter slept, a Lesbian maiden fair,
'Clept Diomedè, with bright cheeks of blooming beauty rare.
On the adverse side Patroclus lay; and in his couch her share
The well-zoned Iphis claimed, whom to his dear-loved comrade brave,
When steepy Scyros owned his power, godlike Achilles gave.

Then to Atrides' tent returned Laertes' son divine;
Him welcomed all the Greeks with golden cups and glowing wine:
Eager they stood; and word on word with various haste they fling.
Then rose and spoke above the rest Mycenæ's mightful king:
What news, thou praiseful wight, great glory of the Greeks, what news?
Will he withstand the invading brand, or doth the chief refuse
Our suit, and hug his mighty spleen, and spur his vaulting pride?
To whom the godlike much-enduring Ithacan replied:
Glorious Atrides, king of men, he truly hath denied
Our prayer; his scornful bile doth flow; and his heart inly burns
With well-fanned wrath; thy proffered grace and all thy gifts he spurns.
Some other plan he bids thee seek from wise-devising lips,
How from the brand in Hector's hand to save the dark-hulled ships.
Himself will launch, even thus he threats, when day's first ray shall shine,
His well-benched vessels, equal-oared, into the billowy brine;
The others too, if they are wise, their backward way will wend
Across the main; scant hopes are ours to see the fated end
Of the steep-castled Troy; for Jove, far-seeing king, doth hold
His hand above the place; and all the people's hearts are bold.

Thus he; Ajax, who went with me, and the heralds tway clear-throated,
Both prudent men, report the same; for well his words we noted.
But Phœnix stays behind, and sleeps within his tent; for he
Would have it thus, with early dawn across the sounding sea
That both may sail, if Phœnix wills; yet shall his choice be free.
Thus spoke Ulysses; all that heard in tristful wonder stood
Long time; no voice was stirred to break their dark-distempered mood;
At length the strong-voiced Diomede with lusty word replied:
Glorious Atrides, king of men, thou monarch ruling wide,
Would thou hadst never tried to bend the stiff Pelides' pride,
Nor sued with precious gifts; a haughty heart he always bore;
Now on thy grace he tramps, and ramps with insolent will the more.
But let him go, or let him stay; we will no longer tease
His humour with our prayers; himself will fight, when it shall please
His own proud whim, and when his breast shall by a god be stirred.
But now, hear me, and, when I speak, obey my well-timed word:
Stretch we our limbs for sleep; but first the weary body needeth
To taste of food and wine; for thence our power and pith proceedeth.

And when the rosy-fingered Morn shall spread the lovely light,
Array thou, then, our fighting men, and all our horses' might,
Before the ships; and in the van thyself lead on the fight.
Thus he; and all the kings with one consenting voice agreed, [710]
And with much marvel heard the rede of strong-voiced Diomede;
And ate the food and poured the wine. Then to their tents went they,
And brooked the gift of sleep divine, till shone the gracious day.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

King Agamemnon through the sleepless night
Rouses the chiefs for urgent consultation.
Ulysses, and the stout Ætolian knight,
Fearless invade the tented Trojan nation.
Dolon the scout with ruthless brass they smite,
And scathless reach the Thracians' extreme station.
Their king they kill, and drive his sun-bright horses
Safe to the camp of the Achæan forces.



BOOK X.

Now all the other captains bold of that Greek multitude
Slept through the night beside the fleet, by soft-winged sleep subdued;
The shepherd of the host alone no soothing sleep possessed,
But dark thoughts tossed him as he lay, and brooded on his breast.
As when the thundering spouse of Herè with the flowing hair
Lightens, and with broad-sweeping rain and sharp hail frets the air,
Or strews with plumes of drifted snow the green fields stretching far,
Or flings hot storm from the jaws enorm of bitter-raging war:
So stormy thoughts fetched many a groan deep from the troubled breast
Of Agamemnon; trembling fears his kingly soul possessed.
And now across the plain he cast his wistful-wandering eye,
And saw Troy's countless watch-fires gleam beneath the dusky sky,
And heard the din of pipe and flute, and warrior's fitful cry;

And now to the Greeks he turned his glance, and the ships that line the shore,
And from his head the rooted hair the wretched monarch tore
To Jove supreme, and groaned, and in his heart strong anguish bore.
And, as he pondered in his heart, it seemed the wisest plan
Forthwith to Nestor old to go, and with that Pylian man
Hold counsel, how to ward the woe from the Panachæan clan;
Up from his couch he rose, and drew the goodly coat around
His breast, and to his shining feet the beautiful sandals bound;
Then o'er the coat the hide he flung of a lion huge and tawny,
Sweeping the ground; then grasped his spear with his hand so broad and brawny.
Nor less King Menelaus feared; nor on his eyelids sate
Soul-soothing sleep; his heart was pricked with sorrow for the fate
Of the brave men, who for his sake had left their dear-loved home,
And roused grim war on a foreign strand across the salt-sea foam.
He rose; and on his shoulders broad a panther's skin he spread
Fair-spotted, and a brazen casque high on his princely head
He placed; and with his firm strong hand he grasped the ponderous spear.
Then forth with hasty stride he goes to rouse his brother dear,
Lord of the host, whom like a god the people all revere.
Him at his ship's dark poop he found, donning his armour bright:
And to the king, I wis, he came a passing welcome sight.

Then Menelaus, strong of lungs, thus first addressed the king:
Dear brother, why this armèd haste? seek'st thou a man, to bring
News from the Trojan camp, a faithful scout? but much I fear
No man in such a strife will stake the life to mortals dear;
Amid the troops of hostile men through the ambrosial night
Alone to wander, this who dares were a stout-hearted wight.
To whom the mightful king of men this ready answer gave:
Truly great need have I and thou, my Jove-bred brother brave,
Of wise advice to help us now, and for the fleet to find
Quick rescue from swift harm; for mighty Jove hath turned his mind
From Greece, to Hector's sacrifice with partial grace inclined.
Strange things I've seen, strange stories heard; but nor by fame nor sight
Knew I a man so strong to do such deeds of tristful might
As Hector, dear to Jove, this day against the Greeks hath done,—
A mortal born, and whom no goddess calls her godlike son.
Yea, works of wail that Greece through all her lands shall weep for ages
Hath Hector done, and with unsated fury wildly rages.
But come, and haste thee to the ships beside the billowy brine;
Call Ajax and Idomeneus. I that aged man divine
Nestor will rouse, if he, belike, to the sacred chosen band
That keepeth watch will go, and give the word of wise command.

His son is captain there; with him the brave Meriones,
Squire of Idomeneus; I chiefly trust the watch to these.
To whom the strong-voiced Menelaus thus his answer made:
How dost thou mean? more clearly show the word that thou hast said.
Shall I with them remain, and wait for the assurèd token
Of thy return; or speed to thee, when I thy hest have spoken?
To whom with words of prompt reply King Agamemnon says:
Stay thou with them; lest, seeking me, thou lose thee in the maze
Of tangled paths; for through the camp lead many wandering ways.
Go, speak them kindly, man by man, through all the mustered roll,
And name their kin, and name their clan, and each man's deeds extol
With praiseful style; shun lofty looks; lower thy kingly soul
Down to the mass; ourselves must sweat, no labour we must scorn;
Such weight Jove on our shoulders laid in the hour when we were born.
Thus he; and to the watch forthwith his godlike brother sends.
Himself to Nestor, shepherd of the Pylian people, wends
His way direct. Him by the tent, and the ship that ploughs the brine,
On a soft couch he found; beside him his rich armour fine,
His shield and tway sharp-pointed spears, and helm of copper shine:

And near him lay his baldrick, made with mickle curious sleight,
Wherewith he girt him, when he fought in the man-destroying fight,
Nor cared to yield to irksome years, the hale and hardy knight.
He, leaning on his elbow, rose, and raised his hoary head,
And thus to Agamemnon king the wingèd words he sped:
What brings thee to the fleet, O king? what wandering watch art keeping
Alone through murky-mantled night, when other men are sleeping?
Open thy heart to Nestor: to thy friend thy sorrows break.
To whom with words of prompt reply King Agamemnon spake:
O glory of the Achæan bands, thou prudent old Nelides,
A wretched man before thee stands, the sorely-tried Atrides,
A man by Jove-sent burdens pressed, whose cup with sorrow brims,
So long as breath shall heave his breast, and life shall stir his limbs.
I through the mirksome night must toil, for that soul-soothing sleep
Sits not upon my lids, the while for wretched Greece I weep.
Yea, for the safety of the host I tremble, that my heart
No more is rooted in my breast, but with strange leap will start
From its firm hold, and from their use my lusty limbs depart.
But wouldst thou help me—for thine eyes, like mine, from sleep are free—
Come, go we to the sentries, and assure our hearts, and see

With our own eyes, if faithful at his post each watchman stands,
Nor dire fatigue o'ermasters him, nor sleep lets drop his hands.
The foe is near; and who can tell if through the dusky night
They may not come with onslaught fell, and stir the slumbering fight?
To whom Gerenian Nestor old thus made the prompt reply:
Glorious Atrides, king of men, the god who rules on high,
Wise-counselling Jove, will not make ripe all swelling thoughts that brim
In godlike Hector's heart; but he the more will heap on him
Sharp cares and woes, when to the war that noble thane returns,
Divine Achilles, whose fierce wrath now with hot fury burns.
Thee will I follow; but with me rouse thou each bravest one,
Ulysses, and stout Tydeus' son, than whom more skill hath none
To fling the spear; swift Ajax too, and Phyleus' warlike son.
Likewise 'twere well to send some wight with words of high command,
To Telamon's son, and that stout knight who leads the Cretan band:
For their black ships are stationed far on the extremest strand.
These call; and one to me most dear, thy brother, whom I name
With reverence meet: but, though thou blame old Nestor, I must blame
Him; for he sleeps, while thou with toil dost wear thy kingly frame.

Beseemed him more than thee, O king, to importune the chiefs
From tent to tent, for truly now we 've scaled the top of griefs.
To whom King Agamemnon thus with wingèd word replied :
Old man, ofttimes myself did blame him, and when thou didst chide,
Approved ; when to my need I found his forward aid denied.
Not that he loves to lag, or that his wit is dull to know,
But that he deemed myself, being king, should ever foremost go.
But now self-spurred he rose, and through the sleepless night he came
To rouse me, and I sent him to the men whom thou didst name.
But come, thou son of Neleus ! thou and I together fare
To the watch before the gates ; the princes wait our coming there.
To whom the Pylian horseman thus gave back the prompt reply :
'Tis well when Menelaus moves, and plies them gallantly
With manly words ; what he approves no Argive will deny.
Thus Nestor spoke, and straightway drew the well-wrought coat around
His breast, and to his shining feet the beautiful sandals bound,
And to his shoulders clasped the crimson mantle double-plied,
Warm with thick shag, and falling free with ample folds and wide ;
Then in his hand the massive brazen-pointed spear took he,
And hied him to the copper-coated Greeks, beside the sea.

And first to stout Ulysses, like great Jove in counsel wise,
The Pylian horseman sped, and from deep slumber bade him rise
With rousing call; he through his sleep the piercing summons heard,
Rose from his couch with nimble leap, and spoke the winged word:
Speak, friends! what brings ye to the ships, that all alone ye fare
Through the ambrosian night? the grief that stirs your heart declare.
To whom Gerenian Nestor old replied with answer brief:
Jove-born Laertes' son, thou subtle, many-scheming chief,
Be calm, for now we groan beneath an overtopping grief;
But up with me, and rouse the kings, that well our course be planned,
Homeward to flee across the sea, or fight on Trojan strand!
Thus he; eftsoons Laertes' son the buckler from his tent
Forth brought, and o'er his shoulders slung it well, and quickly went
With them to stout Tydides. Him without his tent they found,
With all his arms beside him; stretched around him on the ground
His comrades slept, their shields beneath their heads; their lances driven,
With butt-ends in the earth, beside them stood, and like the levin
From Father Jove gleamed their brass points; but with strong slumber bound,
On a bull's hide Tydides lay, dispread on grassy ground.

Beneath his head a bright-hued rug did his good pillow make.
Him the Gerenian horseman old did from his slumber shake
With slight kick from his foot; and thus with stirring summons spake:
Come, rouse thee, rouse thee, Tydeus' son! should slumber seal thine eyes,
When, camped on the near rising ground, the Trojans with surprise
O'erhang our perilled fleet? small space, I ween, between us lies.
Thus he; and from his sleep the strong-voiced Diomede up started;
And from his mouth with eager breath the winged word departed:
Old man, a terrible force is thine; thou toilest night and day.
Are there not younger men than thou full many? Why should they
Not post from tent to tent and rouse the kings; but Nestor now
Must go the rounds for all; a stiff all-daring blade art thou.
To whom Gerenian Nestor old thus made the prompt reply:
Thou speakest wisely, son; and what thou say'st may none deny.
Brave sons I boast, and valiant men, no scanty-counted number;
These through the sleepless night might watch, and rouse the kings from slumber;
But now strong need hath seized us; on a razor's edge doth lie
Our fate; a little point decides if we shall live or die.

But come, call the swift Ajax, rouse the valiant Phyleus' son,
For thou art younger, and thy feet can bear thee swiftlier on.
Thus he; and stout Tydides his broad shoulders flung around
A huge and tawny lion's hide, that reached down to the ground;
Then seized his spear, and forth he went and roused the warlike pair
Whom Nestor named, and through the camp with urgent feet did fare.
Now to the guard they came; but not in bonds of slumber bound
They found them, but well armed, and wakeful, sitting on the ground.
As dogs that round a fold keep watch, when through the midnight still
The savage beast sends forth his howl, that from the dark pine hill
Comes rushing, and the startled swains mingle loud shouts and cries
With din of yelling hounds, and sleep eschews their faithful eyes:
So from the eyelids of the guard the soothing sleep remained
Divorced; but through the mistful night both eye and ear they strained
To catch or sight across the plain, or any sound that stirred.
Them Nestor, when he saw was fain, and spoke with cheering word:

ll watched, dear children! let your eyes no breath of slumber know,
t ye bring trouble to your friends, and triumph to the foe!
Thus saying, o'er the ditch he leapt; and with him all the kings
at to the council had been called, the Pylian horseman brings.
ut Merion too, and aged Nestor's noble son, were there,
: them the kings invited all, their privy talk to share.
d, when they passed the well-dug ditch, an open space they found
ar from the heaps of slaughtered men, and on the grassy ground
ey sat them down; even there, where Priam's godlike son turned back
pause from blood, when night came down upon his deadly track.
ere seated, free from mouth to mouth the eager parley ran,
t first Gerenian Nestor rose, and thus to speak began:
ar friends and comrades, say, doth no man trust himself to go
th heart high-daring to the camp of our stout-minded foe
is night? if he perchance beyond the foe's extremest lines
ne straggler find, or rumour hear of how their thought inclines,
ıether beside the sounding sea they counsel to remain,
back to Troy return, content to leave such heaps of slain.
this a venturous scout might ken, and to our host again
ıthless return; and of his deeds the fame shall reach to heaven,
d from the grateful Greeks to him shall no scant meed be given.

The captains of the dark-hulled ships that plough the billowy brine,
A sheep shall give him each and all, with dark wool thick and fine,
A ewe with its sucking lamb—broad earth holds not a prize so rare—
And he shall feast with princes, and with kings the banquet share.
Thus he: they sat deep musing; not a word the heroes spoke,
Till up stood strong-voiced Diomede, and thus the silence broke:
Nestor, my heart doth spur me, and my mighty soul commands
Even now to go into the camp of the hostile Trojan bands
And spy their state. Myself alone will go; or, if another
With me will wend, I'll bide the risk more cheerly with a brother.
One makes but meagre counsel; safety surely lies with two;
A readier wit is theirs to plan, a defter hand to do.
Thus he; and all the heroes strove with Diomede to fare;
Strove the stout ministers of Mars, the valiant Ajax pair;
Strove Merion, and Nestor's son strove hotly for the deed;
Strove Menelaus, skilled to fling the spear with hurtling speed;
Strove stout Ulysses, ever keen for glorious venture. Then
Uprose amid the host, and spake the mightful king of men:
O Diomede, dear to my heart, thou knight of valiant cheer,
Choose thee a fellow in this risk, what captain shall appear
To thee the best; for all are fain; to all is danger dear.

And whom thou choosest freely choose; nor let false reverence
blind thee,
That thou shouldst choose a worser man, and leave the best behind
thee;
Nor birth nor blood regard; nor let a kinglier man be spared.
Thus he; but inly feared for Menelaus yellow-haired.
Forthwith the strong-voiced Diomede his ready thought declared:
O king! in this brave venture sith thou bid'st me choose a brother,
Laertes' godlike son I name; how should I choose another?
Ulysses, wise in heart and strong in hand, and with a will
Still resolute to bear, whom Pallas loves and helpeth still;
Fearless with him I'll force my plan through fire that brightly
blazes
Unscathed; a passing prudent man is he beyond all praises.
To whom divine Ulysses thus with wingèd word replied:
Tydides, let thy praise fly low; and, when thou chidest, chide
Mildly. Full well the Argives know what every wight is worth.
But come; the night is sinking fast; the morn will have her birth;
The stars have marched a goodly way; two-thirds and more of
night
Are gone; one scanted third remains, till darkness yield to light.
Thus spake the heroes. Then their dreadful arms they donned
with speed.
Tydides first received from warlike-minded Thrasymede

A two-edged sword—for in the ship his own he left—and on
His head a casque he placed, a plain low bull's-hide morion,
Which showed no lofty-waving crest, and shining knobs had none,
But well doth ward the heads of lusty youths from mortal blow.
Then Merion to Ulysses gave a quiver and a bow,
And a bright blade; and with a leathern helm his head he crowned,
A goodly helm, with many thongs of leather firmly bound
Within; without, a huge-tusked boar the grinning terror shows
Of its white-serried teeth; between the felt well-padded goes.
This helm from Eleon deft Autolycus took, a vaunted prey,
What time into Amyntor's house he pierced his plundering way.
From him in fair Cythera's isle Amphidamas possessed
The casque; by him to Molus given, to grace his honoured guest.
He to brave Merion gave the gift, his valiant-hearted son,
From whom the wise Ulysses wears this goodly morion.
And now in shining arms were dight the limbs of both; and they
Leave the Greek camp, and through the night alone they steer their way;
And as they went Athenè sent a heron on the right
Well-omened; though they might not see the bird in mirksome night,
They heard the dull flap of its vans, as it oared its heavy flight.

Ulysses in the bodeful bird rejoiced, and thus he prayed :
Daughter of ægis-bearing Jove, whence still my surest aid
In slippery toil descends ; O thou, who with all-piercing eye
Dost scan me through the dark, not now thy long-proved aid deny !
In peril's path beside us stand, and bring us back with joy
To the Greek ships ; and may this hand work woe to haughty Troy!
Thus he : and after him the strong-voiced son of Tydeus prayed :
Daughter of Jove, who reigns supreme, thou strong unvanquished maid,
Be with me thou my helper now, as to my father came
Thine aid, when he to Thebes was sent in the Achæans' name.
On dull Asopus' reedy banks the brazen-coated host
He left ; and the Cadmean men did courteously accost
With gentle phrase ; but terrible deeds he did, and works of harm,
On his return, when thou didst nerve that godlike hero's arm.
So nerve thou me, and guard me through the battle's deathful shocks,
And I to thee will sacrifice a stout broad-fronted ox,
Which never knew or servile yoke or goad from ploughman's hand ;
Such goodly ox before thy shrine with gilded horns shall stand.
They prayed ; and Pallas flashing-eyed received their supplication,
Even she, the daughter of great Jove, who rules the deathless nation.

Then like tway lions young and strong their nightly march they sped
Through blood, and daubs of gore, and arms, and heaps of slaughtered dead.

Meanwhile the noble Hector from sweet sleep and dreamy bed
Roused the stout Trojans; every bravest, every wisest man
He called, and thus to all declared his prudent-minded plan:
Hear me, brave comrades! Who is he, of all this mighty host,
Who would achieve a bold emprise? his toil shall not be lost.
A goodly car, with yoke of steeds high-necked, with flowing manes,
Shall be his wage—the fleetest steeds that scour the Trojan plains—
Whoso shall dare—and, daring, to himself great glory earn—
Near to the swift sea-faring ships to venture, and to learn
If still beside the billowy tide the Argive multitude
Holds watch, as erst, or if, by our down-bearing hands subdued,
They slacken now the hopeless guard, and, from vain vigils free,
Consult to launch the home-bound fleet across the sounding sea.

Thus he; but breathless silence bound the gathered Trojan crew,
Till Dolon rose, Eumedes' son, that herald good and true,
Who in rich store of gold and ruddy copper did abound.
No comely loon was he, I wot, but swift to skim the ground
With light-heeled foot; of goodly sisters five the pride and joy,
Sole brother—he to Hector spake amid the men of Troy:

Hector, my heart doth drive me to the well-oared ships to go,
Through the dark night, and bring thee news of the Achæan foe;
But lift thy princely sceptre, and this mighty oath declare,
That the proud car with brass engrailed, and the swift steeds that bear
The fierce Pelides through the fight shall fall to Dolon's share.
A faithful scout I 'll be to thee, nor cheat thy hope; my feet
Shall bear me fearless through the camp, even till I reach the fleet,
And Agamemnon's ship, where all the chiefs do hold debate,
If they shall flee across the sea, or front the coming fate.
Thus he; and godlike Hector high his sceptre reared, and sware,
By Herè's spouse, who with loud-pealing thunder shakes the air:
Bear witness, these wind-footed steeds no man that breathes in Troy
Shall ride but thou, for evermore thy glory and thy joy.
Thus he—with barren vow, but spurred the scout yet more to go.
Forthwith he o'er his shoulders flung the strong well-bended bow,
Then on his back the hairy hide of a grisly wolf he spread,
And of the weasel's skin a casque placed high upon his head,
Then took his spear, and parted for the Argive ships; but never
Back from the ships should he return, a live word to deliver.

And now he left the camp behind,—and o'er the plain he hied.
Him as he lightly skimmed the sod, Jove-born Ulysses spied
With keen, far-piercing eye, and thus his fellow did accost:
Hear me, brave Diomede! be sure, one cometh from the host,
Or by the wakeful Trojans sent, some news of us to gain,
Or as a midnight reaver bent to strip the helpless slain.
But let him pass a little space beyond us on the plain;
Then will we rush with sudden spring, and bear him to the ground,
Unweeting, or if he shall scour the plain with nimbler bound,
We'll hedge him in behind, and with our hurtling spears annoy,
Lest he escape us, and bring back his worthless life to Troy.
Thus he; and down among the dead the chiefs low-crouching lie,
While Dolon o'er the plain with silly speed doth pass them by.
But when he ran so far a space as well may be between
Oxen and mules (for mules do use a faster pace, I ween),
When both with stout well-timbered plough uptear the fallow land,
Upstarted they; he hears the sound, and with pricked ear doth stand,
And for a moment feeds his heart with the dear deceiving joy,
That they were friends whom Hector sent to call him back to Troy.
But when within a spear-cast's length, or less, they came, he knew
The hostile men; and spurred his pace, and o'er the plain he flew

Rapid, with limber knees; and they with keen close track pursue.
As when two harsh-fanged hounds, well-trained in every feint and sleight
Of venery, that chase or hare or pricket with strained might
O'er woody glades; it pants, and frets, and cries in piteous plight;
So stout Tydides and his godlike comrade hound their prey,
Close-straining o'er the narrowed field, and cut retreat away;
But when he came near to the guards, and in his eager flight
Approached the fleet, then Pallas fired thy heart with valorous might,
Tydides; lest some other of the brave Greeks copper-coated,
Might pierce this Trojan, to the spear of Diomede devoted.
Then rushed with lance in hand, and spake that hero lusty-throated:
Halt, or this spear shall pierce thee! yield, or thou shalt find with speed
The death, from which no power may shield, in hand of Diomede.
Thus he; and flung the ponderous lance, but him with purpose missed;
O'er his right shoulder the well-pointed weapon sharply hissed,
And stuck in the ground. He stood aghast, and cried with stammering cry
(For in his mouth the chattering teeth their rightful use deny),
By yellow fear possessed. The panting heroes now came near,
And seized him by the arms. He spake, and poured the bitter tear:

O save me, save me, Argive men! for I have goodly store
Of gold and copper, and of strong well-beaten iron ore;
From these my wealthy sire with joy a ransom rare will pay,
If ye beside the hollow ships my life shall spare to-day.

To whom the subtle-scheming chief thus gave the prompt reply:
Be of good cheer; thou art not doomed, if thou art wise, to die;
But tell me this, and truly tell: through the lone darkness why
Dost wander here, when other men are wrapt in slumbers light?
Say, art thou come to spoil the dead, a midnight-roaming wight?
Or sent by Hector as a spy into our camp to enter?
Or did thine own conceit beget this luckless lame adventure?

To whom thus Dolon, while his trembling limbs refuse to bear
His body up: 'Twas Hector, he who with a brilliant snare
Juggled my wit; Achilles' single-hoofèd steeds are thine,
He said, and thine his well-wrought car engrailed with copper fine,
If through the dark fast-flitting night with fearless steps thou go
Close to the Grecian tents to learn the counsels of the foe,
If still beside the dark-hulled ships the Argive multitude
Holds watch, as erst, or if, by our down-bearing hands subdued,
Their hopeless guard they slacken now, and, from vain vigils free,
Consult to launch the home-bound ships across the sounding sea.

To whom the many-scheming chief thus, smiling, made reply:
Truly a lofty heart is thine; thy spirit reacheth high,

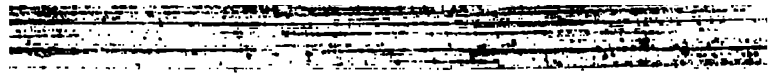
To own Pelides' steeds, the brood of gods, whom none alive
Of mortal men may mount, or yoked to rattling car may drive,
Save that war-breathing captain, whom no mortal mother bare.
But tell me this, nor speak amiss, but all the truth declare:
Where now doth Hector, shepherd of the Trojan people, stay;
Where be his arms and martial weeds; and his horses, where be they?
Where sleeps the watch? what counsels now the Trojan people sway?
Here by the ships will they remain? or will they backward go
To Troy, having vanquished (so they deem) the banded Argive foe?
To whom Eumedes' son, fleet-footed Dolon, made reply:
Even as thou wilt I 'll speak—the simple sooth, and not a lie:
Hector and all his counsellors brave forge now the warlike plan,
By the green mound that marks the grave of Ilus, godlike man,
Far from the dinsome camp. The watch—for this thou fain wouldst know—
Is general o'er the host; no separate sentries ward the foe.
Each Trojan man that owns a blazing hearth this night is bound
To guard the camp, and fence the tented host with safety round,
Sleepless; but slumber soothes the brave allies that from afar
Bring aid, and to the Trojans leave the vigils of the war;
Nor children dear nor wives are near their careless sleep to mar.
To whom the many-scheming chief with eager word replies:
Say, mingled with the Trojans sleep the troops of the allies;

Thus he; and high the arms he hove, and where the tamarisks grew,
He hung them; and a mark he made, full sure and plain to view,
Breaking the green twigs of the tree, and heaping reeds, to know
The spot again, when backward through the swift dark night they go.
Right forward then through arms and blood the heroes pushed their way,
Until they came to where the fresh-come Thracian warriors lay.
They with the dusty toil foreworn of the weary-footed day,
Slept, with their arms beside them, piled upon the grassy ground,
In three bright rows; and by each man a yoke of steeds they found.
In midst the troop King Rhesus slept, with his coursers swift and strong
Bound to his chariot's extreme rim by a smooth and shining thong.
Him first Ulysses saw, and thus to Diomede spake he:
Here, comrade, lies the man we seek, and here his horses be!
Even as the crafty knave declared, whom we from life set free.
But come, thy strength make known by deeds, no time is now to stand
With swords unfleshed; thou from the steeds untie the supple band,
Or leave that work to me, and teach the Thracians thou to bleed.
Thus he; and Pallas filled the soul of doughty Diomede

ith strength divine; so fiercely he dealt round the deadly blow;
·oan rose on groan, and all the ground with bubbling blood did
flow.
ı when a lion springs—when the good shepherd's help is far—
ı sheep and goats, and stoutly plies the ruthless-rending war;
· rushed the stout Tydides on the Thracians, till he slew
goodly twelve; meanwhile his many scheming comrade true
·side him stood, and, where he smote, the other backward drew
ıch dead man by the foot; for this he warily provided,
ıat through clear ground the steeds with flowing manes might
well be guided,
ıd not, uncustomed to the fray, shy at the frequent dead.
ıt when Tydides came where soft the king reclined his head,
om him the honey-sweet life he stole, and left him in his blood
ınvulsive gasping; for an evil dream beside him stood.
anwhile the prudent Ithacan chief the hoofèd steeds unbound,
ıd led them by the leathern reins full surely o'er the ground,
ıiting them with his curvèd bow; for this escaped his thought,
take the lash from out the car with curious beauty wrought:
en whistled low, to give a sign to godlike Diomede.
ıt he stood brooding in his soul on some more venturous deed,
hether to seize the shining car, where the sun-bright armour lay,
ıd drag it by the smooth straight pole, or with a mighty sway
)lift it, or more Thracians smite, and give his sword free play.

And shouts of joy, and brave right hands received them. Then uprose
Old Nestor first; and from his mouth discourse thus sweetly flows:
Tell me, thou glory of the Greeks, Laertes' son, whom most
For wit we praise—whence hast these steeds? Say, didst thou reach the host
Of Trojan men; or came some kindly god across your way
With these fair coursers? for their manes are bright as the bright ray
Of the all-radiant sun. Well known is all the camp to me.
I 'm an old soldier now; but not to skulk beside the sea
Was Nestor's use; such steeds not yet saw I in all the host;
Wherefore I deem some god your path with blessèd gift hath crossed;
For both are dear to Jove, whose nod controls the field of slaughter,
And to the maid with the flashing eyne, his strong spear-shaking daughter.
To whom the many-scheming chief with ready word replied:
O Nestor, thou of well-greaved Greeks the glory and the pride;
Truly the gods might give us steeds of rarer blood than these;
For strong are they to help our need, so their high grace shall please.
But these are earth born steeds, old man, but yesterday arrived
From Thrace; and him who was their lord stout Diomede deprived
Of dearest life, with other twelve, the best of all his crew;
Likewise a scout, that skulked not far from the black ships, we slew.

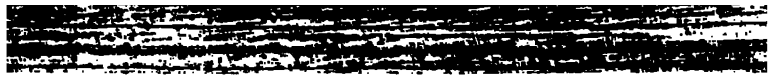
Vith sly intent him Hector sent even to the ships to go,
.nd spy the weakness of our camp, and work us mickle woe.
Thus spake Ulysses; and forthwith the one-hoofed steeds drave he
.cross the ditch exultant; and the Greeks with jubilant glee
'ollowed. Then to the firm-built tent of Diomede they fare,
.nd with the well-cut thongs they bind the Thracian horses there
'ast to the cribs, where the good steeds of doughty Diomede
.re kept, and on the wheaten store of fattening virtue feed.
hen Dolon's blood-smeared arms Laertes' godlike son displayed[570]
'n his ship's stern, a votive gift to the strong Jove-fathered maid.
hen to the sea each hero hies, and washes sans delay
rom neck and shins and brawny thighs the sweaty dust away.
.nd when their dear souls were refreshed by the sea-wave pure and briny,
ıto the hollow bath they went, so white and smooth and shiny;
.nd there they wash, and with sweet oil they rub their bodies o'er;
hen go to eat, and from the bowl's rich honey-hearted store
o Pallas of the flashing eyne a votive cup they pour.



BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

The king of men, in sun-bright armour dight,
Rides like a god, and sweeps the field with death:
But with a sore wound pierced in bloody fight
He leaves the field, and bates his conquering breath.
Hector pursues; and many a goodly knight
Of Greece, and leech Machaon, suffer scath;
Achilles sees from far the Trojans' daring,
And sends his friend to learn how Greece is faring.



BOOK XI.

Now from Tithonus' glorious couch, where she had slept the night,
Rose bright-throned Morn, on gods and men to pour the streaming light.
And Jove from heaven to earth sent down a fearful power divine,
Fell Strife; and in her hand she held of war the blazing sign.
High on Ulysses' mighty-bulging, dark-hulled ship she stood,
Even in the midmost ship of all that masted multitude,
Whence or to Telamonian Ajax' tent her voice might reach,
Or where Achilles' ships were ranked on the broad-sweeping beach,
At the extremest wing; for there in strength and hardihood
High-confident the heroes held their posts. The goddess stood
And shouted high, and with shrill cry she breathed the lust of war
Into each galliard Argive breast; and thoughts of peace were far.
Then Agamemnon, king of men, called all the Argive crew
To arms; and on his manly limbs the glittering armour drew.
And first upon his shapely shins he fitted featly round
His burnished greaves, with silver ankle-pieces nicely bound.

His hauberk then he buckled well close to his ample breast,
That hauberk good which Cinyras gave to his kingly guest.
For o'er the sea to Cyprus flew loud rumour from the west,
That Greece across the sounding sea a mighty fleet did bring;
Therefore that hauberk good gave he to please the Argive king;
Ten bars of dark-hued mineral blue that goodly hauberk showed,
With twenty stripes of tin, and twelve of glittering gold, it glowed;
And round his neck a gorget ran, in which three serpents twine
Their various-glistering folds; as bright as that rich-coloured sign,
Which rainy Jove hangs out from heaven, their scaly volumes shine.
Then o'er his shoulders broad his golden-studded sword he flung,
With silver sheath, that from a golden belt was aptly slung.
And in his hand the curious-wrought man-sheltering shield he swings,
Beautiful, forceful; round whose rim there ran ten copper rings;
And, in its ample round, of shining tin the bosses stood
Twice ten; the midmost boss of all was mineral blue dark-hued;
And grim-faced Gorgon's awful form looked out with stony glare
From the huge round; and pale Alarm and yellow Fear were there.
The strap was silver; round the which a snake of mineral blue
Twisted its slippery shining folds, and from it fiercely threw
Three bristling heads, that from one neck of tumid lustre grew.

Then to his head the horse-hair-crested casque he tightly bound,
The casque, with four knobs guarded well, whose crest nods fear around;
And in his hand two ponderous spears the mightful monarch sways,
Pointed with brass; and from their tips a stream of dazzling rays
Flashes; and Pallas, martial maid, and Herè, pealing far,
Pledged rich Mycenæ's lord their aid, as he buckled for the war.
Then every captain to his charioteer gave strict command
To range his horses by the ditch, and in firm order stand;
Themselves on foot well-harnessed rush to the dinsome-drifting fray,
And loud and high the shrill war-cry pierced heaven, at dawn of day.
Close by the trench in glittering files the foot their strength display;
The horse a space behind; but heaven's dark-clouded king did brew
Wild hurlyburly in the sky, and rained a bloody dew
Portentous; thus to men he showed his firm-set purpose fell
How many heads of Greeks that day were due to murky hell.
Even so upon the swelling slope the mustered Trojans mass
Their hostile force with Hector tall, and brave Polydamas,
Æneas, honoured as a god, and thy three sons, Antenor,
Stout Polybus, and Acamas the youthful, and Agenor,
Like to immortal gods; but first through all the flashing field
The manly form of Hector burst, with his broad well-rounded shield.

As when an ominous star, whose fires bring deadly blight and bale,
Looks with red eye, and quick retires behind the cloudy veil:
So Hector mid the Trojans swift from rank to rank doth fly,
Now dashing here, now flashing there, and swells the battle-cry;
And his armour gleams like a forky flash from Jove in a sultry sky.
As in a rich man's field where wheat or barley green doth grow,
Tway adverse lines of reaping men their sweatful prowess show,
And sheaf on sheaf behind them lies in many a tawny row:
So Trojan and Achæan shows the adverse-pointing spear
Line against line, and neither knows a thought of craven fear.
Man against man was counted; they like wolves with savage glee
Rushed; and fell Strife, who hath her joy in harm, rejoiced to see;
For she of all the gods alone had mingled in the war;
The rest on high Olympus' slopes, from earth's contention far,
Sat in their lucid halls; and much the cloud-encompassed sire
They blame, whose purpose gave to Troy what Trojan hearts desire.
But Jove their murmurs little recked; aloof in lofty state,
Rejoicing in immortal strength, the cloud-robed Thunderer sate,
And looked calm down on tower and town, and ships that fringe the main,
The harnessed knight, the flashing fight, the slayer and the slain.
And thus they fought till sacred day to noon's high brightness grew;
This way and that the missiles fly; death made the people few.

But at what hour the woodman stout who hews the tall old wood
In mountain glades, deals feebler strokes, and flags with languid mood,
And strong desire o'ermasters him for the strength-restoring food;
Then the brave Greeks with valorous force bore down the Trojan clan,
And broke their lines; and Agamemnon fought the foremost man.
A shepherd of the people first, Bienor's might he slew,
Him and his stout steed-lashing mate, Oïleus brave and true;
He from his shining chariot leapt, and met the king's advance,
Who in his forehead as he stept his pitiless-pointed lance
Infixed; nor might the helmet's solid rim its course detain,
But through the brass, and through the bone it drave, and with the brain
Smeared all the helm within; and he lay powerless on the plain.
Them Agamemnon in their gore left reeking on the clay,
And bared their white smooth breasts, and bore their glittering arms away.
To Isus then and Antiphus the conquering monarch came,
Two sons of Priam, lawful one, and one of bastard fame,
Both in one chariot. The reins the bastard bore; and thus
The work of Mars with thee remains, thou spear-famed Antiphus.
Them once as they were herding sheep by Ida's grassy fold,
Achilles seized and bound with withes, but spared their lives for gold.

But not Mycenæ's monarch spared them now; he with sharp spear
Right through the breast, above the pap, transfixed the charioteer,
And with his sword the brother smote clean down behind the ear,
And hurled him from the car. Their glittering mail the monarch bore
Victorious; well that princely pair his eye had marked before,
What time Achilles brought them bound to the ships that fringe the shore.
As when a lion, where a hind hath slept among the bushes,
And left its younglings, with a hunger-whetted fury rushes,
And lightly with his strong white teeth their tender life he crushes;
While she, the dam, beholding nigh, can bring her offspring dear
No needful help, for her own limbs are bound by trembling fear,
And with a sudden dread she starts, and flies with speed increased,
Through bush and wild wood all asweat, before that strong-jawed beast;
So none could save the Trojans then from shame and dire disgrace,
But they left their dead, and like drift they fled from Agamemnon's face.
Then to Hippolochus, stanch in fight, and to the brave Pisander
The monarch strode, Antimachus' sons, who erst from Alexander
Much gold and glorious gifts received, and for this cause denied
To Menelaus yellow-haired to yield his beauteous bride;

These twain the mighty-sceptred king, whose sway extendeth far,
Found guiding the fleet-footed steeds, both in one battle-car;
For from their hands the flowing reins were shaken loose, and they
Stood disarrayed and flurried. Like a lion on his prey
Atrides sprang; they from the car thus prayed on bended knee:
O spare our lives, Atrides! spare! our godlike sire to thee
Will send a ransom rich and rare, for he hath goodly store
Of well-beat iron, gleaming gold, and ruddy copper ore.
With these Antimachus will buy thy grace, if he shall hear
That we beside the ships behold the sun with lively cheer.
Thus with full-flowing eyne the piteous-pleading plaint they frame
To move the monarch—vainly. Thus the pitiless answer came:
And if ye be Antimachus' sons, no blameless name ye bear;
For he, when to the Trojan camp my brother dear did fare
On peaceful mission with Laertes' godlike son, then he
Advised to slay him, nor alive to the ships beside the sea
Return him. Now the sons shall pay the father's debt to me.
Thus he; and in Pisander's breast he digged a deadly wound
With his sharp spear; backward the Trojan reeled and smote the ground.
Down leapt the brother; but his eager-footed haste was vain;
Both head and arms with trenchant sword he lopped, and with disdain
Spurned, like a heavy stone, his headless body o'er the plain.

Them there he left; and where the tide of battle hugest heaves
Rushes; and where he points the way the Greeks with burnished greaves
Follow; foot soldiers urge the foot, and car gives chase to car;
With clattering speed the hoofed steed doth beat the ground, and far
The huge-wreathed dusty volumes roll of the hot and hurtling war.
And still the first in the battle's roar was Agamemnon's might,
As he swept the shoals of dead before, and spurred the fervid fight.
As when strong fire leaps on a wood, where never woodman's stroke
Gave dint; far bears the strong-winged blast the whirling flame and smoke,
And flat before the crackling roar falls elm, and pine, and oak;
So to the strong Atrides' might the fleeing Trojans yield
Their drooping heads, and many a high-necked courser scours the field
Reinless, and wild from rank to rank the unlorded chariot drives;
Ill-fated lords! upon the gory ground they cast their lives,
And there they lie, to kites more grateful now than to their wives.
Then Hector from the field of strife where men their mettle proved,
From blood and battle, dust and darts, the mighty Jove removed.
But from the face of the Argive men and Agamemnon bold
The Trojans flee to where the tomb of Ilus, monarch old,

Stood on the midmost plain, and thence hard by the fig-tree fly
Towards the city; them the king pursued with conquering cry,
Showing his forceful hands all red with blood of Trojan dye.
But when they reached the Scæan gate, and the old oak-tree, then
The boldest stood and faced them round to the rush of the Argive men,
The rest far scattered o'er the plain, like trooping oxen fled,
On whom a lion, in the lull of night, with sudden dread
Pounces, and puts to flight; but one that lags he overtakes,
And fastening on him with an eager spring, his neck he breaks
With crunching tooth and powerful jaw, and laps his welling blood,
And in his reeking entrails finds a rich and savoury food.
Even so the Argive monarch chased that Trojan multitude,
And still o'er-ran each lagging man, and still the rest pursued;
And many from their cars fell prone, and many fell supine,
Where with his raging spear was known that king of Atreus' line.
But when the Greeks pushed near and nearer to the city, then
Down from high heaven descending came the king of gods and men,
And on the lofty peak of many-fountained Ida made
His rest, and in his hand the flashing thunderbolt displayed;
Then he to golden-plumèd Iris gave this high behest:
Hence, wingèd Iris; to stout Hector of the glittering crest

Bear this from me. While Agamemnon in the Achæan van
Rages, and mows the foremost rows of the shaken Trojan clan,
So long let Hector stand apart, and for the moment's need
Let others deal the deadly blow, and dare the doughty deed.
But when sharp spear or arrowy barb shall pierce the king, and he
Shall from the fight be borne, then comes stout Hector's hour from me;
I to the ships o'er heaps of dead will on his path attend,
Till the sun shall sink in his watery bed, and sacred night descend.
Thus he: nor Iris disobeyed the Thunderer's high decree,
But swift as wind from Ida's peak to broad-wayed Troy came she,
And found the godlike Hector, son of Priam, wise in war,
Standing behind his prideful steeds on his well-compacted car;
And, coming near, with accents clear thus spake the sire's decree:
Thou son of Priam, like to Jove in counsel, hear from me
The word that Jove sends from above with high command to thee.
Whiles thou shalt see Mycenæ's king first in the Argive van,
Raging, and mowing down the sons of the shaken Trojan clan,
So long thou wisely stand apart; and for the moment's need
Let others wing the deadly dart, and dare the doughty deed.
But when sharp spear or arrowy barb shall pierce the king, and he
Shall from the fight be borne, then Jove doth pledge high help to thee;

He to the ships o'er heaps of dead shall on thy path attend,
Till the sun shall sink in his watery bed, and sacred night descend.
Thus the wind-footed Iris spake, and with an airy bound
Shot heavenward. Hector from his car leapt harnessed to the ground,
And brandishing his pointed spear, he through the host did fly,
From van to rear with lusty cheer, and swelled the battle-cry.
Fired by his word the Trojans wheeled, and with firm face they stood,
While man for man the Argive clan did mass their multitude;
Bristling with adverse spear and sword they stood; but still the might
Of rich Mycenæ's kingly lord blazed in the foremost fight.
But tell ye now, ye Muses, who on high Olympus dwell,
Who next before the waxing might of Agamemnon fell,
Of Trojans or of brave allies; for ye alone can tell.
Antenor's son, well-built and tall, the brave Iphidamas,
Who in the loamy sheep-sustaining Thrace well-nurtured was;
His mother's father Cisses nursed his tender years; and he
A daughter had with lovely cheeks, Theano, fair to see.
And when the goodly boy had grown to the bloom of lusty life,
He gave this daughter fair to him to be his wedded wife.
Straight from the bridal chamber he the field of glory seeks,
With twelve well-rounded ships, to fight for Troy against the Greeks.

His ships he in Percotè left; himself, spurning delay,
Marched with the footed power to join the man-ennobling fray;
Such champion now against the king his strength doth proudly rear.
And when they were advanced, and each did mark the other near,
First Agamemnon flung; but sideward glanced the copper spear.
But him in the zone beneath the coated mail, with aim more true,
Iphidamas pierced, and all his weight into the cast he threw;
Yet not through all the various-plaited belt the weapon sped,
But on the plate of silver struck its blunted point, like lead.
Then the king seized the spear, and, like a lion fiery-eyed,
On rushed, and wrenched the weapon from his hand, and opened wide
A sluice in his throat, and from his knees the bond of strength untied.
Thus on the ground he fell, and slept the brazen slumber, far
From his new-wedded wife, vain helper in a thankless war,
The war which all his wedded joy and marriage gifts did mar.
For many gifts gave he, I ween, to win his lovely bride;
A hundred horned kine he gave, and his plighted word supplied
A thousand head of sheep and goats that cropt his pastures wide.
But when the praiseful Coön saw him stretched on gory bed,
Coön, Antenor's eldest son, he for his brother dead
Knew deadly grief; and dimmed his eye the bitter-streaming tear.
Sideward he plants his bulk, and at the unweeting king his spear

He hurled, and pierced him in mid arm, that the keen-pointed brass
Beneath his elbow cleanly ran, and through the flesh did pass.
Forthwith a thrilling pang shot through great Agamemnon's might.
But not sharp pain might him detain from urging the hot fight;
With strong breeze-hardened spear he rushed on Coön, fated wight,
Whose hand had seized Amphidamas by the foot, and backward drew
His breathless body, straining hard, and called to all his crew.
But him, as struggling through the host he dragged his brother dead,
The king pierced with his lance; and from his limbs the firmness fled.
Then on one brother's trunk he stood, and shore the other's head.
Thus both thy sons, Antenor, fell by Agamemnon king,
And down to Pluto's mirksome hall their joyless way they wing.
But foremost still the monarch fights, from rank to rank he goeth,
With lance and sword, and huge sharp stone his mighty strength he showeth,
Nor recked his wound, so long hot blood from his hurt elbow floweth.
But when the wound was dry, nor more the crimson current ran,
O then full sharply to the king the cutting pain began.
As when a woman in travail by the piercing throes is rent,
Keen as a lance, from the pang-bearing Eileithyæ sent,

And many a Greek had spurred his flight to the ships with panting speed,
Had not the wise Ulysses thus bespoke stout Diomede:
O son of Tydeus, whither now? shall Mars and manhood flee
From thee and me? stand firm; great shame to Greece and Greeks shall be,
If the crest-flickering Hector seize the ships that plough the sea!
To whom with ready word replied the stalwart Diomede:
Come weal, come woe, I 'll face the foe with thee! but valiant deed
Vails not to-day; for cloud-compelling Jove, who rules the fight,
Takes strength from us, and lends to broad-wayed Troy his partial might.
He spoke; and hurled Thymbræus from his shining car, and drave,
Through his left breast his weighty lance; and then Ulysses gave
Like guerdon to his squire, divine Molion; on the clay
They left them both no more to swell the man-ennobling fray.
Then on the victors dash, as when two wild boars from the wood
Break through the fence of circling hounds that tempt their bristling mood;
Thus through the battle's hurly-burly they with wild uproar,
Drive on. The Greeks breathe free, and fear stout Hector's might no more.

Then from one car two chiefest men with all-prevailing spear
To ground they cast; their father was a wise far-sighted seer,
Percosian Merops, who with timely warning did assay
Safe from the hero-slaughtering strife to keep his sons; but they
Spurned him—the Fates of darksome death had marked them for a prey:
Them on the ground cast Diomede, that spear-renownèd knight,
And carved free passage for their souls, and reaved their armour bright.
Hippodamus and Hypeirochus then the brave Ulysses slew.
Now Kronos' son from Ida looked, and with far-sweeping view,
To either side with equal force the rope of contest drew.
Tydides pierced Agastrophus with copper-pointed spear
In the hip-joint, brave Priam's son; for not to him were near
His horses then, that should have saved his life with timely flight;
These to his squire he witless gave; himself, a footed wight,
Raged through the van, and spent his soul in the man-destroying fight.
This with keen eye stout Hector spied, and like a tempest sped
Shrill-shouting o'er the field; The Trojans followed where he led.
Him knew the strong-voiced Tydeus' son, and thrilled with chilling fear,
And thus bespake his comrade true, Ulysses, standing near:

Here comes this man, this walking woe, and like a sea he rolls,
But while we may we 'll front the foe, and scathless keep our souls!
Thus he; and with his hand the strong far-shadowed spear he threw,
And aimed at Hector's head; direct the well-poised missile flew,
Nor missed the mark; but from the brass the brass recoiled, nor drew
Blood from the skin. Him saved the goodly helm with visor hollow,
A triple-plated helm, the gift of silver-bowed Apollo.
Stunned, he withdrew a space, where stout Tydides might not follow,
And on his knee he sank, and leant his strong arm's failing might
Upon the ground; and darkness veiled the swooning hero's sight.
But while the stalwart Diomede his eager way pursued
In his spear's track, where quivering in the foremost field it stood,
Then from his swound rose Priam's son, and, with reviving breath,
Sprang on his car, and drove apart, and fled from dismal death.
Then with his spear rushed Diomede, and spake with lusty cry:
Evil was near thee, dog! nathless thou hast escaped to die.
Not to thyself, but to a god, this tide, thy life thou owest,
Even Phœbus, who thy vows doth hear, when thou to battle goest.
Some other day in the crimson fray I 'll make thee bite the sod,
When firm by me as now by thee shall stand the friendly god!

Till then I 'll roam the battle, and search out some surer prey.
He said, and bore from Pæon's son the glittering arms away.
But Alexander, spouse of Argive Helen lovely-haired,
Against the life of Tydeus' son a feathered shaft prepared,
And on a pillar leant that on the strong-piled sepulchre stood,
Of Ilus, ancient chief revered of Dardan's royal blood.
And while Tydides bore thy mail, Agastrophus, from the field,
Thy coat of various-glittering mail, thy broad and rounded shield,
And weighty casque, then Alexander marked him well, and drew
His well-bent bow; nor vainly from his arm the arrow flew,
But pierced the instep as he stood of his right foot, clean through
Even to the ground. Then Alexander laughed with lusty glee,
And from his station sprang, and thus with boastful word spake he:
Thou hast it now; nor vainly flew my shaft! would I had driven
The brass into thy bowels, and to thy soul destruction given!
That had been joy to the men of Troy, who now must shrink from thee
As the scared goats upon the hill the strong-jawed lion flee.
Then outspake strong-voiced Diomede—no thought of fear had he:
Brave archer! brilliant bowman! big in taunts! and strong in glances
Shot after dainty girls! but here, amid the fight of lances,

Front against front, and man to man, thou 'lt win thee scanty joy
With these light shafts! Such scratch from thee brings me no more annoy
Than if a pin had scratched my skin from wench or witless boy.
Small is the smart of nerveless dart flung by a worthless wight.
But from my arm a heavy harm, even if the wound were slight,
Would seize thee, and enwrap thy soul with shades of deathful night.
Woe to the man whom I shall pierce! his wife with passioned nails
Ploughs up her cheeks; his orphans rend the air with piteous wails;
His blood doth slake the thirsty ground; his flesh shall rot; and where
He lies shall vultures more abound than weeping women fair.
He spake; but now Laertes' son to shield his friend was there.
And stood before, while Diomede forth drew the bitter dart
Out of his foot; and through his flesh keen shot the sudden smart.
Then on his car the hero sprang, and bade his driver go
Right to the black ships hollow-hulled; the pain did fret him so.
Now in the fight the spear-renowned Ulysses stood alone,
For fear had seized the host; his brave companions all were flown:

Sore-vexed the hero saw, and thus to his brave heart spoke he:
O woe is me! great harm will be if I shall turn and flee
Before the Trojans! Greater harm if captive I be taken
Alone; while with god-sent alarm each Argive heart is shaken.
But why should I, a soldier, tease my heart with vain debate?
I know that fearful cowards flee, and, fleeing, find their fate.
A valiant man doth fear the least when most by foes surrounded,
And holds his post against a host, to wound or to be wounded.
Thus to himself he spake. Meanwhile, with keen attack unsparing,
Their narrowing lines close and more close the Trojan men shield-bearing
Display; he in the midst alone stood firm with perilous daring.
Even as a wild boar, mountain-bred, that from the shaggy wood
Came forth, confronts the clamorous charge of hounds and hunters good,
Whets the white tusks in his savage jaws, and frets with wrathful mood;
They on the beast bear down; he grinds his teeth; and wisely they
Recoil a space, but denser draw the lines of grim array:
So charged on stout Laertes' son the Trojan men; but he
To blameless Deiopites first gave dismal destiny;
Above the shoulder his sharp lance he fixed, and shore it through;
Then Eunomus and Thoön brave the enchafèd hero slew.

Chersidamas next, as from his steeds he with a nimble bound
Was leaping, in the groin he pierced beneath his shield's huge round:
He fell; and with convulsive clutch he grasped the gory ground.
Them there he left; and with his spear eftsoons he smote another,
Charops, the son of Hippasus, the well-born Socus' brother.
The godlike Socus then came near to wreak his kinsman's death,
And thus in wise Ulysses' ear he poured the ireful breath:
O wise Ulysses, much-bepraised, in wiles and toils unsated,
This day two sons of Hippasus by thee to death are fated,
A bloody harvest thou shalt reap when we in death are mated,
Or even now this spear shall heap thy hulk upon the ground.
He spoke: and pierced the hero through his buckler's ample round;
Right through the shining buckler passed the lance with brazen head,
Right through his hauberk, made with mickle curious sleight, it sped;
Clean from the ribs it peeled the flesh; but to life's seat to pass
Pallas Athenè's mighty grace forbade the harmful brass.
No mortal wound the hero knew, and thus made fierce reply:
Thou craven Trojan, sheer perdition yearns to find thee! I
Must quit the field to bind my wound; but thou shalt surely die;

This very day my spear shall drink thy base life's crimson well,
And Pluto on his fleet black steeds shall bear thy soul to hell.
He spoke; and Socus, with swift pace fleeing retraced his track;
But, as he turned, Ulysses' spear transfixed him in the back,
Between the shoulders; to the breast the brass its path did make.
With hollow fall he fell; and thus divine Ulysses spake:
O Socus, son of Hippasus, brave horse-subduing man,
The end of death hath found thee; thou hast joined the shadowy clan!
Hapless! for neither sire nor gracious mother now shall close
Thine eyes; but thou shalt yield thy flesh to vultures and to crows
To rend thee; they above thy corpse shall flap their baleful wings,
While to my tomb each pious Greek the kindly offering brings.
He spoke; and drew from his own flesh, and from his buckler round
The spear by him infixed, who now lay breathless on the ground;
And as he pulled the red blood welled, and pained the hero sore.
But when the Trojan men beheld the purple-streaming gore,
From man to man they called, and urged the keen pursuit yet more.
Ulysses back retreats, and loudly calls to all his clan;
Three times he called, as far as voice from throat of mortal man
May reach; and thrice the Spartan king caught his air-piercing cry;
And thus with eager haste he spoke to Ajax standing nigh:

O Telamonian, Jove-descended prince, dost thou not hear
The cry of that stout-hearted wight, Laertes' son? I fear—
So sounds the voice—he stands alone by Trojan men surrounded,
From all his friends cut off—alone, in stress of battle wounded.
But come, join we the fight, and help, if help we may, our brother.
Oh, if grim death the light of his dear life shall darkly smother,
The Greeks will moan a wise man gone, but ne'er shall find another!
He spoke; and with the godlike Ajax went. Forthwith they found
Divine Ulysses, dear to Jove, and, pressing him around,
The Trojans, even as tawny jackals in the track are seen
Of antlered stag, whom in the hills with barbèd arrow keen
A hunter pierced; the fleet-limbed beast scuds o'er the heath with ease,
While blood and breath suffice to trim for flight his supple knees;
But when his strength doth fail beneath the arrow's galling power,
The jackals—gory banqueters—his quivering flesh devour
In leafy shades: then to the spot some god a lion leadeth,
And lo! the jackals flee; alone the huge-maned robber feedeth.
So round the many-scheming wight the Trojan men advance,
Stout-hearted warriors not few; but he with busy lance
Still vexed the foremost foe, and still deceived Death's dark mischance.

But Ajax came, and like a tower planted his full-orbed shield.
Him seen, the Trojans fled like drift across the dinsome field.
Then warlike Menelaus by the hand Ulysses leads,
While his attendant faithful knave drives back the willing steeds.
But Ajax on the Trojans rushed, and brave Doryclus slew,
Priam's bastard son; nor less, I ween, the stout Lysander too;
Pylastes, Pyrasus, and Pandocus his coming rue.
As when a mountain-torrent, fed by Jove's unwearied rain,
Foams down the rocky glen, and rolls far o'er the flooded plain;
And many a scraggy oak, with stock and stub and bristling pine,
The gathered ruin of the vale, sweeps to the yeasty brine:
So through the fight with furious might did noble Ajax storm,
And horse and man before him drave; nor Hector knew the harm.
For far on the left wing fought he, beside the sacred swell
Of strong Scamander's current, where the heads uncounted fell
Of valiant men, and harshly rang the battle's brazen jar
Round Nestor and Idomeneus, that Cretan strong in war.
There Hector his high hand did rear, and havoc wild he made;
With horse and spear he scattered fear, that boldest hearts were frayed.
But not a foot the Greeks had flinched, for all stout Hector dared,
Had not the archer prince, the spouse of Helen lovely-haired,
To wise Machaon, shepherd of the folk, brought sharpest sorrow,
In his right shoulder fixing fast the fangs of his barbèd arrow.

Then fear seized each Greek heart to think what harm the host might reach,
If, from his friends divorced, the foe should captive hold the leech.
Then thus the brave Idomeneus to godlike Nestor speaks:
O son of Neleus, wise in war, great glory of the Greeks!
Come quickly, quickly mount the car, and take the leech with thee,
And bravely lash the one-hoofed steeds to the ships beside the sea;
A cunning leech in stress of fight a hundred men outweighs.
Thus he. Nor the Gerenian horseman, Nestor, disobeys.
Straight on his car he mounts, and wise Machaon goes with him,
Son of Asclepius, famed for skill to bind the bleeding limb;
Then deftly lashed the one-hoofed steeds. With willing feet they flew
Right to the hollow ships; for well the trodden way they knew.
Then first Cebriones saw the Trojans by stout Ajax pressed,
And, coming nigh to Hector, thus that godlike prince addressed:
Hector, we on the outmost skirt of dismal-sounding war
Confound the Greeks; but from our aid the other Trojans far
In heaped confusion o'er the field are drifted by the fell
Offspring of Telamon; I know that burly warrior well
By his broad buckler's bossy round. Come, thither let us go
With all our force, both man and horse, where most prevails the foe.
Where in hot fight each Argive wight upstirs his martial mettle
Against the Trojans, while far swells the brazen bray of battle.

Thus he; and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds with beautiful manes
He lashed; they felt their master urge, and owned the shaken reins.
Rattled the car wide o'er the field; with clattering hoof they sped,
Trampling on corpses and on shields. The axle-tree was red
With spattered blood; and all the chariot's rounded rim with gore
From the high-splashing hoofs of the swift steeds was gouted o'er,
And from the whirling wheels. With eager haste stout Hector flew
Into the motley-mingled fray; and to the Argive crew
Brought dire alarm; small rest from cast of spear the hero knew.
From rank to rank he drives; and Greek on Greek is overthrown[540]
Beneath his hand by spear and brand, and huge sharp-pointed stone;
Only from thee he kept aloof, stout son of Telamon.

But now high-seated Jove with fear smote fearless Ajax' mind:
Aghast he stood; and threw his huge seven-hided shield behind.
Trembling he sought the host; and glared like a wild beast around,
But showed small space from knee to knee, as back he paced the ground.
As when the troops of hooting boors and yelping hounds surprise
A lion red, which near the stalls of well-fed oxen lies;
They through the mirksome night keep watch, lest on the flesh he feed[550]
Of the well-fatted herd; he stands without; cold whets his greed;

Full many a plunge he makes in vain; the eager-crowding bands
Hurl shaft on shaft his flesh to pain, and from their brawny hands,
Fling flaming fagots, that he fears what with bold look he faces;
And in the morn the baffled beast his sulky march retraces:
Thus Ajax went with gallèd heart, and with unwilling feet,
Back; for he feared the foe with fire might scath the masted fleet.
As when an ass, a stiff-willed brute, into a field hath gone
In face of boys, who pelt his hide with sturdy stick and stone;
Now on the fresh green corn he feeds; the boys with might and main
Renew their buffets; but their blustering childish pith is vain;
He scorns their blows, and backs at ease, well packed with kindly food:
Even so the high-souled Trojans and the allied multitude
Press the tall Ajax, as he slowly yields the conquered field,
And with strong push of pikes bear down his huge seven-hided shield.
And now he turned and faced the noble Trojans steed-subduing,
And dashed them back upon their track, and now from them pursuing
He fled, and barred their onward path, and with stout heart undaunted,
Between the fleet and eager Troy his steady bulk he planted.

l many a spear the hero bore upon the ample round
his good buckler; and, before his goodly flesh they found,
ıce after lance athirst for gore stood quivering in the ground.
ıom when Euæmon's noble son, Eurypylus, beheld,
ıeath thick-showering shafts, to slow unwilling flight compelled,
ll nigh he stood, and hurled his ponderous spear against the foe,
d laid the son of Phausias, princely Apisaon, low,
rced 'neath the liver, from his limbs the lively breath set free,
d from his body bore away the sun-bright panoply.
t when the godlike Paris saw this doughty hero slain,
d his good armour borne away, he drew with mighty strain
s curvèd bow, and smote Eurypylus with a barbèd arrow
the right thigh; the shaft hung from his flesh with dragging sorrow.
en back to the host, avoiding death, the godlike chief withdrew,
d shouted high with shrilling cry to all the Danaan crew:
ıders and rulers of the Greeks, dear friends, wheel round and ward
ath's pitiless hour from Ajax, whom the Trojan men pelt hard
th deadly rain. Stand fast, lest dismal-sounding death destroy
is hero tall, who like a wall breaks the proud force of Troy.
Thus spoke the wounded captain; they with answering speed came near,
ch roofed his shoulder with his shield, and high uphove his spear,

Then took the king into their midst; with joy stout Ajax found
Removed the foe's hot-heeled annoy, and only friends around.
Thus round the Telamonian tall, like blazing fire, they fought.
Meanwhile old Nestor from the field the steeds of Neleus brought,
Sweating, with wise Machaon. Him, as in the car he flew,
Godlike Achilles, swift of foot, the son of Peleus, knew.
For he upon the poop of his huge-bulging ship stood high,
And saw the hurrying hot pursuit of war with wistful eye,
And to Patroclus called aloud, his best-loved comrade dear.
Him from his tent his faithful comrade heard with willing ear,
And, like to Mars forth came; for now his evil day began.
Then first thus spake Patroclus to the chief of the Phthian clan:
Why dost thou call me, brave Achilles? speak thy will, and I
Attend. To whom the swift of foot thus made the prompt reply:
Friend of my heart, Patroclus, now the valiant Greeks, I trow,
Clasping my knee, I soon shall see; sore need doth press them now.
Go, then, brave comrade, dear to Jove, from Nestor old inquire
What man is he whom wounded back they bear from battle dire?
Like to Machaon from behind of Æsculapius' race
He showed; for, though mine eyes were fain, I might not see his face;
So swift the coursers swept the plain, with fiery-footed pace.

Thus he. Menœtius' godlike son his comrade's voice obeyed,
And straight to the Achæan fleet his hasty march he made.
Meanwhile old Nestor reached his tent with that sore-wounded wight,
And on the many-nurturing ground the wearied chiefs alight.
The trusty squire Eurymedon did from the yoke unbind
The reeking steeds, whiles they outspread their tunics to the wind,
And cooled themselves beside the shore, in the light and breezy air.
Then to the tents they went, and sat on couches soft and fair,
While for the leech a mingled draught fair Hecamede prepared,
Born of high-souled Arsinoüs, a maiden beautiful-haired,
Whom, when the Greeks took Tenedos, Achilles gave a prize
To Neleus' son, above all Greeks in timely counsel wise.
A table beautiful she spread of finely-polished wood
And azure-gleaming feet, and on the board a ruddy-hued
Bright copper charger placed; then new-pressed paly honey fine,
And sacred barley grains, and flavorous garlic for the wine.
A quaint old beaker then she brings, with golden studs ychased,
Brought by the chief from Pylos; with four ears the bowl was graced;
And on each ear two golden doves in act to peck their food
With delicate bill; and on two feet the broad-based beaker stood,

So massy that when brimmed with wine no other mortal wight
Might move it, but with easy sway the old Gerenian knight
Lifted its round. In this the lovely Hecamede did pour
The Pramnian wine; and from a brazen grater sprinkled o'er
The goat's-milk cheese, and shook the dust of white-grained barley fine;
Then bade the heroes slake their thirst with that well-mingled wine.
Well pleased the kindly cup they lift, their mighty thirst to slake,
And free the friendly talk they weave, while draught on draught they take.
Meanwhile before the tent arrived Menœtius' godlike son,
Whom when he saw, wise Nestor from his shining seat came down,
And led him by the hand, and pointed where to sit; but he
Disowned the grace, and thus outspoke, thou ancient knight, to thee:
Nay, tempt me not, Jove-nurtured king; no rest is here for me;
My fear he claims and loyal speed, who sent me to inquire
What man is he, whom thou hast brought wounded from battle dire;
And now no quest I need, for here with mine own eyes I view
Machaon, and may wend me back with news both sad and true.

Thou knowest the master whom I serve, how keen and hot his will is;
For a small sin much blame to win, were light chance with Achilles.
To whom the old Gerenian horseman Nestor answered so:
Why asks Achilles of our griefs, what recketh he to know?
It costs not one throb of his heart, that we must pour the tear
For hundreds smitten by the dart, and thousands by the spear.
Wounded is stout Tydides; low the wise Ulysses lies,
And Agamemnon, from whose hand the spear unerring flies.
And now this new-disabled chief, Asclepius' offspring wise,
Who from an arrow caught the grief, I brought from battle dire.
But what cares Peleus' son for Greece? what recks him to inquire?
Beside the sea apart sits he, enwrapt with sullen gloom,
And there will wait till flashing flames from pitiless Troy consume
Our fleet, and we shall butchered lie, up-heaped line upon line;
For in my limbs no more there swells youth's supple force divine.
O would such lusty sinew and such firm-knit nerve were mine,
As when betwixt the Eleans and our folk a feud arose
About some lifted cattle, when the bravest of the foes,
Itymoneus, I slew, who dwelt in the Elean land,
And seized his herds for quittance. He full stoutly did withstand,
But with a javelin from my arm he fell and kissed the clay;
And all the people feared, and ran with light legs from the fray.

A goodly booty we drove home, full fifty herd of kine,
As many flocks of sheep and goats, as many herds of swine;
The good bay coursers that we took were fifty and five-score,
All mares, and not a few with foals, that made the booty more.
Such plunder rare with joy we drove into the Pylian hold
At midnight hour; that in his heart exulted Neleus old,
To see such wealth of plunder won by his son so youthful bold.
Then the shrill-throated heralds, with Dawn's rosy-fingered shine,
Bade come whoso had debts to claim from Elis' land divine;
And to divide the goodly spoil was many a Pylian lord
Soon gathered, who in faithful hearts their ancient debts had stored,
Since when against our state their might the harsh Epeans poured.
For we by Hercules' might divine in strength had dwindled low,
Some summers then, and all our best were mowed down by the foe.
Twelve goodly sons, fruit of his loins, could blameless Neleus tell;
Now I was left alone; the rest in tearful battle fell.
For the which cause the copper-mailed Epeans blown with pride,
With lawless taunt, and reckless wrong our folk did override.
So from the oxen and the sheep my aged father took
Three hundred head, with herdmen stout, the flocks to overlook,

His rightful share; for he against the Elean men had claims
For four prize-bearing steeds—both steeds and car—who at the games
Should run for prizes; a bright tripod stood for guerdon then
To the swift racers; but his steeds Augeas, king of men,
Unrightful kept; full sadly home the horseless rider came.
Such wrongs to quit, my godlike sire a goodly share did claim
Of that rare plunder; what remained by measured portion fair
He to the people gave, that each might boast an equal share.
So all was duly done; with sacrifice and sounding pæans
We thanked the gods. But ere three days had rolled, the stout Epeans
Came back in troops, and with them Actor's sons—mere boys were they,
Not hardened by the use of years for the craft of the sturdy fray.
Far on Alpheius' banks, high on a hill doth bravely stand
A strong town, Thryoessa hight, at the end of the Pylian land;
Against this town the Epeans camped, and brooded works of harm.
Here, while they spread across the plain, with many a bristling swarm,
Down through the still hush of the night, sounding the wild alarm,
Athenè came: with willing hearts our god-stirred folk obeyed,
And donned their fighting gear; but me my careful father stayed.

And hid my horses, and forbade to join the perilous war;
For yet my arm was weak, he said, to guide the impetuous car.
But even thus, a footed wight, amid the riders brave,
I shone; such gracious might to me strong-fathered Pallas gave.
A river, Minyeius hight, into the salt-sea wave,
Pours at Arenè; there for morning's rosy-glowing light
Our Pylian horsemen waited, and the foot's embattled might.
And thence we marched, with arms that shone in the cool morn's glancing beam,
Till at the shining noon we reached Alpheius' sacred stream.
There to great Jove with honour due we did the sacred rite;
A bull we to the river slew, a bull to Neptune's might,
And from the herd a cow we brought, to the maid of the flashing eyne,
And then the strengthening food we took, through all the spear-fenced line,
And in our armour slept beside the flood of the stream divine,
All dight for battle. But the mighty-souled Epean crew,
With eager hearts to sack the town their hot design pursue;
But, certes, first a mighty work of Mars was theirs to do.
For when the flaming sun uprose upon the works of men,
We joined the fight, and prayed to mighty Jove and Pallas then.
Fierce raged the strife; and man with man vied in no gentle deeds.
And first I slew a foeman stout, and gained his hoofèd steeds.

Mulios, whom king Augeas chose to wed his daughter fair,
His eldest born, hight Agamede, with golden-flowing hair;
A leech was she, and well she knew all herbs on ground that grow;
Him with my spear I marked, and the strong spear-head laid him low,
To bite the dust. Forthwith I sprang upon his chariot-seat,
And mid the foremost fought. Eftsoons, huddled with hurrying feet,
The Epeans fled, one here, one there, when they beheld the man
Dead and dismailed, the prowest knight in all their famous clan.
Then like the black-winged hurricane, from foe to foe I ran,
Full fifty cars I took, and in each car were warriors tway,
Who felt my brass through their warm blood pass, and fell and kissed the clay.
And Actor's sons that day my hand had stretched on dusty pillow,
Had not the strong earth-shaking god, who sways the boundless billow,
Swathed them in folds of friendly mist, and saved from harmful blow.
That day Jove on the Pylian men did mickle grace bestow;
For through the far-outstretching plain we chased them, where they fled,
And mowed them down, and reaped the shining harness from the dead,
Till to Buprasium's corn-clad roods our clattering horses sped,

And the Olenian rock, and old Aleisium's famous hill.
But here we checked our speed; for such was dread Athenè's will.
There the last man I slew; and all the brave Achæans then
Back from Buprasium to the sandy Pylus turned again,
Praising great Jove, the chief of gods, and Nestor, chief of men.
So was I then—if 'twas not all a dream—but Peleus' son
Hath valiance for himself alone, and shares its fruit with none.
Yet bitter tears he 'll weep, when slain lies all the Grecian band.
Dear fellow-soldier, well to thee thy father gave command,
What day for Agamemnon's cause thou left the Phthian land,
While I beneath his sheltering roof, and Laertes' godlike seed
Heard from thy father's kindly lips the prudent-minded rede.
We to the home of Peleus came, and there with busy pains
Levied brave men through all Achæa's people-nurturing plains.
Within we found Menœtius and thee, and that fleet wight,
Achilles. Peleus, his good sire, the horse-careering knight,
Was burning thighs of oxen to great Jove's high-thundering
might,
In the court-yard. A golden cup above the sacred flame
He held, whence wine, devoutly poured, in foaming purple came.
You and your friend about the flesh were busy, whiles we stood
At the court-gate. Up sprang Achilles, and in friendly mood,
He takes us by the hand, and bids us sit, and nothing spares
Of gifts and tendance, which for guests a pious host prepares.

But when the lust of food and drink our sated hearts forsook,
I oped our mission to you twain ; with willing ears ye took
My speech ; your sires agreed, and words of kindly warning spoke.
The aged Peleus to his son this manly counsel gave,
Still with the foremost to be first, and bravest with the brave.
To thee thy father, Actor's son, thus spake the prudent rede :
My son, Achilles tops thy state, as born of heavenly seed ;
But thou art elder ; though in fight thy praise he far exceed,
With the mild ministry of speech guide thou his gusty mood ;
He will obey a friend, who speaks a friendly word for good.
So spake thy sire ; but to this hour thy memory hath been slack.
Go even now, and to the host call fleet Achilles back.
Who knows but that a god may go, and aid thy suit to bend
His haughty will ? Persuasion loves the lips of a faithful friend.
And if so be some boded harm his warlike fire doth smother,
Or heavenly hest from Kronos' son, brought by his gracious mother,
Still let him send thee out, with all his myrmidons to shed
Light on this black and wintry night that o'er the camp is spread.
And let him lend his arms to thee, that, when they see from far
That dreaded mail, the foes may flee, and slack the reins of war ;
And thus our sore-galled soldiers, son of Mars, may breathe a space ;
Small time hath been to breathe, I ween, in this hot-hounding chase.

Ye being fresh will lightly drive the toil-worn phalanx back
Far from our dark-hulled galleys, on their gory-trailing track.
He spake; and stirred the hero's heart, who turned and sought the strand
Where lay the curvèd keels that owned Achilles' high command.
But when he came to Ulysses' ships, and the public open space
Where all the people met, and awful kings with sacred mace
Speak righteous doom, and altars stand to the blest immortal race,
Even there he met Eurypylus; and his heart was pricked with sorrow
To see Euæmon's Jove-born son, with in his thigh an arrow,
Come limping from the battle. Largely flowed the sweaty flood
From head and shoulders; from the wound trickled the purple blood,
But with a firm unshaken mind the halting hero stood.
Him pitiful thus with wingèd words Menœtius' son addressed:
Ah, wretched leaders of the Greeks, and counsellors unblest!
O evil doom! from friends divorced, and dear-loved fatherland,
To gorge the dogs with your shining fat, on distant Trojan strand!
But tell me true, thou Jove-born chief, how doth the combat stand?
Do the Greeks withstand the hot advance of the huge-limbed terrible Hector?
Or do they fall beneath the lance of that remorseless victor?

To whom Euæmon's wounded son with woful voice replied:
Thou Jove-born chief, the Greeks no more the Trojan force may bide,
But with their gore will stain the shore, the dark-hulled ships beside;
For all our chiefest captains, kings from whom our hope we borrow,
Lie grimly gored by spear or sword, or by the barbèd arrow.
And wildly and more wildly swells the Trojan Mars; but thou
Save me, I pray, and lead me to the ships with painted prow,
And cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash the clotted gore
With water warm, and drugs of soothing virtue sprinkle o'er,
And use the craft thy docile wit from wise Achilles drew,
Himself by Chiron taught, the justest of the Centaur crew.
For Podalirius fails my need, and wise Machaon too;
One in his tent doth lie, and from a sore wound bleedeth he,
And needs himself the leech, that he to fainting friend should be;
The other in the field of Mars doth stand, where many flee.
To whom with friendly word replied Menœtius' warlike son:
Alack, Machaon! but, dear friend, this thing may not be done,
That I should help him now; for I from the Gerenian knight
With hest to Peleus' son return, that nimble-footed wight.
Nathless thy wound I'll heal, nor leave thee thus in piteous plight.

He spake; and round him wound his arm, and him supporting led
To the tent, where for his couch the squire ox-hides did neatly spread;
And there they stretched him. Then divine Patroclus standing by,
With his good knife cut out the fretful arrow from his thigh,
And with warm water laved the wound, and gently did apply
A bitter root, bruised in his hand, which soon the smarting woe
Allayed; and from the vein's dry lip the red blood ceased to flow.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

The chariots left behind, stout Hector leads
His footed force, to breach the Trojan wall;
From bold assault Polydamas back recedes,
But the host hears adventurous Hector's call;
Pressed by the Lycians, brave Menestheus speeds
Swift word to Ajax, to prevent his fall.
Sarpedon shakes the dyke, and Hector glorious
Breaks down the gate, and mounts the breach victorious.



BOOK XII.

THUS in the tent Mencetius' stalwart son did tend thy wound,
Eurypylus; meanwhile the fight raged o'er the gory ground,
'Twixt Greeks and Trojans; for in sooth the ditch was made in vain,
Nor vailed the dyke against the foe, which Greeks with mickle pain
Had piled to fend their fleet; and round the dyke a ditch they drew,
Nor paid the glorious hecatombs, which to the gods were due.
Vainly they deemed that they had raised a bulwark passing strong
To guard their booty and their ships; but the Olympian throng,
Shorn of their due, decreed its fall; nor stood that bulwark long.
While Hector lived, and fierce Achilles nursed his spleenful mood,
So long upon the plain the line of that strong rampart stood;
But when the last and bravest of the Trojans sank in night,
And many Greeks were slain, and some still looked on lovely light,
When in the tenth year Priam's town down-toppled from its pride,
And to dear fatherland the Greeks sailed o'er the billowy tide;

Then truly Phœbus, and the god, whose mace the strong rock shivers,
Brought down upon the dyke the force of fiercely-sweeping rivers,
Even all the streams that seek the sea from Ida's sacred height,
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, Heptaporus' seven-mouthed might,
Granicus and Asepus, and divine Scamander's flood,
And Simoïs, which full many casques and bucklers in its mud
Rolled to the sea, with demigods, born of celestial brood :
Of all these streams the sounding strength, by thy high will, Apollo,
Poured for nine days against the dyke; Jove bade his rain to follow
Unceasing, till the flood from view outwiped its latest trace.
To these the strong earth-shaking god, who wields the three-pronged mace,
Added his might, and with clean sweep gave to the yeasty main
Logs, stones, and trunks of trees, piled by the Greeks with mickle pain.
Beside the Hellespont's strong-rushing tide no trace was found;
The swathing sand Poseidon wreathed, and o'er the vanished mound
Rolled the far-drifted pebbles; then he bade the streams to go
Back to their beds, where their clear-swirling currents wont to flow.
Thus Phœbus and Poseidon vowed, when came the fated day,
To cast that barrier down; but now the clash of the clamorous fray

Blazed round the dyke, and on the wooden towers a speary shower
Came rattling; and the Greeks, subdued by Jove's sharp-scourging power,
Back to the black ships hollow-hulled in reeling troops were rolled,
Shunning that counsellor of fear, crest-flickering Hector bold,
Who, like a whirlwind, as before, swept through the battle then.
As when in face of long-breathed hounds, and troops of hunting men,
A wild boar turns, or huge-maned lion, glorying in his might;
They in battalions densely massed dispose the weighty fight,
And adverse stand, a serried band, and pour a ceaseless flight
Of darts from countless hands; but he, with fierce and fearless eye,
Their firm-filed force defies, and hastes by scorn of death to die:
Against their bristling lines, now here, now there, a plunge he makes,
And where he comes the circling fence of hostile men he breaks.
Thus through the battle Hector plunged, and spurred with lusty cheer
His men to clear the ditch; but his high-mettled horses fear
To make the leap, and rearing stand, and with sharp neighings shrink
Back from the edge; they might not look upon the yawning brink

Of that broad foss, which with wet feet to cross, or dry to leap,
Was hard; on either side the bank rose slippery and steep
Above the water; and upon the edge a bristling sweep
Of sharp stakes ran, which the stout Greeks had set in horrid row,
For a strong fence to balk the ascent of rash-assailing foe.
No courser braced to well-wheeled car so deep and broad a foss
Might lightly leap; but eagerly the footmen longed to cross.
Then thus Polydamas standing near to valiant Hector cries:
Hector, and all ye captains brave of Troy, and Troy's allies,
To drive the horses o'er the ditch me seemeth most unwise.
Such foss is passing hard to leap: where stake and pointed spike
Stand horrid on the jutting ledge of the Achæan dyke.
No space is here for chariot war; upon such narrow ground
Who reckless rides will back be flung with many a gaping wound.
If that the counsellor Jove indeed to Greece had voted harm,
And o'er the Trojans did outstretch his high-protecting arm,
I 'd wing the watchword o'er the land to kill and to destroy,
And leave no trace of the hated race on the foodful plains of Troy.
But if they gather heart anew, and with might repair the fray,
While we are floundering through the foss in lawless disarray,
Then not a man of all our clan to carry back the tale
Will live, when in the ditch the Greeks our tangled troops assail.
But lend your ears, brave friends, to me, and let my word prevail:

Here by the ditch let our good squires attend the steeds, while we
Pursue the fight on foot, well cased in copper as we be
'Neath Hector's captainship; then back the Greeks will quickly veer,
When we shall press them, and they feel the deadly end is near.
Thus he; and godlike Hector praised his brother's word discreet,[80]
And from his car with rattling mail he leapt, and eager feet;
Nor any Trojan now remained high-seated on his car,
But to the ground leapt with a bound, where Hector led the war.
And each man told his charioteer beside the ditch to stand,
And keep his steed from wayward speed with cunning rein in hand.
Then they, disparting right and left, their ordered ranks display,
And in five bands they follow, each his leader, to the fray.
The first troop owned Polydamas, and godlike Hector's sway;
These were the best and bravest, in whose heart the strong desire
Burned to o'erleap the fence, and touch the Danaan ships with fire[90]
With them Cebriones went; for him such valorous ardour moved,
That Hector with his chariot left one less in fight approved.
The second phalanx Paris led, Agenor, and Alcathoüs;
Godlike Deïphobus the third, and augur Helenus,
Two sons of Priam; and with them the son of Hyrtacus,
Heroic Asius, whom two large-limbed steeds, with bright brown hair,
Brought from Arisbe, and from Selle's swirling stream, to share

The chance of war with Troy. The fourth the good Æneas sways,
Son of Anchises; and with him two men of mickle praise,
Archilochus and Acamas, well skilled in warlike ways,
Antenor's sons. Divine Sarpedon led the allied band;
Glaucus and brave Asteropæus shared his high command:
For these, I ween, the bravest and the best he surely deemed
Of all his captains, save himself, whom all the first esteemed.
Then in their hands their stiff hide-shields these marshalled warriors bore
Close overlapped, and marched ahead, for they deemed the Greeks no more
Their charge would meet, but back retreat to the ships that line the shore.
Eftsoons the Trojans, and their brave allies, who came from far,
Obeyed the wise Polydamas, who counselled prudent war;
Only the son of Hyrtacus his own hot will obeyed,
Nor in the rear his charioteer with horse and chariot stayed,
But he would ride to the briny tide and the ships that plough the sea.
Witless! for to destruction doomed, no more again shall he
Bring back his chariot and his steeds in triumph and in joy
To reap the guerdon of brave deeds in the streets of breezy Troy:
For him the ill-divining Fate in deathy darkness bound,
When from thy spear, Deucalion's son, he bit the gory ground.

He to the left of the ships advanced, where the Achæan nation
Back from the war with horse and car in hasty consternation
Were fleeing; there his hoofèd steeds he drove, and well-wheeled car,
Nor found strong gates to block his way, with massy bolt and bar;
But all the gates with vasty valves expanded stood, to save
Whoso might seek the ships, to shun the Trojan spear and glaive;
Even there his charge he made; with him followed his comrades brave,
With ringing shout; for the Greeks, they said, their charge would stand no more,
But back retreat to the masted fleet that lines the sandy shore.
Witless; for in the gates they found, to block their headlong speed,
Two men, of warlike Lapithæ the mighty-hearted seed;
The one, Pirithoüs' sturdy son, was Polypœtes hight,
With him Leontes, fierce as Mars who rules the murtherous fight.
These their huge bodies planted in the gates, and firmly stood.
As when tway lofty-crested oaks in the leafy mountain wood
Bear the long strain of wind and rain, to their high station bound
By long and intertwisted fangs, that grasp the rocky ground;
So they on strength of hands relied, and firmly stood, nor feared,
When Asius fore the unbarred gates his stately bulk upreared.

He and his men before the dyke with shields of dry neat's hide
Roofing their heads, marched forward, and with shrilling clamour cried,
And with their leader, brave Orestes, and Iamenus,
Came on, with Thoön, Acamas, and bold Œnomaüs.
Till now that huge-limbed pair within the gates made manly stand,
And roused their men to fend the ships that line the sweeping strand;
But when they saw the Trojans rushing on the dyke, and heard
The shrill air-shattering cry of the Greeks with sudden terror stirred,
Then sallying out before the gates, their vast bulk they displayed,
And fought, as wild boars fight, that in the woody mountain glade
Of keen-set hounds and hunters bold the bickering onslaught bear,
And now to right, and now to left they plunge oblique, and tear
The trees sheer by the roots; harsh grate their teeth, in desperate strife,
Till some strong javelin cast shall rob their rabid breasts of life.
So harshly rang upon their breasts the copper armour bright,
Smitten by hurtling spears, for they with stout hearts plied the fight,

Strong in themselves, and in the might of the Argive spearmen brave,
Who from their well-built towers flung down huge stony blocks, to save
Themselves, their tents, and the ships that plough the wide-careering wave,
From gripe of Trojan hand. Like as the thickly-whirling snows,
Which on the many-nurturing earth the wintry welkin throws,
When the dense grey cloud sweeps wildly by, and the blast shrill whistling blows,
So thick the storm of darts which Greeks and Trojans fiercely fling,
And 'neath the huge sharp stones hard helms and bossy bucklers ring.
Loud groaned the son of Hyrtacus, and smote his brawny thigh,
And with sore indignation thus far through the fight doth cry :
O Jove, thou art a lying god, and hast deceived me quite,
Who trusted that the Greeks would shrink from stiff, close-handed fight,
Soon as our fell and forceful hands displayed their sinewy might.
But now like yellow-ringèd wasps, or bees that lightly roam,
Which on the craggy wayside build their nice-suspended home,
Nor leave their hollow-vaulted hall, when robber hands intrude,
But stiffly stand a fretful band to guard their buzzing brood ;

So at the gate these champions stand, and hold their ground, a pair
Against a host, sworn or to kill, or to be captured there.
He spoke; but moved not Kronos' son, the battle's high director,
Whose dread all-sanctioning oath had given that day's renown to Hector.
But now Pirithoüs' son, stout Polypœtes, in the fray
Smote Damasus; right through the cheek the spear-head forced its way
Of his strong copper casque, and ploughed his face, and forceful shattered
The bones of his skull, that with the brain the brass within was spattered.
He, late all fire, now prostrate lay, a stark and moveless wight.
From Pylon then and Ormenus the armour he undight,
While stout Leontes, shoot of Mars, launched his huge spear with might
Against Hippomachus, and through the belt with bitter force
Pierced him; then from the sheath he drew his sword, and with straight course
Rushed on Antiphates, who straightway the hard-thrust falchion found
Too near his life, and back he fell, and smote the hollow ground.
Then Menon, and Orestes, and Iamenus he laid
Piled in one heap of death; all-nurturing earth their pillow made.

Then from the slain the victors bore the brightly-gleaming brass.
Meanwhile the youths who followed Hector and Polydamas,
The best and bravest of their men, who chiefly longed to pass
The rampart's bound, and wreathe the ships in folds of wasting fire,
Even they were troubled in their heart by heavenly omens dire,
Where by the ditch they stood. For lo! as they to cross prepare,
A high-flown eagle on the left came swooping through the air,
Who in his claws a huge and crimson-banded serpent bore
Alive, that in his airy grasp wriggled and struggled sore.
The worm against the bird upcoiled, and darting quickly round,
Fixed in his throat its fang; the eagle, smarting from the wound,
In midst the embattled army flung the snake upon the ground,
And on the breeze far borne aloft on clanging wings he flew.
Shuddered the Trojans when the Jove-sent dire portent they knew,
And writhing mid the hosts beheld the strange and spotted snake.
Then thus Polydamas to tall crest-flickering Hector spake:
Hector, ofttimes when I would speak a timely word to thee,
Before the people, thou didst fling a sharp rebuff on me.
Seems not that I, plebeian born, against thy thought should wield
My private will; supreme art thou in counsel, and in field.
Nathless what seems me now I'll speak from free and fearless lips.
Go not against the Greeks this day, to fire the hollow ships;

For this I say, and give all heed to what my lips declare,
If to the Trojans, when to cross the ditch they did prepare,
A high-flown eagle on the left came swooping through the air,
Which in his claws a huge and crimson-banded serpent bore
Alive, but cast it on the ground amidst the camp, before
He reached his nest, or gave the bait to feed his greedy young;
So we, though we may storm the gates, and in hot valour strong
O'erleap the rampart, soon of Greece the rallied force shall see,
And backward driven upon our troops with scattered ranks shall flee.
And sadly shall we number then the heaps of dead, whom they,
To shield their ships from harm, with keen unsparing blade shall slay.
Thus I the bodeful bird expound, and that I read it truly
A prudent seer will say, whom all the people honour duly.
Whom then with frowning dark regard, stout Hector thus addressed:
Polydamas, for words like these my heart hath scanty zest;
Surely a wiser counsel far thou holdest in thy breast.
But if thou meanest sooth, and to thy tongue thy temper fits,
Then this I say, the gods this day have filched from thee thy wits,
Who dost advise that what the nod of Jove enjoins on me,
Pledged by his thunder, I should drop, and blindly follow thee,

And bidst me trust in birds that cleave the light and fickle air
With broad far-wandering wings; for such no jot doth Hector care,
Whether to right they wheel their flight, where rosy Morn doth reign,
Or leftward, where the vaporous Night stretches her dim domain;
But we of Jove the hest obey who rules with sovran might
Both gods and men; and for all birds that fly with bodeful flight
This thing I know, and this from lips of Hector understand,
One bird is best, or east or west, to fight for fatherland.
But why shouldst thou shrink back and dread the issue of the fray?
If all the rest their blood should shed in fight this very day,
No crimson gout shall stain thy clothes, where thou art found in battle;
Thou hast no stomach for hard blows, thou 'rt made of softer mettle.
But if thou now shalt turn thy back on the embattled line,
Tainting with fear the hearts of men, whose manhood toppeth thine,
Even with this lance I 'll smite thee, and thy life shall pay the fine.

Thus he, and led the way. His men with forward paces move,
And rend the air with shouts; the while the thunder-loving Jove,
From the Idean mountains launched a fiercely-flapping blast,
Which whirled black dust against the ships, and on the Achæans cast
Confusion, but with favouring sweep above the Trojans passed.

They in such omens trusting, and their own good arms and lances,
March on; and all their swelling power against the dyke advances.
Breastwork and battlement they stormed; and with lever's might in hand
Buttress and broad-faced bastion shook, which the Achæan band
Planted in front the towers, the battering onset to withstand.
At these they toiled and tugged, and hoped their force might soon prevail
To break the rampart. But the Greeks stand firm, and nothing quail;
With strong neats' hides the parapet they fence, and overpower
Each man who nears, with stones, and spears, and logs in rattling shower.

Meanwhile the Ajax pair among the Greeks from tower to tower
Went to and fro, and in their breasts they nursed the warlike flame
To some with cheering words they spake, and some with bitter blame
They rated, gentle to the brave, to craven loons severe:
Dear friends, who with the bravest brave in martial roll appear,
And ye of weakest powers, and ye who stand betwixt the two,
(For all have not one price in war,) here's work for all to do.
Yourselves your worth and work well know; skulk not beside the ships;
But when ye hear your captain's call, draw courage from his lips;

Advance, and on the foeman fall with strong contagious cry !
Belike that thundering Jove, who shoots the lightning from the sky,
Will fling new life into the strife, and drive the Trojans back.
Thus spoke the twain, and where they came the battle was not slack.
Meanwhile, as swift and thick the white and plumy tempest falls
In wintry season, when the voice of Jove the counsellor calls
His snows to strew the ground, and forth his frosty stores he flings,
And lulls the wind and sheds his flakes, till the broad face of things
Is swathed in white, each lofty peak, each crag that crowns the glen,
The clover-bearing meads, the fields of harvest-reaping men,
And harbours on the shelvy shore, where beats the briny tide ;
Only the plashing wave disowns the whiteness ; all beside
Lies pressed beneath the fleecy load which Jove spreads far and wide :
Even thus 'twixt Greek and Trojan showers of stones and lances flew
Rattling ; and far along the towers shrill rang the war-halloo.
But not with all his might had glorious Hector broken then
Through ponderous gate and massy bolt, that marred the march of men.

Had not the father roused his son, Sarpedon, king divine,
Against the Greeks, as lion grim against the hornèd kine:
He in his hand his buckler grasped, a broad and equal round,
Beautiful, brazen, hammered well, made by a smith renowned
For copper work; within thick plies of stout neat's hide he sewed,
And with a frame of golden rods made strong its circle broad.
This shield he showed, and in his other hand tway lances shook;
And strode like lion mountain-bred, which may no longer brook
Sharp hunger's sting, and forth he goes, with a stout heart and bold,
Seeking the fleecy flock behind the close well-guarded fold.
And if him chance the shepherds there to find with serried show
Of dogs and spears, to guard their flocks against their tawny foe,
Not he for this with unfleshed fang from the strong fence will go;
But, or with sudden spring will seize a bleating sheep, or they
With swift-preventing steady lance his ravenous plunge will stay:
Such strong desire Sarpedon seized with sudden spring to scale
The rampart, and with battering force make every bulwark fail.
Then to thy son, Hippolochus, with stirring word spake he:
Glaucus, dear fellow-spearman, tell me truly, why are we
Honoured with flesh and bowls of wine, and foremost seats, and all
Fair show of reverence, meet for gods in high Olympus' hall?
Why more than others count we roods where yellow Xanthus flows,
Wheat-bearing fields, and sunny slopes, where ruddy vintage glows?

For this, me deems, that where the battle burns and blazes, there
We more than meaner men may risk, and more than all may dare.
Which, when he sees, some sturdy Lycian mail-clad man may say,
Not an inglorious race of kings we Lycian men obey;
Not they on savoury sheep may feast, nor quaff the choicest wine[320]
For nought; but in their heart and hand there dwells a strength divine,
And on the field of blood they stand first in the bristling line.
Dear comrade mine, if we from war's rude bickerment might flee,
And live for ever, like the gods, from age and death set free,
Then neither I in ruddy strife would fling my soul away,
Nor bid a dear friend stake his life in the man-ennobling fray;
But now—for life-destroying death in a thousand slippery shapes
Makes ambush round us, which no mortal-moulded wight escapes—
Face we the fight, and find our fate, to slay or to be slain!

He spake; nor fell his glowing words on Glaucus' ear in vain.
Both to the strife advanced; and with them all the Lycian train.[330]
Which when Menestheus, son of Peteus, saw, he sorely feared;
For 'gainst his tower he saw their power with hissing fury reared.
Fearful he cast his glance around through all the blackening storm,
If any chief was nigh to ward his faithful band from harm.
Then the stout Ajax pair he saw, insatiate of war,
With Teucer, newly issued from his tent, not distant far;
But vainly might he strain his throat to hail them through the jar

Of various battle; such wild din all hearing overwhelms,
Of clashing shields, and battered gates, and deeply-dinted helms.
For all was blocked and barred against the closely-circling foe,
Who with sharp force to shape their course were thundering blow on blow;
Thus sorely pressed, Menestheus to the swift Thoötes spake:
Godlike Thoötes, herald of the host, this message take
To Ajax, one or both; in them lies all our hope; for here
Dark danger thickens, and perdition overhangs us sheer.
Forward the Lycian leaders press with fury overpowering,
Whose prowess bold was known of old in battle man-devouring;
And if there too the Danaan troops a doubtful battle bear,
Let the stout son of Telamon alone to us repair,
With Teucer, skilled to wing the barbèd arrow through the air.
He spoke; and well his urgent hest that trusty herald noted,
And sped with willing feet straightway to the brave Greeks copper-coated,
Along the dyke; then to the Ajax pair thus spoke in haste:
Stout Ajax pair, brave leaders of the Argives copper-cased,
From Jove-bred Peteus' son this word I bring, that ye shall go,
If but a moment, to repel the hard-besetting foe;
Or one, or both; in you lies all his hope; for danger there
Thickens apace; and ruin stands before him blank and bare.

Forwards the Lycian leaders press with fury overpowering,
Whose prowess bold was known of old in battle man-devouring;
And if here too the sore-pressed Greeks a doubtful battle bear,
Let the stout son of Telamon alone to him repair,
With Teucer, skilled to wing the barbèd arrow through the air.
He spoke; nor disobeyed his rede the Telamonian tall;
And to Oïleus' son he thus outspoke with eager call:
Ajax, do thou stay here, and with the stalwart Lycomede
Whet the sharp temper of the Greeks to make the Trojans bleed.
Myself will go, where brave Menestheus calls, and will return
Forthwith, when I have taught these haughty Lycian chiefs to mourn.
Thus Ajax spoke; and hied to aid Menestheus 'gainst the foe;
With him his brother Teucer, in whose generous veins doth flow
A common father's blood; for him Pandion bears the bow.
And when they came to where Menestheus stood in danger's face,
They flung their bodies in the front of that imperilled place;
Which, when they saw, the mighty-hearted Lycian captains, like
To a rapid storm dark-rolling, poured on the Achæan dyke;
The clash of armour swelled; more loud the roar of battle grew.
And first a warrior of repute the Telamonian slew,
The mighty-souled Epicles, stout Sarpedon's comrade true.
For on his head a pointed stone the huge-limbed hero cast,
Which on the dyke's high parapet lay, a rocky mass so vast,

That with both hands no man—as men now are—though in his veins
Pulsed lusty youth, might heave it; but he hove it without pains,
And smashed his helm, and crushed the bones of the skull, and to the brains
Enforced its way; and, as a tumbler headlong falls, he fell
Back from the lofty tower; no breath doth in his body dwell.
Then Teucer with an arrow pierced brave Glaucus, Lycian wight,
Where with his hands he strove to grasp the rampart's topmost height;
His arm so bared stout Teucer smote, and made him cease from fight.
But from the wall the wounded chief leapt, that no Argive man,[390]
Seeing his hurt, might rudely boast against the Lycian clan.
Grief seized Sarpedon when he saw, by Teucer's fatal quiver,
Stout Glaucus maimed; though not for this he slacked his hot endeavour,
But in Alcmaon's breast, stout Thestor's son, his stout lance found
A lodgment; forth he drew the head; and prone upon the ground
Fell the proud Greek, his harness rattling with a hollow sound.
Then on the coping of the dyke the stout Sarpedon laid
His iron hand; his mighty wrench the loosened blocks obeyed.
Down rolls the huge disjointed load, the dusty ruin flies,
And up the smoking breach a road for eager Trojans lies.

Him Ajax meets, and Teucer, who into the belt which held
His shield's man-sheltering round athwart his breast a shaft impelled
From his good bow; but Jove willed not his godlike son should meet
Black death that tide beside the range of the dark-hulled Danaan fleet.
Ajax then smote his buckler broad, and pierced its plates right through,
And drove the impetuous hero back amid the assaulting crew.
A little space he yielded, scarcely yielding; for in heaven
Jove to the Trojan side, he felt, had strength and glory given.
Then to his Lycians turned and spake that Jove-descended wight:
Ho! Lycians, should ye now be slack in the fervid-hearted fight?
Hard thing for me alone to stand, though I have brawn of might,
And scale the breach, and to the ships my forceful passage gain.
Up, comrades! ten will lightly win what one assays in vain.
He spoke; nor fruitless in their ears his words of rousing ring,
Clad with new strength they press around their wisely-counselling king,
While close and closer still the Greeks their bristling phalanx drew
Within the dyke; for well, I ween, their jeopardy they knew.
Stiff was the strain of war; for not the stout-armed Lycian men
With all their might could push the fight to the Greek galleys then;

Nor could the Argive spearmen, when the Lycians once laid hands
Upon the shattered dyke, back drive their thick assailing bands.
But as two men into a strip of border-land descend,
Each with his measuring rod in hand, a long dispute to end,
And, in a narrow space, about an equal share contend;
So them the battlements dispart, and o'er the narrow marge
The hugely-rounded buckler, and the lightly-wielded targe
Of arrows and of spears receive the incessant hot discharge.
And many by the pitiless-piercing brass were stricken low,
Or, when they backward turned, and bared their shoulder to the blow,
Or when Death reached them through their shields, with face that fronts the foe.
And many a tower and bastion broad, and battlement was sprent [430]
With blood from Greek and Trojan veins that found an angry vent.
But doubtful still the battle swayed; nor Greek nor Trojan wins.
As when a woman holds the scales, for sorry hire who spins,
Setting the wool against the weights, with balance nice and true,
For her dear children's cherished lives, to gain the scanty due;
So raged that day with equal sway the fight 'twixt Greece and Troy,
Till Jove, who reigns in heaven supreme, to Priam's godlike boy
Gave glory, first to overleap the well built Argive wall;
He to the Trojans shouted then with loud air-piercing call:

Up, fellows! storm the breach, ye horse-subduing Trojans! haste,
With blazing brands in eager hands, and make their galleys taste
The Dardan fire. Thus he; his words they drank with greedy ears,
And rushed pell-mell against the dyke, and grasped their glittering spears,
And high against the parapet each warrior bold appears
With fearless port. The godlike Hector in his hands uphove
A huge stone, broad and blunt below, but sharply jagged above,
Which lay before the gate: two men (as men now are) in vain
With crow and bar might strive and strain to lift upon a wain
So vast a block; but godlike Hector swung it without pain.
As when a shepherd lifts the fleece of a stout ram, and flings
It round his arm, and scarcely feels the burden which it brings,
So Hector lightly bore that block, and with straight course he came,
Up to the planks of which was made the gate's compacted frame,
Lofty, tway-valved; behind the planks two massy bars repel
The battering blow, and them behind a huge bolt fitting well.
Full near he came, and with fell force strained both his arms, and strode
With legs well sundered, weightier thus to poise the injurious load;
And flung, and broke the hinges. The huge rock was borne within
With weighty plunge; wrenched from their hold the gates with crashing din

Reeled; the strong planks asunder riven, one here, one there, were crushed
Beneath the tearing rock; and through the gap stout Hector rushed
With looks dark as the night, while from his mail the brightness glances
Fearful, and in his hands a brace of copper-pointed lances
He shakes. None but a god had dared to meet his force divine,
When through the gaping gates he sprang, and fire flashed from his eyne.
Then turning round to his faithful crew, he bade them leap the wall;
Nor they delayed, for well they knew their leader's conquering call.
Forthwith right o'er the rampart's top some leap, while others pour
Down through the gates. Swift terror to the dark-hulled galleys bore
The drifting Greeks; far swelled around the battle's wild uproar.

END OF VOL. II.

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